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DE QUINCEY'S WRITINGS.

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ESSAYS

ON

PHILOSOPHICAL WRITERS

AND

OTHER MEN OF LETTERS.

BY

THOMAS DE QUINCEY,

AUTHOR OF

'CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER,' ETC. ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

BOSTON:
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PARR 144

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RICHARD BENTLEY.*

[1830.]

MANY years ago, walking in the sequestered valleys of Cumberland, with an eminent author of the present day, we came to a long and desolate sort of gallery, through a wilderness of rocks, which, after rising and narrowing for about two miles, suddenly opened right and left into a little pastoral recess, within the very heart of the highest mountains. This verdant circus presented in its centre a beautiful but tiny lake, locally called a *tarn*,[1] with a wild brook issuing from it through the road by which we had approached, a few quiet fields upon the margin of the lake, solemn hills looking down upon it from every side; and finally, a hamlet of seven cottages clustering together, as if for mutual support, in this lovely, but still awful, solitude. A solitude, indeed, so perfect we had never seen: nor had we supposed it possible that, in the midst of populous England, any little brotherhood of households could pitch their tents so far aloof from human society, from its noisy bustle, and (we ventured to hope) its angry passions. Though a valley, and fenced by barriers ver-

* *Life of Richard Bentley*, D. D. By J. H. MONK, D. D.

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dant indeed, but also insuperable, this little chamber in the hills was yet far above the ordinary elevation of inhabited ground: road there was none, except the rude sort of sheep-track by which we had come: the nearest town, and that a small one, was at six miles' distance; and here, if anywhere, it seemed possible that a world-wearied man should find a perfect rest. 'Yes,' said our distinguished guide, who had guessed our thoughts — 'Yes, nature has done *her* part to create in this place an absolute and perpetual Sabbath. And doubtless, you conceive that, in those low-roofed dwellings, her intentions are seconded. Be undeceived then: lawsuits, and the passions of lawsuits, have carried fierce dissension into this hidden paradise of the hills; and it is a fact, that not one of those seven families will now speak to another.' We turned away at these words with a pang of misanthropy, and for one moment assented to the king of Brobdignag — that men are 'the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth.'

Something of the same sentiment accompanied us at intervals through this Life of Bentley, and the records which it involves of Cambridge. Where upon this earth shall peace be found, if not within the cloistral solitudes of Oxford and Cambridge? Cities of Corinthian beauty and luxury; with endowments and patronage beyond the revenues of considerable nations; in libraries — pictures — cathedrals, surpassing the kings of the earth; and with the resources of capital cities, combining the deep tranquillity of sylvan villages; — places so favored by time, accident and law, come nearer to the creations of romance than any

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other known realities of Christendom. Yet in these privileged haunts of meditation, hallowed by the footsteps of Bacon and Milton, still echoing to those of Isaac Barrow, and Isaac Newton absolutely walking amongst them, did the leading society of Cambridge — with that man at their head, who, for scholarship, was confessedly 'the foremost man of all this world' — through a period of forty years' fight and struggle with so deadly an *acharnement;* sacrificed their time, energy, fortune, personal liberty, and conscience, to the prosecution of their immortal hatreds; vexed the very altars with their fierce dissensions; and went to their graves so perfectly unreconciled, that, had the classical usage of funeral *cremation* been restored, we might have looked for the old miracle of the Theban Brothers, and expected the very flames which consumed the hostile bodies to revolt asunder, and violently refuse to mingle. Some of the combatants were young men at the beginning of the quarrel; they were gray-headed, palsied, withered, doting, before it ended. Some had outlived all distinct memory, except of their imperishable hatreds. Many died during its progress; and sometimes their deaths, by disturbing the equilibrium of the factions, had the effect of kindling into fiercer activity those rabid passions, which, in a Christian community, they should naturally have disarmed or soothed.

Of feuds so deadly, so enduring, and which continue to interest at the distance of a century, everybody will desire to know who, in a criminal sense, was the author. The usual way of settling such questions is to say, that there were 'faults on both sides,' — which, however, is not always the case; nor, when it is, are

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the faults always equal. Dr. Monk, who gives the fullest materials yet published for a just decision, leaves us to collect it for ourselves. Meantime, we suspect that his general award would be against Bentley; for, though disposed to be equitable, he is by no means indulgent to his hero; and he certainly thinks too highly of Colbatch, the most persevering of all Bentley's enemies, and a malicious old toad. If that, however, be Dr. Monk's leaning, there are others (with avenues, perhaps as good, to secret information) whose bias was the other way. In particular, we find Dr. Parr, about forty years after Bentley's death, expressing his opinions thus to Dr. Charles Burney: 'I received great entertainment from your account of our Aristarchus; it is well written and well directed; for, in spite of vulgar prejudice, Bentley was eminently right, and the College infamously wrong.'—[*Dr. Parr's Works*, vol. vii., p. 389.] Our own belief sets in towards the same conclusion. But, if not, we would propose, that at this time of day Bentley should be pronounced right, and his enemies utterly in the wrong. Whilst living, indeed, or whilst surviving in the persons of his friends and relations, the meanest of little rascals has a right to rigorous justice. But when he and his are all bundled off to Hades, it is far better, and more considerate to the feelings of us Public, that a little dog, should be sacrificed than a great one; for by this means, the current of one's sympathy with an illustrious man is cleared of ugly obstructions, and enabled to flow unbroken, which might else be unpleasantly distracted, between his talents on the one hand and his knavery on the other. And one general remark we must make upon the *conduct* of this endless

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feud, no matter who began it, which will show Bentley's title to the benefit of the rule we have proposed. People, not nice in distinguishing, are apt to confound all the parties to a feud under one common sentence: and, whatever difference they might allow in the grounds of quarrel, as to temper, at least, and charity, where all were confessedly irritated and irritating, they allow of none. But, in fact, between Bentley and his antagonists, the differences were vital. Bentley had a good heart; generally speaking, his antagonists had not. Bentley was overbearing, impatient of opposition, insolent, sometimes tyrannical. He had, and deservedly, a very lofty opinion of himself; he either had, or affected, too mean a one of his antagonists. *Sume superbiam quæsitam meritis*, was the motto which he avowed. Coming to the government of a very important college, at a time when its discipline had been greatly relaxed, and the abuses were many, his reforms (of which some have been retained even to this day) were pushed with too high a hand; he was too negligent of any particular statute that stood in his way; showed too harsh a disregard to the feelings of gentlemen; and too openly disdained the arts of conciliation. Yet this same man was placable in the highest degree; generous; and, at the first moment when his enemies would make an opening for him to be so, forgiving. His literary quarrels, which have left the impression that he was irritable or jealous, were (without one exception) upon *his* part mere retorts to the most insufferable provocations; and though it is true, that when once teased into rousing himself out of his lair, he *did* treat his man with rough play, left him ugly remembrances of his leonine power, and

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made himself merry with his distressed condition; yet on the other hand, in his utmost wrath, there was not a particle of malice. How should there? As a scholar, Bentley had that happy exemption from jealousy, which belongs *almost* inevitably to conscious power in its highest mode. Reposing calmly on his own supremacy, he was content that pretenders of every size and sort should flutter through their little day, and be carried as far beyond their natural place as the intrigues of friends or the caprice of the public could effect. Unmolested, he was sure never to molest. Some people have a letch for unmasking impostors, or for avenging the wrongs of others. Porson, for example — what spirit of mischief drove him to intermeddle with Mr. Archdeacon Travis? How Quixotic again in appearance — how mean in his real motive — was Dr. Parr's defence of Leland and Jorton; or, to call it by its true name, Dr. Parr's attack upon Bishop Hurd! But Bentley had no touch of this temper. When instances of spurious pretensions came in his way, he smiled grimly and good-naturedly in private, but forbore (sometimes after a world of provocations) to unmask them to the public.[2]

Some of his most bitter assailants, as Kerr, and Johnson of Nottingham, he has not so much as mentioned; and it remains a problem to this day, whether, in his wise love of peace, he forbore to disturb his own equanimity by reading the criticisms of a malignant enemy, or, having read them, generously refused to crush the insulter. Either way, the magnanimity was equal — for a man of weak irritability is as little able to abstain from hearkening after libels upon himself, as he is from retorting them. Early in life (*Epist. ad*

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Mill.) Bentley had declared — '*Non nostrum est κειμένοις ἐπεμβαίνειν*' — *It is no practice of mine to trample upon the prostrate;* and his whole career in literature reflected a commentary upon that maxim. To concede, was to disarm him. How opposite the temper of his enemies! One and all, they were cursed with bad tempers, and unforgiving hearts. Cunningham,[3] James Gronovius, and Johnson, Conyers Middleton,[4] and Colbatch, all lost their peace of mind — all made shipwreck of their charity during the progress of this dispute; some of them for life. But from Bentley, whether wrong or right, as to the *materia litis*, the manner of conducting it drew no qualities but those which did him honor; great energy; admirable resources and presence of mind; the skill and address of a first-rate lawyer; and courage nearly unparalleled under the most disastrous turns of the case, those even, which, on two memorable occasions, (the deprivation of his degrees, and his ejection from the mastership of Trinity College,) seemed to have consigned him to ruin. In the very uttermost hurly-burly of the storm, it is not upon record that Bentley's cheerfulness forsook him for a day. At a time when Colbatch and Middleton were standing before judges as convicted delinquents, absconding from arrests, surrendering to jailers, sneaking to the great men's levees, or making abject interest for the reversion of some hollow courtier's smile, or an insinuation of his treacherous promise, Bentley was calmly pursuing his studies in his castle of the Master's Lodge of Trinity College; sat on unconcernedly even after public officers were appointed to pull him out; and never allowed the good humor of his happy fireside to be disturbed by the

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quarrels which raved outside. He probably watched the proceedings of 'the enemy,' with the same degree of interest with which we all read the newspapers during a foreign war: and the whole of the mighty process, which the bad passions of the other faction made gall and wormwood *to them*, to him appears to have given no more than the pleasurable excitement of a game of chess.

Having thus bespoke the favorable opinion of our readers for Dr. Bentley, and attempted to give that impulse to the judgments upon his conduct, which the mere statement of the circumstances would not always suggest, until after a large examination of the contemporary documents, we shall draw up a rapid sketch of his life, reserving an ampler scale of analysis for the Phalaris controversy, and the college quarrel, as the two capital events which served to diversify a passage through this world else unusually tranquil and uniform.

Richard Bentley was born the 27th of January, 1662, at Oulton, not far from Wakefield, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Between his grandson, the celebrated Mr. Cumberland, and his present biographer, there is a difference as to the standing of his parents. Cumberland labors to elevate the family to a station of rank and consideration, for which he receives the usual rebukes from Dr. Monk, who pronounces them to have belonged to 'the higher description of English yeomen,' and thinks it more honorable to Bentley 'to have raised himself from obscurity by the force of genius and merit,' than 'to have been born of gentle blood.' But the two cases stand in no real opposition. For a man with Bentley's object, low

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birth is not otherwise an obstacle to success in England, than as the poverty, which it generally presumes, may chance to exclude him from the universities. Once there, he will find that the popular provisions of those great bodies insure the fullest benefit to any real merit he may possess; and without *that*, even noble blood would have failed in procuring those distinctions which Bentley obtained. Besides, for Dr. Monk's purpose, Bentley was not *low enough* — his friends being at any rate in a condition to send him to college. The zeal of Cumberland, therefore, we think rightly directed. And after all, with Dr. Monk's leave, since the question is not, which sort of parentage would be most creditable to Bentley, but which answers best to the facts, we must say that we incline to Cumberland's view. Finding it made out that, during the Parliament war, Bentley's family adhered to the royal cause; and that of his two grandfathers, one was a captain, and the other a major, in the cavalier army; we must think it probable that they belonged to the *armigerous* part of the population, and were entitled 'to write themselves Esquire in any bill, quittance, &c. whatsoever.' On the paternal side, however, the family was impoverished by its loyalty.

From his mother, who was much younger than his father, Bentley learned the rudiments of Latin grammar. He was afterwards sent to the grammar school of Wakefield, and, upon the death of his father, Bentley (then thirteen years old) was transferred to the care of his maternal grandfather, who resolved to send him to college. This design he soon carried into effect; and in the summer of 1676, at what would now be thought too early an age by three years at the

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least, Bentley was matriculated at St. John's College, Cambridge. Of his studies at college nothing further is recorded than that he applied himself even thus early to the *res metrica;* and amongst his familiar companions, the only one mentioned of any distinction is the prodigious William Wotton. Of this monster in the annals of premature erudition, we remember to have seen several accounts; amongst others, a pretty good one in Birch's Life of Tillotson. But Dr. Monk mentions some facts which are there overlooked: for instance, that at six years of age he read Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, together with some Arabic and Syriac. In his tenth year he entered at Catherine Hall, in Cambridge, on which occasion he was matriculated by the head of that College as *Gulielmus Wotton infra decem annos nec Hammondo nec Grotio secundus.* As this could be true only with a limited reference to languages, the entry seems boyish and precipitate. At thirteen, being then master of twelve languages, and his proficiency in several of these attested by undoubted judges, he took his degree of B. A., an honor for which there was no precedent. It is evident, however, from Wotton's case, that attainments of this kind are found generally, (as Butler says of Hebrew in particular,) 'to flourish best in barren ground.' Dr. Monk, indeed, seems to think that Wotton did not afterwards belie the splendor of his promise. We cannot agree with him. Surely his book on *Ancient and Modern Learning*, the most popular of his works, though necessarily entertaining from its subject, is superficial in a degree scarcely to be explained in one of so much reading, and commanding so much powerful assistance. Another of his works, a History of the

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Roman Empire, written expressly for the Duke of Gloucester, then heir apparent, has no conspicuous merit of any kind, either of popular elegance on the one hand, or of learned research on the other. In fact, Wotton's position in the world of letters was most unfortunate. With accomplishments that were worth little except for show, he had no stage on which to exhibit them; and, sighing for display, he found himself confounded in the general estimate with the obscure drudges of the age. How much more useful, and finally how much more brilliant, to have possessed his friend Bentley's exquisite skill in one or two languages, than a shallow mediocrity in a score!

Bentley took his first degree with distinction, his place in the arrangement of honors corresponding with that of *third wrangler* in the present system. Having now closed his education, he was left to speculate on the best way of applying it to his advancement in life. From a fellowship in his own college, the most obvious resource of a young scholar, he was unfortunately excluded by a by-law, not rescinded until the reign of George IV. At length, after two years' interval, spent (as Dr. Monk supposes) at Cambridge, he was appointed by his college to the head mastership of the Spalding Grammar School. This situation, after holding it about a year, he quitted for the very enviable one of domestic tutor to the son of Stillingfleet, then Dean of St. Paul's. For this also he was indebted to the influence of his college: and perhaps no sort of preferment could have been more favorable to Bentley's views. Stillingfleet was a truly good man; a most extensive and philosophic scholar; a gentleman, and acquainted with courts; and with a liberal allowance

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for the claims of a tutor, having himself officiated in that character. Another great advantage of the place was the fine library belonging to the Dean, which, excepting the celebrated ones of Moore, Bishop of Ely, and of Isaac Vossius, was perhaps the best private collection in the kingdom. It was besides a library of that particular composition which suited Bentley's pursuits; and in the Dean's conversation he had the very best directions for using it to advantage. Meantime, with this ample provision for intellectual wants, worldly ones were not likely to be overlooked. How possible it was at that day for a private tutor to reap nothing from the very highest connections, was seen in the case of Dr. Colbatch, one of Bentley's future enemies. This man had held that situation successively in the families of Bishop Burnet, and of the proud Duke of Somerset; and yet neither from the political Bishop, though all-powerful with Queen Mary, nor from the proud Duke, though Chancellor of his university, could he obtain any preferment. But Stillingfleet loved real merit; and, fortunately for Bentley, in the next reign, being raised to the mitre, possessed the ear of royalty beyond any ecclesiastical person of his own time.

It was in this fortunate situation that Bentley acquired that biblical learning which afterwards entitled him to the Divinity Professorship, and which warranted his proposals for a revised text of the New Testament, even after that of his friend Mill. About six years being spent in this good man's family, most delightfully no doubt to himself, — and then chiefly laying the foundations, broad and deep, of his stupendous learning, — Bentley removed with his pupil early in

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1689 to Oxford. Wadham College was the one selected; and both pupil and tutor became members of it. Stillingfleet was now raised to the see of Worcester; and from his extensive connections, Bentley had the most useful introductions in every quarter. In particular, he had the privilege of disporting himself, like Leviathan, in the ocean of the Bodleian library: and it is certainly not going too far to say, that no man ever entered those sacred galleries so well qualified to make a general use of their riches. Of his classical accomplishments it were needless to speak. Mathematics, it is thought, by Dr. Monk, that he studied at Cambridge; and it is certain, that in Dean Stillingfleet's family, he had, by a most laborious process of study, made himself an eminent master of the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac.

Dealing much in cattle, a man's talk is of oxen; and living in this El Dorado of books, it was natural that a man should think of writing one. Golden schemes floated in Bentley's mind; for he was a golden scholar, and these were the golden hours of his early manhood. Amongst other works, he projected at this period an entire edition of the Fragments of the Greek Poets, and also a Corpus of the Greek Lexicographers, (Hesychius, Suidas, Pollux, &c.) To the irreparable loss of Grecian literature, neither scheme was accomplished. Already in his *Epist. ad Mill.* he speaks of the first as abandoned — '*Sed hæc fuerunt*,' is the emphatic expression. It was in the fates that Bentley's maiden performance as an author should be in other and more obscure society. Amongst the manuscript riches of the Bodleian there was a copy — the one sole[5] copy in this world — of a certain old Chronicler,

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about whose very name there has been a considerable amount of learned dust kicked up. Properly speaking, he ought to be called *Joannes Malĕlas Antiochenus:* but, if you are not particular about your Greek, you may call him *Malĕla*, without an *s*. This old gentleman, a fellow of infinite dulness, wrote a Chronicle beginning with Adam, and coming down to the 35th year of Justinian. And here lies the necessity of calling him either *Malela* or *Malelas;* for, strange to say, as there were two Alexander Cunninghams, who at this very time were going about the world mere echoes or mocking-birds of each other, so there were two Johns, both of Antioch, both Chroniclers, both asses, (no distinction there,) and both choosing to start from Adam. The publication of this Chronicle had been twice meditated before, but interrupted by accidents. At length, in 1690, it was resumed under the superintendence of Mill, who claimed from Bentley a promise he had made to throw together any notes which might occur to him upon the proof-sheets, as they came reeking from the press. These notes took the shape of an *Epistola ad Millium:* and thus the worthy old jackass of Antioch had the honor of coming forth to the world with the notes of Chilmead, (one of the two early projectors of an edition,) *Prolegomena* by Hody, a learned chaplain of Bishop Stillingfleet's, and this very masterly collection of disquisitions by Bentley upon topics[6] either closely connected with the work, or remotely suggested by it.

Here, by the way, we have a crow to pluck with Dr. Monk. How he came to make such a mistake we know not; *primâ facie*, one would suppose he had not read the work. But this is impossible, for he states very

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well the substance of the most important discussions in the epistle: yet certainly in the following sentence he prefers a charge against Bentley, which is altogether without foundation: — 'In addressing his learned correspondent,' says Dr. Monk, 'he is not satisfied with marking their intimacy by the terms φίλη κεφαλη, *Milli jucundissime suavissime*, &c.; but in one place he accosts him ὦ Ἰωαννιδίον — an indecorum which neither the familiarity of friendship, nor the license of a dead language, can justify towards the dignified head of a house.' Certainly Dr. Monk *aliud agebat* when he wrote this censure, which at any rate from him, who elsewhere attempts to cheapen the dignity of academic heads, would come with a peculiar want of grace. The case is this: — From a long digression, which Bentley confesses to be too discursive, he suddenly recalls himself to the old Chronicler — *Sed ad Antiochensem redeo* (p. 486 of Lennep's republication); and then, upon an occasion of an allusion to Euripides, he goes on to expose some laughable blunders of Malelas: one of these is worth mentioning; — the passage,

> Ἥκουσιν εἰς γῆν κυανέαν Συμπληγάδων
> Πέτραν φυγόντες[7] —

it seems, the old boy had so construed, as to make κυανεαν not a genitive but an accusative, and thus made a present to geography of the yet undiscovered country of the Cyanean land. Upon this, and a previous discovery of a '*Scythian*[8] *Aulis*,' by the sharp-sighted man of Antioch, Bentley makes himself merry; rates the geographers for their oversights; and clapping *old Malelas* on the back, he thus apostrophizes him — 'Euge vero, ὦ Ἰωαννιδίον; profecto aptus natus es ad

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omnia abdita et retrusa contemplanda!' (*Well done, Johnny! you are the boy for seeing through a mill-stone!*) Manifestly, then, the I. M. that he is here addressing is not his correspondent John Mill, but the subject of his review, John Malelas, the absurd old jackass of Antioch. This passage, therefore, in mere justice, Dr. Monk will cancel in his next edition: in fact, we cannot conceive how such a mistake has arisen with a man of his learning.

We must also very frankly state our disagreement with Dr. Monk upon the style (meaning the temper) of this epistle. He charges it with 'flippancy,' and thinks some of the expressions 'boastful.' We have lately read it carefully with a view to these censures; and we cannot find any foundation for them in a single instance. *Se faire valoir* is peculiarly the right of a young man on making his *début*. The mere history of the case obliges Bentley sometimes to make known the failure of Isaac Casaubon suppose, of Vossius, or of Gataker, when he had himself brilliantly succeeded: and supposing that the first of these heroes had declared a corruption desperate which Bentley restored with two strokes of his pen, was it altogether his duty to dissemble his exultation? Mere criticism, and a page covered with Greek, do not of themselves proclaim the pretensions of a scholar. It was almost necessary for Bentley to settle his own rank, by bringing himself into collision with the Scaligers, with Salmasius, and Pearson. Now, had this been done with irreverence towards those great men, we should have been little disposed to say a word in his behalf. But far otherwise. In some passage or other, he speaks of all the great critics with filial duty. *Erravit in re*

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levi, says he of one, *gravioribus opinor studiis intentus, vir supra æmulationem nostram longissime positus.* Of Pearson, in like manner, at the very moment of correcting him, he said on another occasion, *that the very dust of his writings was gold.* Æmilius Portus, indeed, he calls *hominum futilissimus,* justly incensed with him for having misled a crowd of great writers in a point of chronology. But speaking of himself, he says — *Nos pusilli homunculi;* and that is always his language when obliged to stand forward as an opponent of those by whose labors he had grown wise.

On this work, as Bentley's first, and that which immediately made him known to all Europe, we have spent rather more words than we shall be able to do on the rest. In dismissing it, however, we cannot but express a hope, that some future editor will republish this and the other critical essays of Bentley, with the proper accuracy and beauty: in which case, without at all disturbing the present continuity of the text, it will be easy, by marginal figures and titles, to point out the true divisions and subdivisions of this elaborate epistle; for want of which it is at present troublesome to read.

It sometimes happens to men of extraordinary attainments, that they are widely talked of before they come forward on the public arena. Much 'buz' is afloat about them in private circles: and as, in such cases, many are always ready to aid the marvellous, a small minority are sure, on the other hand, to affect the sceptical. In so critical a state of general expectation, a first appearance is everything. If this is likely to be really splendid, it is a mistaken policy which would deprecate the raising of vast expectations. On the

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contrary, they are of great service, pushed even to the verge of extravagance, and make people imagine the splendor of the actual success even greater than it was. Many a man is read by the light of his previous reputation. Such a result happened to Bentley. Unfathered rumors had been wandering through 'the circles,' about an astonishing chaplain of the Bishop of Worcester: and so great was the contrast of power and perfect ease in his late work, that his trumpeters and heralds were now thought to have made proclamation too faintly. This state of public opinion was soon indicated to Bentley by a distinction which he always looked upon as the most flattering in his long life. Robert Boyle had died on the last day but one of the year 1691. By his will this eminent Christian left an annual stipend of 50*l.* for the foundation of a lecture in defence of religion against infidels. The appointment to this lectureship has always been regarded as a mark of honor: *à fortiori*, then, the first appointment. That there could have been little hesitation in the choice, is evident; for, on the 13th of February, 1692, Bentley was nominated to this office. The lectures which he preached in the discharge of his duty, are deservedly valued — presenting as much, as various, and as profound philosophy as perhaps was compatible with the popular treatment of the subject. Bentley flattered himself that, after this assault, the atheists 'were silent, and sheltered themselves under deism.' But this was imaginary. Spinosa, in particular, could not have had that influence, which Bentley, Sam. Clarke, and so many others have fancied: for *B. D. S. Opera Posthuma*, 1677, where only his philosophic system can be found, has always been a very

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rare book:[9] and it was never reprinted until Professor Paulus, in our own days, published a complete edition of Spinosa's works. Bayle, it is true, gave some account of the philosophy, but a most absurd, and besides a contemptuous one. In fact, Bayle — spite of the esteem in which his acuteness was held by Warburton, and even by Leibnitz — must be now classed as a spirited *litterateur* rather than philosopher. Hobbists, however, we may believe Bentley, that there were in abundance: but they were a weak cattle; and on Bentley's particular line of argument, even their master hardly knew his own mind.

The lectures answered their end. They strengthened the public opinion of Bentley's talent, and exhibited him in a character more intimately connected with his sacred calling. Once only they were attacked from a quarter of authority. Dr. Monk, it appears to us, undervalues the force of the attack, and, perhaps unduly, ascribes it to an impulse of party zeal. Keill, a Scotchman of talent, whose excellent lectures on Natural Philosophy are still quoted as a text-book in Germany, was led, (and — our impression is — led naturally,) in his examination of Burnet's Theory of the Earth, to notice two errors of Bentley, — one of which, as Dr. Monk puts it more on the footing of a verbal ambiguity than our impression of it would have warranted, we will not insist on. The other, unless our memory greatly deceives us, was this: Bentley, having heard that the moon always presents the same face to our earth, inferred, from that fact, that she had no revolution upon her own axis; upon which, Keill told him, that the fact he stated was a ground for the very opposite inference; since the effect of the moon's

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motion about the earth to bring a different face before us could not be counteracted but by a coincident revolution on her own axis. Keill was a coarse man, who called a spade a spade, as was afterwards sufficiently shown in his almost brutal treatment of Leibnitz, on behalf of his friend Sir Isaac Newton. And it is possible, undoubtedly, that being a Professor at Oxford, he might have conceived some personal pique to Bentley, while resident in that university. But we really see no reason for ascribing to any ungenerous motive a criticism, which, though peevishly worded, was certainly called for by the conspicuous situation of the error which it exposed.

In this year, Bentley was appointed a Prebendary at Worcester, and, in April, 1694, Keeper of all the King's Libraries. During the same year, he was a second time summoned to preach the Boyle Lecture; and in the following year was made one of the Chaplains in ordinary to the King.

Early in the year 1696, Bentley quitted the town-house of the Bishop of Worcester, and commenced housekeeping in his own lodgings as Royal Librarian. These lodgings, had he reaped nothing else from his office, were, to him, as a resident in London, a royal preferment. They were in St. James's Palace, adjoining to those of the Princess (afterwards Queen) Anne, and looked into the Park. In this year, Bentley took the degree of Doctor of Divinity; and somewhere about the same time appeared the edition of Callimachus, by his friend Grævius, with contributions from himself, of memorable splendor.

In 1697 commenced, on Bentley's part, that famous controversy about the Epistles of Phalaris, which has

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conferred immortality on his name. The circumstances in which it originated are briefly these : The well-known dispute in France, upon the intellectual pretensions in a comparison with each other of the Ancients and Moderns, had been transferred to England by Sir William Temple. This writer, just then at the height of his popularity, had declared for the ancients with more elegance than weight of matter ; and, by way of fortifying his judgment, had alleged the Epistles of Phalaris and the Fables of Æsop as proofs that the oldest parts of literature are also the best. Sir William was aware that both works had been challenged as forgeries. However, the suspicions of scholars were as yet unmatured; and, in a matter of taste, which was the present shape of the question, Sir William Temple's opinion seemed entitled to some consideration. Accordingly, the Honorable Charles Boyle, nephew to the illustrious philosopher of that name, who was at this time pursuing his studies at Christ Church in Oxford, and, upon the suggestion of Aldrich, the head of that College, had resolved to undertake an edition of some Greek book, as an academic exercise, was directed to Phalaris in particular, by this recent opinion of a friend, to whom he looked up with filial confidence and veneration. To insure as much perfection to his edition as was easily within his reach, Boyle directed Bennet, his London publisher, to procure a collation of MS. in the King's Library. This brought on an application to Bentley, who had just then received his appointment as Librarian; and his behavior on this occasion, scandalously misrepresented to Mr. Boyle, furnished the first ground of offence to Boyle. How long a calumny

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can keep its ground, after the fullest refutation, appears from the Preface to Lennep's Latin version of Bentley's Dissertation, (edit. of 1781,) where, in giving a brief history of the transaction, the writer says, —'Bentleius tergiversari primum; et ægre quod sæpius efflagitatum erat concedere;' and again, — 'ecce *subito* Bentleius iter parans Londino, maxima ope contendere a Benneto ut codex ille statim redderetur.' All this is false. Let us here anticipate the facts as they came out on both sides some years after. Bentley, by the plainest statements, has made it evident that he gave every facility for using the MS.; that he reclaimed it only when his own necessary absence from London made it impossible to do otherwise; that this necessity was foreseen and notified at the time of lending it; and that, even on the last day of the term prefixed for the use of the MS., sufficient time for dispatching the business twice over [10] was good-naturedly granted by Bentley, after his first summons had been made in vain.

These facts are established. That he lent the MS. under no sort of necessity to do so, nay, at some risk to himself, is admitted by Bennet; that he reclaimed it, under the highest necessity to do so, is not denied by any body. At what point of the transaction is it, then, that the parties differ? Simply as to the delay in lending, and on the matter of giving notice, that on such a day it would be resumed. A little procrastination in lending, and forgetting to give notice, would not have justified a public stigma, had either one or the other been truly imputed to Bentley. But both imputations he solemnly denied. It is painful that the stress of any case should rest upon a simple comparison

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of veracity between two men; yet as Mr. Bennet has made this inevitable, let us state the grounds of comparison between himself and Dr. Bentley. In external respectability there was, in the first place, a much greater interval between[11] them than the same stations would imply at this day. Dr. Bentley, in the next place, was never publicly convicted of a falsehood; whereas Bennet was, in this case at any rate, guilty of *one*. Thirdly, whilst the Doctor had no interest at stake which required the protection of a falsehood, (since, without a falsehood, he was clear of the discourtesy charged upon him,) Bennet had the strongest: he had originally brought forward a particular statement, in a private letter, as a cloak for his own and his collator's indolence, without any expectation that it would lead to public consequences; but now, what he had begun in policy, he clung to from dire necessity; since, unless he could succeed in fastening some charge of this nature upon Dr. Bentley, his own excuse was made void; his word of honor was forfeited; and, from the precipitate attack on Bentley, into which he had misled his patron, all color of propriety vanished at once.

However, Bennet's private account was, as yet, uncontradicted; and, on the faith of *that*, Boyle acquainted the public, in the Preface to his edition of Phalaris, that, up to the 40th Letter, he had taken care to have the book collated with the King's MS.; but that, beyond *that* the librarian had denied him the use of it, *agreeably to his peculiar spirit of courtesy*. Upon the very first publication of the Book, Bentley saw it, and immediately wrote to Mr. Boyle, explaining the matter in a polite and satisfactory manner. Boyle

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replied in gentlemanly terms, but did not give him that substantial redress, which Bentley had reason to expect, of cancelling the leaf which contained the affront. No further steps were taken on either side for some time; nor does it certainly appear that any would have been taken, but for an accidental interference of a third party. This was Wotton, Bentley's college friend. His book on *Ancient and Modern Learning*, originally published in 1694, and called out by Sir William Temple's Essay on the same subject, was now (1697) going into a second edition; and as a natural means of increasing its interest, he claimed of Bentley an old promise to write a paper exposing the spurious pretensions of Phalaris and Æsop. This promise had been made before the appearance of Mr. Boyle's book, and evidently had a reference to Sir William Temple's strange judgment upon those authors. But, as matters had altered since then, Bentley endeavored to evade a task which would oblige him to take a severe notice of Mr. Boyle's incivility and injustice. Wotton, however, held him to his engagement, and Bentley (*perhaps* reluctantly) consented. Here again the foreign editor of Lennep is too rash: he says of Bentley, that '*cupide occasionem amplexus est.*' But we are not to suppose that the sincerity with which a man declines a fierce dispute, is always in an inverse ratio to the energy with which he may afterwards pursue it. Many a man shrinks with all his heart from a quarrel, for the very reason that he feels too sensibly how surely it will rouse him to a painful activity, if he should once embark in it, and an irritation fatal to his peace. In the following year, Boyle, or the Christ-Church faction who used his name, re-

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plied at length. And certainly a more amusing[12] book, upon a subject so unpromising, has rarely been written. In particular, we agree with Dr. Monk, that few happier efforts of pleasantry exist, than that piece of raillery upon Bentley, where his arguments for the spuriousness of Phalaris are turned against himself, some critic of a future age being supposed to argue for the spuriousness of the Doctor's dissertation, as a work obviously impossible to have proceeded from a great scholar and a person of dignified station. As to learning, certainly the joint-stock of the company made but a poor exchequer for defraying a war upon Bentley; yet it was creditable to wits and men of fashion: and in one point of view it was most happily balanced, for it was just shallow enough to prevent them from detecting their own blunders; yet, on the other hand, deep enough to give them that colorable show of being sometimes in the right, which was indispensable for drawing out Bentley's knowledge. Had it been a little deeper, they would have forborne their attack on Bentley: had it been a little shallower, Bentley could have had no motive for replying *to them*. Partly from the real merit of the book in those points which the public could best appreciate, partly from the extensive and brilliant connections of the writers, it was eagerly read — a second edition was immediately demanded, and Bentley was supposed to have been defeated. He, meantime, 'hushed in grim repose,' was couchant; and, with his eyes upon the gambols of his victims, was settling himself at leisure for his fatal spring. Spite of the public applauses, some ominous misgivings were muttered: one or two of the Boyle party began to 'funk;' they augured no good

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from the dead silence of Bentley; and Boyle, in particular, who was now in Ireland, sent to Atterbury some corrections furnished by his earliest tutor Gale, the Dean of York; an intimation of error, which Atterbury, who had been a chief contributor to the book, deeply resented. But errors, or corrections, were now alike past notice. Pelides was now armed for the field: the signal was given; and at length, with the fullest benefit of final revision, which left no room for friend or foe to point out a flaw, that immortal Dissertation (*immortalis ista Dissertatio*, to speak the words of Porson) descended like a thunderbolt upon the enemy,

> 'And in one night
> The trumpets silenced, and the plumes laid low.'

In 1699, being then in his thirty-eighth year, Bentley received that main preferment which was at once his reward and his scourge for the rest of his life. At the latter end of that year, Dr. J. Montague was transferred (we cannot say, with Dr. Monk, promoted) from the Mastership of Trinity College, Cambridge, to the Deanery of Durham. Learning, services to religion, and (according to one rather scandalous tradition[13]) the firmness which he had manifested in governing the family of Bishop Stillingfleet, all conspired to point out Bentley as a person pre-eminently eligible to this station. Accordingly, he received the appointment; and on the first day of February, 1700, he was solemnly installed in his office. It is evident that he rated its value somewhat differently[14] from Dr. Monk; for he refused, in after years, to exchange it for the poor Bishopric of Bristol; and, being asked by the Minister

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what preferment he would consider worth his acceptance, wisely replied, that which would leave him no reason to wish for a removal.

This appointment was made under the unanimous recommendation of an Episcopal Commission, to whom King William, better fitted for a guard-room than the civil duties of the cabinet, had delegated the disposal of all church preferment within the gift of the crown. By the public it could not but have been approved; but it was unpopular in the college, composed chiefly of indolent sots, who were not likely to anticipate with pleasure the disadvantageous terms, on which they would stand with so accomplished a head. And our own conviction is, that the appointment would hardly have been carried, had it not been backed by the influence of the Princess Anne. Since the death of Queen Mary, whose rancorous quarrel with her sister had never been settled, the natural influence of the Princess had been allowed to revive. That excellent lady regarded with particular favor the learned champion of Christianity; and had designed that her son, the Duke of Gloucester, should be sent, at a proper age, to the college over which so meritorious a person presided. In this scheme so much stress was laid on the personal co-operation of Bentley, that by an arrangement unheard of in English universities, his Royal Highness was to have resided under the master's roof. But these counsels were entirely defeated by the hand of Providence, which then lay heavy upon that illustrious house: in six months after Bentley's installation, the young prince was summoned to the same premature death which had carried off all the children of his parents.

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Finding himself now able to offer a suitable establishment to the woman of his heart, on the 4th of January, 1701, Bentley married Mrs. (or, in modern language, Miss) Joanna Bernard, daughter of Sir John Bernard of Brampton, in the county of Huntingdon. This lady, whom he had been accustomed to meet in the family of Bishop Stillingfleet, brought him four children, two daughters and two sons, of whom one died in infancy. He found her a most faithful companion through the storms of his after life; and as her family connections were of considerable distinction, and two years afterwards emerged into a blaze of court favor, she had the happiness of giving a powerful assistance to her husband at a moment of imminent danger. There is a story current, that during his courtship Bentley had nearly forfeited her favor by speaking sceptically of the Book of Daniel — a story resting, it seems, on the slight authority of 'wicked Will Whiston,' and which, as Dr. Monk observes, is 'exceedingly improbable.'

About five months after his marriage, he was collated to the Archdeaconry of Ely, which brought with it not only honor, but two church livings.

After this, Dr. Bentley never actively solicited any further preferment, except once. This was in 1717, when the Regius Professorship of Divinity, by far the richest in Europe, became vacant by the death of Dr. James. It was held that Bentley was ineligible as head of Trinity; for it might have happened, by the letter of the statutes, that he himself, in one character, would become judge of his own delinquencies in the other. However, there was at least one precedent in his favor; and as the real scruples of his opponents

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grew out of anything but principle, whilst his very enemies could not deny that his qualifications for the place were unrivalled, it is agreeable to record, that the intrigues for defeating him were met and baffled by far abler intrigues of his own; and, on the 2d of May, 1718, he was installed in this most lucrative office.

Referring to the earlier years of his connection with Trinity College, we may characterize his conduct generally as one continued series of munificent patronage to literature, beneficial reforms in college usages and discipline, many of which are still retained at this day with gratitude, and, finally, by the most splendid and extensive improvements of the college buildings. His acts of the first class were probably contemplated by the Fellows with indifference; but those of the second, as cutting off abuses from which they had a personal benefit, or as carried with too high a hand, and by means not always statutable, armed the passions of a large majority against him, whilst the continued drain upon their purses for public objects, which, it must be confessed, was in some instances immoderately lavish, sharpened the excitement against him by the irritation of immediate self-interest. Hence arose a faction so strongly organized for the purpose of thwarting him in future, and of punishing him for the past, as certainly no delinquencies of the most eminent state criminal have ever yet called forth in any nation. Bentley, however, resisted with one hand, and continued to offend with the other. The contest soon became a judicial one; and as it was the most memorable one in every respect that England has ever witnessed — for duration, and the inexhaustible resources of the person

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whose interest was chiefly at stake upon its issue — we shall give a faithful abstract of all its revolutions, condensed from many scores of pages in Dr. Monk's quarto. In any life of Bentley, this affair must occupy a foremost place; and, considering the extreme intricacy of Dr. Monk's account, and the extreme falsehood of that in all former biographies, we hope to earn the thanks of our readers by the closeness of our analysis.

On the 21st of December, 1709, the feuds of Trinity College, which had been long ripening to a crisis, were first brought under the eye of a competent manager. On that day, Mr. Edmund Miller, a Fellow of Trinity, coming on a Christmas visit to his old friends, happened to enter the College at the very moment when a fresh encroachment of Dr. Bentley's had flung the whole society into agitation. To Miller, as a lawyer and a Fellow, their grievances were submitted by the College; and as he lost no time in avowing himself their champion, and in very insolent terms, Dr. Bentley lost as little in forcibly dispossessing him of his Fellowship — an act of violence which was peculiarly mistimed; for it did not lessen Miller's power, stimulated his zeal, and added one more to the colorable grounds of complaint. Miller's name was struck off the College boards on the 18th of January; on the 19th, it was restored by the Vice-master and some senior Fellows; and on the 24th, it was again struck off by Bentley. Matters, it may be supposed, were now coming to extremities; and about this time it was that Bentley is said to have exclaimed — 'Henceforward, farewell peace to Trinity College!'

For all important disputes which can arise in the

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different colleges (about forty-five in number) which compose the English universities, the final appeal lies to the *Visitor* of each college. But in the present case a previous question arose, 'Who *was* the visitor?' the Crown, or the Bishop of Ely? Two separate codes of statutes, each in force, held a language on this point inconsistent with each other; and the latter code was even inconsistent with itself. However, as it happened that the particular statute which met the present case spoke unequivocally of the Bishop as visitor, it was resolved to abide by that assumption. And therefore, after communicating with the Bishop, a formal petition was addressed to his lordship, and on the 6th of February, 1710, signed by the Vice-master and twenty-nine Fellows. The Bishop, having received the petition without delay, made as little in sending Bentley a copy of it. And to this Bentley replied in a printed letter to his lordship. The two general heads, under which the charges against Bentley had been gathered, were dilapidation of the College funds, and violation of the statutes. These charges in the present letter are met circumstantially; and in particular on that principal attempt of Bentley's to effect a new and different distribution of the college income, which had in fact furnished the determining motive to the judicial prosecution of the quarrel, Dr. Monk admits that he makes out a very powerful case. Mortified vanity and disappointed self-interest, Bentley describes as the ruling impulses of his enemies. 'Had I,' says he, 'herded and sotted with them: had I suffered them to play their cheats in their several offices, I might have done what I would; I might have devoured and destroyed the College, and yet come away with their applauses

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for a great and good master.' Bentley, in fact, was a most unpopular head succeeding to a very popular one. From whatsoever motive, he had not courted the society of his Fellows: that of itself was a thing that could not be forgiven; and perhaps it is true that from pure mortified *amour propre*, united with those baser impulses which Bentley points out, fastening upon such occasions as the rashness of Bentley too readily supplied, the prosecution against him *did* radically take its rise.

What was the prevailing impression left by Bentley's pamphlet we do not learn. However, as it was well understood to be really his, it did not fail to provoke numerous answers; amongst which Mr. Miller's was eminent for the closeness of its legal arguments, and Blomer's for wit and caustic personality. After the petition, however, with the exception of some attempts on Bentley's side to disunite his enemies by holding out temptations which, as often as they failed, were immediately carried to account by the opposite faction as meditated breaches of the statute — it does not appear that either side made any movement until the 11th July, 1710, when the charges against Bentley were finally digested into fifty-four separate articles. These, having first been presented to the Bishop of Ely, were published in the shape of a pamphlet — supported by such extracts from the statutes as seemed necessary to illustrate or substantiate the charges. The Bishop's first step was to send a copy of the articles to Bentley, who on his part appears 'to have taken no notice of them whatever.' This, be it observed, for many a good year continued to be a right-hand mode of manœuvring with Bentley: unless stirred up by a very long pole, he would not roar for any man.

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Meantime in this year, 1710, had occurred that most memorable of all intrigues, which, out of no deeper root than the slippery tricks of a waiting-woman, had overset the policy of Europe. The Whigs were kicked out; the Tories were kicked in; so far the game went just the wrong way for Bentley, his name being always for fancy borne on the Whig lists — but that was a trifle. All the public disadvantages of his party being ousted, were compensated a thousand times over by the private benefit, that his wife happened to be related in blood to Lord Bolingbroke, (then Mr. Secretary St. John,) and also to Mr. Masham, husband of the favorite. 'On this hint' he moved. By one or both of these channels he reached the ear of Mr. Harley, the Lord Treasurer. The Queen was already won over to his cause; for she had been acquainted of old with the Doctor; and Mrs. Bentley's court connections took care that the scandalous lives of some amongst Bentley's opponents should lose nothing in the telling. The Doctor was 'invited' by the Prime Minister to sketch a scheme of conciliation; and in obedience he drew up the *projet* of a royal letter, which has since been found amongst the Harleian papers. Let it not offend the reader to hear, that in this letter each separate point in dispute was settled in favor of the Doctor himself. Reasonable as that was, however, *Diis aliter visum est:* the Minister was far too tortuous himself to approve of such *very* plain dealing. Indeed, as a lesson upon human nature, the 'Royal Letter' must have been a perfect curiosity: for by way of applying a remedy to the Master's notorious infirmity of excessive indulgence and lax discipline, the letter concluded with strictly enjoining him 'to chastise all license

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among the Fellows,' and promising royal countenance and co-operation in the discharge of duties so salutary.

Whether this bold stroke came to the knowledge of the enemy, is hard to say; for Dr. Monk gives us reason to think that it did, and did not, in the very same sentence. Certain it is that Bentley's Royal Letter was forwarded to the Premier on the 10th November, 1710; and on the 21st of that month he received a peremptory summons from the Bishop of Ely to answer the articles against him by the 18th of December. At one time Bentley avowed a design of appealing to the Convocation; but for this, when steps were taken to baffle him, he substituted a petition to the Queen, explaining that her Majesty was the true visitor of Trinity College, that the Bishop of Ely was usurping her rights, and that Richard Bentley, resisting this usurpation, threw himself on her royal protection.

This petition met with immediate attention, and was referred by Mr. Secretary St. John to the Attorney and Solicitor-General, who meantime stayed the Bishop's proceedings. Five months were spent in hearing all parties; and on May 29, 1711, the two officers made their report, which was favorable to the Bishop's claim as respected Bentley, but pointed out to the Queen and the Doctor a legal mode of resisting it. As this decision left Bentley to no more than a common remedy at law, he determined to obtain higher protection; and on July 12th, he addressed a letter to Harley, now Earl of Oxford, congratulating him on his recent escape from assassination, stating his own situation, and concluding with the offer of dedicating to his lordship the edition which he had been long preparing of Horace. This appeal obtained for him the Minister's active pro-

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tection; the Bishop was again directed to stay proceedings; and on the 8th of December the Horace was published, with a dedication, taking due notice of Harley's honors[16] of descent from the Veres and Mortimers. Bentley avowed his own charge of party by saying, that 'Horace was not less in favor with Mæcenas from his having once served under the banners of Brutus and Cassius.'

In 1712, after above seven months' deliberation, the crown lawyers made a report on the question of — *Who was Visitor?* It was unfavorable to Bentley; for though declaring the Crown visitor in a general sense, it decided, nowithstanding, for the Bishop of Ely, in the single case of delinquency charged upon the Master — the very case in question; and one of the lawyers, Sir Joseph Jekyll, declared for the Bishop unconditionally. Now, then, it was expected that the interdict on the Bishop would be immediately taken off. However, it was not; and some speculations arose at that time upon this apparent mystery, which have since appeared to be unfounded. Mrs. Bentley's influence was supposed to be at work. But the secret history of the intrigue was very different. The truth was this: Bentley's enemies had now found their way to Lord Oxford's ear; this should naturally have operated to Bentley's ruin; but fortunately for him, the Treasurer viewed the whole case as one not unworthy of his own management upon Machiavelian principles. A compromise of the dispute was probably what the Minister proposed; and if that were found impossible, an evasion, by a timely removal of Bentley to some other situation.

Meantime, these conciliatory intentions on the part

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of the Premier were suddenly defeated by a strong measure of Bentley's. In the winter of 1712, he refused his consent to the usual division of the College funds. Attacked in this quarter, the Fellows became desperate. Miller urged an application to the Court of Queen's Bench, with a view to compel the Bishop of Ely to proceed as Visitor; for it was believed that the royal interdict would not be recognized by that court. Upon this the Ministers shrank from the prospect of being publicly exposed as partisans in private cabals; and Lord Bolingbroke wrote hastily to the Bishop of Ely, giving him the Queen's permission to proceed, 'as far by law as he was empowered.' Thus warranted, the Fellows brought their cause before the Queen's Bench, and before the end of Easter term, 1713, obtained a rule for the Bishop to show cause why a mandamus should not issue to compel him to discharge his judicial functions.

Two considerable advantages had been obtained by Bentley about this time; he had been able to apply the principle of *divide et impera* in the appointment to an office of some dignity and power: a success which, though it really amounted to no more than the detaching from his enemies of that single member who benefitted by the bribe, he had dexterously improved into a general report that the party arrayed against him were repentant and disunited. The other advantage was of still higher promise. Early in the summer of 1712, the negotiations then pending at Utrecht had furnished the Whigs with an occasion for attack upon Ministers which was expected to unseat them. How sanguine were the hopes embarked upon this effort, appears by the following passage from Swift's *Journal*

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to Stella — 'We got a great victory last Wednesday in the House of Lords, by a majority, I think, of twenty-eight; *and the Whigs had desired their friends to bespeak places to see Lord Treasurer carried to the Tower.*' In this critical condition, it was important to Oxford and Bolingbroke that their security should appear to stand not merely upon Parliamentary majorities, but also on the general sense of the country. Addresses, therefore, expressing public confidence, were particularly welcome at court; and Bentley managed one for them at Cambridge, which he was deputed to present.

But these were advantages which could avail him nothing in the new posture of the dispute. The Court of Queen's Bench had relieved the Bishop of Ely from the royal interdict. The Bishop lost no time in throwing Bentley upon his defence. Bentley replied laconically (June 13, 1713); and after some further interchange of written pleadings with his accusers, he attempted to bring the whole affair to an abrupt issue at Cambridge; in which case, for want of mature evidence, an acquittal must have followed. But the Bishop was on his guard. He had engaged the late Whig Lord Chancellor, (Lord Cowper,) and Dr. Newman, an eminent civilian, as his assessors; and he replied drily, that if it suited their convenience, November would be the time of trial; but at all events, London would be the place, as best furnished for both sides with the proper legal aids.

However, it happened from the political agitations of that period, that the trial did not in fact come on until May, 1714. The great hall of Ely House was the court-room, and eight of the most eminent lawyers

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of the day assisted on one side or other as counsel. On the charge of wasting the College goods, Bentley made out a strong case. He produced the sanction of a majority; and the funds, it appeared, had been applied, at any rate, to the adorning and repairing of the College. As to the other charge of violating the statutes, it had been Bentley's custom to palliate his strong measures by shifting between the statute and the practice, just as either happened to afford him most countenance; but there were some acts oppressive beyond the countenance of either precedent or statute. Public opinion, and, it is supposed, the private opinion of the Bishop, had hitherto powerfully favored Bentley, but forsook him as the trial advanced; and tradition records, that on some remarkable expression of this, Bentley fainted away. At length, after six weeks' duration, the Visitor was satisfied that the case had been established, and ordered a sentence of ejection from the Mastership to be drawn up. This was done, and the sentence was afterwards found amongst his papers. Meantime, the good Bishop Moore had caught cold during the long sittings; and on the 31st of July, before any of his apparitors could execute the sentence, he was himself summoned away by a sterner apparitor, to the other world. On the day following died Queen Anne; and in one moment the favor of Oxford and Bolingbroke had become something worse than worthless. Thus suddenly did Bentley see both friends and foes vanish from the scene, and the fine old quarrel of Trinity College fell back to the *status quo ante bellum*, and was welcome to begin the world again.

So passed the first five years of the feud. Fleetwood, the new Bishop of Ely, declined to act as Visitor

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of the Master, unless he could also *visit* the Fellows. Upon this significant hint, the prosecutors of Bentley, now reduced by six who had died during the struggle, acceded to a compromise. Sensible, however, that so long as Miller continued to be a Fellow, the stifled fire would be continually rekindled, Bentley applied the whole force of his mind to eject him. A former pretext had been quashed; he now found a new one, but all in vain. The result for the present was simply to refresh the fury of Miller. He was now become a Sergeant; and he laid fresh articles before the Bishop, who persisted, however, in declining to act.

At this point of the history, a new actor came upon the stage, who brought to the management of the quarrel, self-devotion like that of a Christian martyr, and malignity like that of a Pagan persecutor. This was Dr. Colbatch, Professor of Casuistry. As a Fellow of Trinity College, he had unavoidably taken some interest in the affair from the first; but from duty or gratitude he had supported the Master; or had passed into a state of strict neutrality; or, finally, had acquiesced with reluctance in the measures of Miller. At length, however, it is said that some affair of college leases, in the terms of which Bentley seemed to sacrifice reversionary to present interests, put an end to his languor; and he parted from the Master in a state of enmity that in this life was destined to no repose.

Now, then, the College was in perfect anarchy: yet the Bishop of Ely still refused to interfere, unless ordered by the King. In this dilemma the Archbishop of Canterbury, Wake, (the same, we think, who enter-

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tained the mad project for some sort of union with the Popish or Gallican Church,) pointed out the steps to be taken, amongst which the first was a petition to the King in Council. His Grace had himself lately received an affront from Bentley, and he now declared the jolly old Doctor to be 'the greatest instance of human frailty that he knew of.' After some delay, caused by the weakness of the Fellows in neglecting a prudent caution of the Archbishop, the petition was called for by the council and read. Then came a scene, in the history of public businesss, worthy of Swift. The council remits the case to Sir Edward Northey, at that time Attorney-General; Mr. Attorney remits to the Bishop of Ely; the Bishop back again to Mr. Attorney; and finally exit Mr. Attorney in a hurry with all the papers in a bundle; for Sir Edward was soon dismissed from office, and carried off the quarrel in his pocket. This was in 1716: for the three years which succeeded, Colbatch allowed himself to be amused with the merest moonshine by the Chancellor, Lord Macclesfield, who secretly protected Bentley. In 1719 the petition came again to light; and being read at the council board, was referred by the Lords Justices, who represented the absent King, to a committee of the Privy Council. This resurrection from Sir Edward Northey's pocket, was a sad blow to Bentley: three years' slumber gave him hopes that the petition had been applied to some 'culinary or post-culinary purpose,' in which case he was well assured that another of equal weight could no longer be substituted. However, the next step was to get it *laid*, and that could be done only by a compromise with Sergeant Miller. This had been attempted in vain

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some years back, as it happened that the Sergeant was at that time discharging his wrath in a book against the Doctor. That book, however, hurt nobody but its author; and the Sergeant now listened favorably to an overture, which offered him a profitable retreat. He retired forever from the contest, with the reputation of a traitor, and £528 sterling in his purse; he rose afterwards to be a member of Parliament, and a Baron of Exchequer in Scotland, but in Cambridge he never retrieved his character.

For eleven years the quarrel had now raged in the courts; for the next seven, in consequence of this compromise with Miller and the Bishop of Ely's *inertia*, it was conducted by the press; and strange it is to record, that all attempts in this way of Bentley's enemies, though practised authors, recoiled heavily on themselves — how many pamphlets, so many libels. Sergeant Miller had already paid dearly for *his*. Next came Conyers Middleton, who, in two particular sentences, seemed to intimate that justice could not be had (or even a hearing) from the King in Council. In November, 1721, the King and Richard Bentley taught him in Westminster Hall to take a new view of the subject. He was compelled to ask pardon, and heavily amerced in costs. Colbatch, with this warning before his eyes, committed exactly the same fault in a more dangerous shape. He was prosecuting Bentley as the supposed author of a supposed libel on himself in the University Courts; and in support of the University jurisdiction, he published a book called *Jus Academicum*. Circumstances arose, however, to convince him that more danger was at hand to himself than his antagonist, and he declared himself willing to

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drop the proceedings. 'Are you so?' said Bentley; 'but so am not I.' There is a vulgar story of a gentle Quaker, who, finding a dog in the act of robbing his larder, declined rough modes of punishment, but said he would content himself with a parting admonition; upon which, opening the door to the dog, he cried after him — 'Mad dog! good people, a mad dog!' In the same fashion did Bentley, not troubling himself to institute prosecutions, quietly beg leave, by his counsel, to read a sentence or two from the *Jus Academicum* before the Judges of the King's Bench. That was enough: the Judges bounced like quicksilver, for their jurisdiction was questioned; and Dr. Colbatch, in Mr. Thurtell's language, was 'booked.' The troubles he went through in skulking from justice, and running after great men's intercession, would really make a novel. The following extracts from Dr. Monk's account, lift up the veil upon the wretched condition of him who is struggling in the meshes of the law. After mentioning that the two Secretaries of State had promised their intercession with the Chief Justice, the account goes on thus: —

'He himself preferred his application to the Lord Chancellor, now Earl of Macclesfield, who, however great might be his faults, was remarkably accessible and affable. He indulged Colbatch with many interviews; and although he condemned, without reserve, the offending passages of his book, promised him his good offices with the Chief Justice, to make the consequences light. But the patronage of these great ministers was not calculated to render the unfortunate divine any real service. The distinguished judge, who presided on the bench, entertained a high notion of the dignity of his court. He had also too just an opinion of the sanctity of the judicial character, not to be jealous of the interference of persons in power with the administration

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of justice. He therefore heard the representations of the Cabinet ministers, without the least disposition to attend to them ; insomuch, that the Premier accounted for his inflexibility by observing, that *Pratt had got to the top of his preferment, and was, therefore, refractory, and not to be governed by them.*'

Soon after this, the publisher, Wilkin, was brought to the bar : —

'The affrighted bookseller made an effort to save himself, by declaring that Dr. Colbatch was the author ; but the Chief Justice told him he might do as he pleased about giving up the author, for it should not save him from the punishment due to the offence of circulating the pamphlet ; and that his fate should be a warning to other publishers ; adding, that the court would serve the author in the same way if brought before them. Wilkin's terrors were greatly augmented, when, upon applying in the evening at the chambers of Mr. Justice Fortescue to be bailed, he was informed by his lordship that he had that day taken as bail, of the publisher of the Freeholder's Journal, (a treasonable paper,) £1000, and £500 for each of his sureties ; and he was actually required to produce the same amount, the judge saying that his offence was as great, or greater.'

The danger now thickened, and Colbatch was advised to keep out of the way, and with the utmost speed to procure the King's pardon, which had been promised him by *both* Secretaries of State. In what manner great men kept their promises in those days, the reader shall hear :

'When he renewed his application for the interference of the great Ministers in his favor, he found their tone much altered. Lord Carteret, in particular, had at first been profuse in his assurances of protection in case of the worst. *Should the Doctor be sent to prison, here*, said he, brandishing his pen, *is Mercury's wand which will soon fetch him out.* Now, however, his lordship's language was altered ; he advised so and so, and he would undertake that nothing should hurt him. But Dr.

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Friend, whose heart misgave him on this point, begged his lordship to pledge his word, that, in case of the worst, *Mercury's wand* should be put in operation. Re-encouraged by a fresh promise, the delinquent, who had changed his lodgings to escape notice, now put on his gown, and appeared publicly in the streets and in Westminster Hall. But here some lawyers, upon learning the grounds of his security, told him to *despair his charm*, for that if he confessed himself the author of *Jus Academicum*, the King himself could not hinder his being sent to prison.'

In this trying situation, Colbatch in 1722 strengthened himself by new friends, such as the Archbishop of York, the President of the Council, and many others; but at length he discovered 'that there was a lion in his path, which intercepted all his prospects of powerful mediation.' And who should this lion be? Why, simply that friend, the Chancellor, to wit, who was the warmest of all in professions. What a picture of courts does the following passage expose!

'The minister (Lord Townshend) then sent him to wait upon the Chief Justice, with a message from himself, intimating that the Crown would interfere to stay proceedings, and wishing to know in what manner that object could most properly be effected. Colbatch proceeded immediately to Sir John Pratt's, but found that he had just gone out; whereupon an unfortunate idea came across his mind, that he ought to go and communicate the Minister's designs to the Lord Chancellor, lest he should appear to distrust the promise of the latter. This wily Lord, having learnt the state of the case, determined to counteract what was doing; and, under pretence of smoothing the way, made the Doctor promise not to deliver Lord Townshend's message to the Chief Justice, till he had himself seen him upon the subject. Colbatch, however, presently perceiving that he had been surprised and tricked by this exalted personage, went back to Lord Townshend, and candidly told him what had passed. The Minister revived his spirits, by promising to procure him the King's pardon the next day, and directed him to call upon him again in the evening

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at his office, when he should see and talk with the Chancellor. Going at the time appointed, he found a cabinet meeting just broken up. Lord Townshend, as soon as he saw him, ordered Lord Macclesfield to be recalled, and the two great men held a long conversation apart, in which the Chancellor contrived to intercept the favor designed for the unfortunate Colbatch. They then joined him, and Lord Macclesfield urged that nothing more was required of him but to make a reasonable apology to the court, and that he would be committed to satisfy form ; that this would be only nominal, as he would regain his liberty the next day ; and earnestly advised him to undergo this trivial ordeal. Lord Townshend then joined in the recommendation, saying — *Do, good Doctor, do.* Thus pressed, he had no alternative but to acquiesce, although he was no longer deceived, but saw himself the victim of a hard-hearted policy.'

Certainly, if the Doctor's friends were knaves, *ou à-peupres*, the Doctor himself was a fool, *ou à-peupres*. And the very perfection of folly — pig-headed folly, (opposed to the equal pig-headedness in the judge,) — appears in the final scene of this little drama, which we transcribe as a fair rival to any of the same kind in Gil Blas : —

'After, &c. &c., Dr. Colbatch was again brought up before the King's Bench, to petition for his discharge ; whereupon Sir Littleton Powis, the senior puisne judge, delivered him his final objurgation. His lordship had just been reading *Jus Academicum*, and was master of its contents ; but, unfortunately for the author, he considered some of the reflections, intended for Dr. Bentley, as levelled against the Court. He termed the appeals made to *foreign* lawyers quite *foreign* to the purpose ; — a conceit which took his lordship's fancy so much, that he repeated it three or four times in the course of his speech. But the most disastrous point was the motto of the book — *Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non arrogat.* He accused Colbatch of applying to the Court of King's Bench the most virulent verse in all Horace, — *Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non* ABROGAT. The culprit immediately set him right as to Horace's word ; and told him besides,

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that the motto was intended to apply, not to the judges, but to Dr. Bentley. Sir Littleton, however, would not be driven from what he considered his stronghold; he thrice recurred to this unhappy quotation, which accused their lordships of *abrogating* the laws; and *each time* Colbatch was imprudent enough to interrupt and correct him. At last the Court remarked to his counsel, Kettelbey, that his client did not appear to be sensible of his being in contempt; and, to convince him of that fact, sentenced him to pay £50, to be imprisoned till it was paid, and to give security for his good behavior for a year.'

It will appear like judicial infatuation in Bentley's enemies, that, on that same day when this scene took place in the King's Bench, another process was commenced against Conyers Middleton for a libel upon the same Court. 'The pamphlet being handed to the Bench, the Chief Justice pronounced, that, if Dr. Middleton was really the author, he must be the most ungrateful man alive, considering that the Court had already treated him with so much lenity.' In fact, this unhappy coincidence in time of the two cases, gave to the reverend libellers the appearance of being in a conspiracy. However, though Middleton would not take a lesson from his friend to avoid his offence, he *did* as regarded the management of his defence. He applied to no Lord Macclesfields or Secretaries of State; and, in consequence, he met precisely the same punishment as Colbatch, without the same protracted suffering. And so ended the sixth suit which Bentley had prosecuted to a triumphant issue, within three years, in the King's bench, himself, enjoying all the time the most absolute *otium cum dignitate*, whilst his malicious enemies were mere footballs to the fury of law.

These, however, were no more than episodes in the

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great *epos* of the original quarrel. In the latter end of 1727, after a seven years' rest, this began to revive. Bishop Fleetwood had been succeeded in the See of Ely by Greene, who was willing to act, provided his expenses were guaranteed, and certain legal questions answered favorably. His demands were granted; and five eminent lawyers, having separately returned satisfactory answers, preparations were making for assault. Though managed silently, Bentley heard of them; and immediately petitioned the King, telling him that the Bishop of Ely was going to rob him of his rights. After three months' waiting for the result, the Bishop in turn petitioned the King to be heard on behalf of his See. A committee of the Privy Council was then appointed. Delays, as usual, were devised by Bentley; and it was not before March, 1729, that the committee decided, that 'they could not advise his Majesty to interfere at all, but that the Bishop was at liberty to proceed as he thought proper.'

Richard Bentley had come to a different decision, as he soon made Bishop Greene understand. In November, his lordship began to stir; but Bentley soon pulled him up by moving the King's Bench for a prohibition, on the ground, that before he could be 'visited,' he must be twice admonished by the Vice-master: now, as he took care to have a Vice-master of his own choosing, this was not likely to happen before the Greek calends. The judges at length refused the prohibition, holding that the preliminary admonition was required only in cases of petty delinquencies. Bishop Greene was therefore once more declared at liberty to proceed; and at last it was thought, says Dr. Monk, 'that all Bentley's resources were at an end.'

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Little did they know of Richard Bentley who thought thus. On the 2d June, 1729, steps were again taken at Ely House, and a further day assigned. Before that day came, again had Bentley put a spoke in the Bishop's wheel. He applied to the King's Bench for a writ of prohibition on new grounds; and this time he succeeded. Next term, the Bishop applied to have the prohibition taken off. But that was more easily asked than granted. Bentley had bothered the judges with a paper which cost a week even to copy. The judges had no time to read it, and were obliged to continue the prohibition; and then came the long vacation. In November, 1729, the campaign opened again; but the Court declared that no case like this had ever come before them, and declined to pronounce judgment until it had been argued by way of declaration and answer.

In 1730, with the vernal resurrection of nature, up rose the everlasting process. 'Up rose the sun, and up rose Emily.' Bishop Greene put in his plea. Bentley took no notice of it; nor would to this hour, had not a rule been applied for to compel him. At the last minute of the time allowed, he replied, by asking for time, — a month, for instance. The Court granted a week. At the last minute of the week he put in a *replication*, which, in Strange's Reports, is described as 'immaterial.'

Upon this the Bishop, in technical phrase, *demurred*. But here, again, Bentley got Bishop Greene under his arm, and 'fibbed' him. It is presumed in law, that, for his own interest, a plaintiff will proceed quickly; so that, if he should not, the rules of Court make no provision for compelling him. Now, it is true that

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Bentley was defendant on the main case; yet, on that part of it which came before the Court of King's Bench, he was plaintiff; of course he made no sign of proceeding. In Trinity term measures were taken to compel him. But next came another step, which also belongs to plaintiff. Plaintiff failed. As this was no more than making up what is called a 'paper book,' defendant did it for him. But this Bentley would not hear of. 'By no means,' said he; 'it is my duty to do it. I have failed; and I insist on being compelled to do my duty.' And in this way again he whiled away the year until the long vacation arrived, when all men rest from their labor. Who will deny that his friends in Cambridge did right in giving the unconquerable old man a triumphal reception, meeting him at Bourn Bridge, and preparing him a welcome in Trinity College, in a manner similar to that of his Majesty's late reception in Cambridge?

Michaelmas term, 1730, the judges after hearing three days' argument, gave judgment against two of Bentley's pleas; on the third, they postponed their decision.

Easter term, 1731, arrived, and new light dawned for Bentley. The charges against him all went upon a presumed validity of certain statutes, known as Queen Elizabeth's, which had superseded the elder statutes of Edward VI., and no question had arisen, but as to which set of statutes were valid for this particular case. Suddenly the judges themselves started a question. Were these statutes valid for *any* case? Counsel on neither side had heard a whisper in that direction. Being uninstructed, they were silent. The judges differed amongst themselves, and the result seemed

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doubtful. But all at once they discovered a screw loose in another quarter. It was this: The Bishop had described himself as 'Visitor especially authorized and appointed by the 40th of Queen Elizabeth's statutes.' Now, waiving the other question, at any rate it was the elder statutes which had created this jurisdiction, the Elizabethan (supposing them valid) having at most recognized it. This flaw was held fatal by the whole bench, in other respects not unanimous, and a sufficient reason for continuing the prohibition.

So terminated this stage of the interminable process; damages to the prosecutors — little less than £1000; and to Bentley, whose costs fell on the College, (and in their proportion, therefore, upon the prosecutors,) £1300. Prosecutors had to pay Bentley £289, as costs contracted in discussing objections of *his* raising, notwithstanding every one of these objections had been dismissed. Such a result of their malice it is delightful to record.

How Dr. Monk reconciles it with the fact of the continued prohibition, we pretend not to guess; so it is, however, that we now find him speaking of Bishop Greene, as being at liberty to proceed 'at discretion.' However, we must take things as we find them. In July, 1731, Bentley, on suspicion that Bishop Greene was meditating a choice of courses, resolved to spare Bishop Greene any course at all. With that view he petitioned the King to prohibit him by a *fiat* of the Attorney-General. This new attack exhausted Bishop Greene's entire stock of patience. Bishop Greene began to sing out furiously; and, when the petition, after two hearings, was dismissed as illegal in its prayer, his lordship resolved to go in to his man, and

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finish him in as few rounds as possible. Yet how? After much deliberation, it was resolved to adopt the plan of an appeal to the House of Lords for a reversal of the late judgment of the King's Bench.

It is ludicrous to mention, that whilst this grand measure was pending, a miniature process occurred, which put all the parties to the great one through what had now become regular evolutions. Bentley had expelled a gentleman from Trinity College. Of course, the man appealed to the Bishop of Ely; — of course the Bishop of Ely cited Bentley before him; — of course Bentley treated the citation with contempt, and applied to the King's Bench for his own familiar friend — the rule to prohibit; and, of course, the court granted it. Upon which this feud merged quietly into the bosom of the main one, which now awaited the decision of the Upper House of Parliament.

On the 6th of May, the case opened before this illustrious Court, who were now to furnish a *peripeteia* to an affair which had occupied and confounded all sorts of courts known to the laws or usages of this kingdom. 'The interest attached to the cause, and the personage whose fortunes were at stake,' says Dr. Monk, 'produced full houses on almost every day that it was argued.' The judges were ordered to attend the House during its continuance; and, from the novelty of the case or some other reason, it was followed by the Peers with singular zest and attention.

On the 8th of May, the judgment of the King's Bench was reversed, chiefly (it is believed) through a speech of Bishop Sherlock's. The House then undertook, after some debate, to deliberate separately upon all the articles of accusation preferred against Bentley.

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This deliberation extended into the next session; and, upon the 15th of February, 1733, final judgment was pronounced, giving to the Bishop of Ely permission to try the Master of Trinity on twenty of the sixty-four articles. The first court was held at Ely House on the 13th of June, 1733; and, on the 27th of April, 1734, the whole trial being concluded, Bishop Greene, unsupported, however, by his assessors, both of whom, it is known, were for a sentence of acquittal, 'in terms of great solemnity,' declared that Dr. Bentley was proved guilty both of dilapidating the goods of his college, and violating its statues; and, accordingly, *pronounced him to be deprived of the Mastership of Trinity College.*

At length, then, after infinite doubles through a chase of five-and-twenty years, the old fox is hunted to earth: but who shall be the man to smoke him out? Bentley saw no reason why the matter of execution might not be made to yield as good sport as the matter of trial. He had already provided an evasion; it was this: the statute says, that when convicted, the Master shall, without delay, be stripped of his office by the Vice-master. He only was authorized to execute the sentence. The course then was clear: a Vice-master was to be provided who would *not* do his duty. The Bishop had a sort of resource in such a case. But Bentley had good reasons for believing, that it would be found unserviceable. Wanted therefore immediately, for Trinity College, a stout-hearted son of thunder, able to look a bully in the face. How ardently must Bentley have longed to be his own Vice! As that could not be, he looked out for the next best on the roll.

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Meantime the Bishop issued three copies of his sentence — one to Dr. Bentley, one for the college gates, and a third to Dr. Hacket, the Vice-master, requiring him to see it executed. The odious Colbatch already rioted in his vengeance: more than delay he did not suspect; yet even this exasperated his venom, and he worried the poor Vice with his outcries.

Bentley, be it remembered, was now in his seventy-third year: his services to Trinity College, to classical literature, to religion, were greater than can be readily estimated. Of his prosecutors and judge, on the other hand, with a slight change in Caligula's wish, any honest man might desire for the whole body one common set of posteriors, that in planting a single kick he might have expressed his collective disdain of them, their acts, and their motives. Yet old as Bentley was, and critical as he found his situation, he lost no jot of his wonted cheerfulness: 'He maintained,' says his biographer, 'not only his spirits, but his accustomed gayety;' and in allusion to his own predicament, gave the candidates, as a subject for a theme, the following words of Terence —

——— 'hoc nunc dicis
Ejectos hinc nos: omnium rerum, heus, vicissitudo est!'

Hacket, however, was not a man to depend upon; he 'felt uneasy, and had no mind to become a victim in defence of one whom he regarded with no affection.' Luckily he was willing to resign: luckily, too, just then, Dr. Walker became eligible — a devoted friend, of whom Dr. Monk believes, that he 'would have cheerfully risked his life in the protection of his master.'

Dr. Walker was elected. He was not a man to be

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terrified by ugly words, nor by grim faces. Bishop Greene sent his mandate to Dr. Walker, requiring him immediately to deprive the Master: *no attention was paid.* Colbatch put bullying questions: Dr. Walker '*declined to give any reply.*' Then Bishop Greene petitioned the House of Lords, the very Court which had directed him to try the Doctor: the House kicked the petition out of doors. Then Bishop Greene turned to the Court of King's Bench; and the Court granted a mandamus to Dr. Walker to do his duty. But that writ was so handled by Bentley's suggestions, that the judges quashed it. Then Bishop Greene procured another mandamus in another shape, viz. a mandamus to himself to compel Dr. Walker to do his duty. But that writ was adjudged, after long arguments, to be worse than the other. Then Bishop Greene obtained a third mandamus, which included some words that were thought certain to heal all defects: but upon argument it was found, that those very words had vitiated it. And in this sort of work Bentley had now held them in play four years since the sentence. Now, then, all mankind, with Bishop Greene at their head and Colbatch at their tail, verily despaired. 'Dr. Bentley had been solemnly sentenced and declared to be ejected; yet all the artillery of the supreme courts of the kingdom could not be so pointed as to get him within their range. Through four consecutive years after his sentence, writ upon writ, mandamus after mandamus, had been issued against him: but all in vain: budge he would not for gentle or simple: the smoke of his pipe still calmly ascended in Trinity Lodge. And like the care-hating old boy of Beaumont and Fletcher, he argued *that it always had been*

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so, and doubtless it always would be so. At length, when the third writ was quashed by the Judges of the King's Bench, after a solemn hearing on the 22d of April, 1738, his enemies became finally satisfied that 'this world was made for Cæsar;' and that to dislodge Dr. Bentley, by any forms of law yet discovered amongst men, was a problem of sheer desperation. From this day, therefore, that idle attempt was abandoned by all human beings, except Colbatch, who could find nobody to join him: and from this date, twenty-nine years from the opening of the process, and about thirty-eight from the opening of the quarrel, its extinction may be dated. The case appears to have been fatal to the See of Ely; for Bishop Moore had lost his life in trying Bentley; Bishop Fleetwood saved his by letting him alone; and Bishop Greene, after floundering in his own sentence for four years, departed this life in a few days after finding out that it never would be executed.

Thus ended this great affair, which occupied about two-thirds of Dr. Bentley's manhood.[17] After this he amused himself with prosecuting old Colbatch for 3*s.* 6*d.* which Colbatch (upon principles of ecclesiastical polity) vehemently desired to cheat him of. It is gratifying to add, that he trounced Colbatch, who was sentenced to pay 3*s.* 6*d.*, together with 2*s.* 6*d.* arrears, and £20 costs.[18] Colbatch talked of applying to a higher court: but afterwards thought better on that subject, and confined his groans to a book — which, it is to be hoped, no mortal ever read.

This last of his thousand-and-one lawsuits terminated in 1740: after which, he enjoyed a clear space of more than two years for assoiling himself from the

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irritation of earthly quarrels, and preparing for his end. His last appearance of a public nature, was on occasion of something which we must not call foolery in the offending parties, since Dr. Monk considers it 'alarming;' and here it was that he delivered his final jest. A youth, whose name has not reached posterity with much lustre, one Strutt, had founded a sect of atheists, by a book published in 1732. The Struttian philosophy had been propagated by Mr. Tinkler Ducket, a Fellow of Caius College. Tinkler, ambitious (it seems) of martyrdom in the cause of Struttism, privately denounced his own atrocities: a great fuss ensued: bishops and archbishops were consulted: and, finally, Tinkler was brought to trial upon a charge of Strutting. He was fully proved to have Strutted, though he attempted to deny it: and on the last day of trial, Dr. Bentley being wanted to make up a *quorum* of heads, and by way of paying honor to the father of the university, who could not easily go to *them*, the court, with its appendages, atheist and all, adjourned to *him*. Court being seated, Bentley begged to know which was the atheist: and upon Tinkler being pointed out to him, who was a little meagre man, 'Atheist!' said he, 'how! is that the atheist? Why, I thought an atheist would be at least as big as Burrough the beadle!' Burrough, it may readily be supposed, was a burly personage, fitted to enact the part of leader to a defying philosophy.

This incident occurred early in 1739. Some time further on in the same year, is fixed, conjecturally, as the period of a paralytic attack, from which it is certain that he suffered at *some* time in his latter years. That it was a slight one, is evident from the fact, that he

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acted as an examiner for a scholarship within a month of his death.

About the beginning of the next year he lost his wife, in the fortieth year of a union memorably happy. His two daughters, both married, united their pious attentions to soothe his old age, and to win his thoughts from too painful a sense of this afflicting trial: and one of them, Mrs. Cumberland, having four children, filled his else desolate mansion with the sound, long silent, of youthful mirth and gladness. 'Surrounded with such friends, the Doctor experienced the joint pressure of old age and infirmity as lightly as is consistent with the lot of humanity. He continued to amuse himself with reading; and, though nearly confined to his arm-chair, was able to enjoy the society of his friends, and several rising scholars, (Markland, John Taylor, Thomas Bentley, &c.,) who sought the conversation of the veteran Grecian: with them he still discussed the readings of classical authors, recited Homer, and expounded the doctrine of the Digamma.'

Mr. Cumberland's portrait of his grandfather's amiable old age, we forbear to quote, as probably familiar to most of our readers: but one or two peculiarities in the domestic habits of his latter years, as less known, we add from Dr. Monk: — 'It is recorded that Bentley enjoyed smoking with his constant companion (Dr. Walker); a practice which he did not begin before his seventieth year: he is stated also to have been an admirer of good port wine, while he thought contemptuously of claret; *which*, he said, *would be port if it could*. He generally wore, while sitting in his study, a hat with an enormous brim — as a shade to protect his eyes; and he affected more

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than ever a fashion of addressing his familiars with the singular pronouns *thou* and *thee*.'

There is, it seems, a tradition in Cambridge, that Bentley was accustomed to describe himself as likely to attain the age of fourscore years; but on what particular ground, is not said. In making this remark, he would observe, by way of parenthesis, that a life of that duration was long enough to read everything worth reading; and then reverting to the period he had anticipated for himself, he would conclude —

'Et tunc magna mei sub terris ibit imago.'

If this anticipation were really made by Bentley, it is a remarkable instance of that unaccountable spirit of divination which has haunted some people, (Lord Nelson, for instance, in the obstinate prediction before his final victory — *that the 21st of October would be his day*:) Bentley *did* accomplish his eightieth year, and a few months more. About the 10th of July, he was seized with what is supposed to have been a pleuritic fever. Dr. Heberden, at that time a young physician in Cambridge, for some reason not stated, (perhaps the advanced age of the patient,) declined to bleed him — a measure which Bentley himself suggested, and which is said to have been considered necessary by Dr. Wallis. That the indications of danger were sudden and of rapid progress, is probable from the fact, that Dr. Wallis, who was summoned from Stamford, arrived too late. Bentley expired on the 14th of July, 1742; and in his person England lost the greatest scholar by far that she ever has produced; greater than she *will* produce, according to all likelihood, under the tendencies of modern education.

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Some account of his principal works, and a general estimate of his services to literature, and of his character and pretensions as a scholar, we reserve to a separate paper.

PART II.

THE age is past in which men rendered a cheerful justice to the labors of the classical scholar. Joseph Scaliger, Isaac Casaubon, and the monster of erudition, Claudius Salmasius, are supposed by multitudes of sciolists to have misdirected their powers. In that case, Richard Bentley must submit to the same award. Yet it would perhaps be no difficult achievement to establish a better apology for the classical student than is contemplated by those who give the tone to the modern fashion in education.

What it is proposed to *substitute* for classical erudition, we need not too rigorously examine. Some acquaintance with the showy parts of Experimental Philosophy and Chemistry — a little *practical* Mathematics — a slight popular survey of the facts of History and Geography — a sketch of empirical Political Economy — a *little* Law — a *little* Divinity — perhaps even a *little* Medicine and Farriery; such are the elements of a fashionable education. All that is really respectable in a scheme of this complexion, the mathematics and the mechanical philosophy, judging by the evidence of the books which occasionally appear, should seem to be attained with any brilliant success only in that university (Cambridge) where these

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studies are pursued jointly with the study of classical literature. The notion of any hostility, therefore, between the philological researches of the Greek and Latin literator on the one hand, and the severe meditations on the other, of the geometrician and the inventive analyst — such a hostility as could make it necessary to weigh the one against the other — is, in practice, found to be imaginary. No *comparative* estimate, then, being called for, we may confine ourselves to a simpler and less invidious appreciation of classical erudition upon the footing of its *absolute* pretensions.

Perhaps a judicious pleading on this subject would pursue something of the following outline:

First. It is undeniable that the progress of *sacred* literature is dependent upon that of profane. The vast advances made in Biblical knowledge, and in other parts of divinity, since the era of the Reformation, are due, in a great proportion, to the *general* prosecution of classical learning. It is in vain to attempt a distinction between the useful parts of this learning and the ornamental: All are useful, all are necessary. The most showy and exquisite refinements in the doctrine of Greek melic metre, even where they do not directly avail us in expelling anomalies of syntax or of idiom from embarrassed passages, and thus harmonizing our knowledge of this wonderful language, yet offer a great indirect benefit: they exalt the standard of attainment, by increasing its difficulty and its compass; and a prize placed even at an elevation useless for itself, becomes serviceable as a guarantee that all lower heights must have been previously traversed.

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Secondly. The general effect upon the character of young men from a classical education, is pretty much like that which is sought for in travelling; more unequivocally even than *that*, coming at the age which is best fitted for receiving deep impressions, it liberalizes the mind. This effect is derived in part from the ennobling tone of sentiment which presides throughout the great orators, historians, and *littérateurs* of antiquity; and in part it is derived from the vast *difference* in temper and spirit between the modern (or Christian) style of thinking, and that which prevailed under a Pagan religion, connected, in its brightest periods, with republican institutions. The mean impression from *home-keeping*, and the contracted views of a mere personal experience, are thus, as much as by any other conceivable means, broken and defeated. Edmund Burke has noticed the illiberal air which is communicated to the mind by an education exclusively scientific, even where it is more radical and profound than it is likely to be under those theories which reject classical erudition. The sentiments which distinguish a *gentleman* receive no aid from any attainments in science; but it is certain, that familiarity with the classics, and the noble direction which they are fitted to impress upon the thoughts and aspirations, *do* eminently fall in with the few other chivalrous sources of feeling that survive at this day. It is not improbable, also, that a reflection upon the 'uselessness' of such studies, according to the estimate of coarse Utilitarians — that is, their inapplicability to any object of mercenary or mechanic science, co-operates with their more direct influences in elevating the taste. Thence, we may explain the reason of the universal hatred amongst

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plebeian and coarse-minded Jacobins to studies and institutions which point in this direction. They hate the classics for the same reason that they hate the manners of chivalry, or the characteristic distinctions of a gentleman.

Thirdly. A sentiment of just respect belongs to the classical scholar, if it were only for the numerical *extent* of the items which compose the great total of his knowledge. In separate importance, the acquisitions of the mathematician transcend *his:* each several proposition in that region of knowledge has its distinct value and dignity. But in the researches of the scholar, more truly than in any other whatsoever, the details are infinite. And for this infinity of acts, on the parts of the understanding and the memory, if otherwise even less important, he has a special claim upon our consideration.

Fourthly. The *difficulty*, as derived from peculiar idiom and construction, of mastering the two classical languages of antiquity, more especially the Greek, is in itself a test of very unusual talent. Modern languages are learned inevitably by simple efforts of memory. And, if the learner has the benefit of a rational plan of tuition, viz. the tuition of circumstances, which oblige him to speak the language, and to hear it spoken, for all purposes of daily life, there is perhaps no living idiom in Europe which would not be mastered in three months. Certainly, there is none which presupposes any peculiar talent, as a *conditio sine qua non* for its attainment. Greek *does;* and we affirm peremptorily, that none but a man of singular talent can attain (what, after all, goes but a small way in the accomplishments of a scholar) the power of

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reading Greek fluently at sight. The difficulty lies in two points: First, in the peculiar perplexities of the Greek construction; and, secondly, in the continual inadequation (to use a logical term) of Greek and modern terms; a circumstance which makes literal translation impossible, and reduces the translator to a continued effort of compensation. Upon a proper occasion, it would be easy to illustrate this point. Meantime the fact must strike everybody, be the explanation what it may, that very few persons ever *do* arrive at any tolerable skill in the Greek language. After seven years' application to it, most people are still alarmed at a sudden summons to translate a Greek quotation; it is even ill-bred to ask for such a thing; and we may appeal to the candor of those even who, upon a case of necessity, are able to 'do the trick,' whether, in reading a Greek book of history for their own private amusement, (Herodian for example,) they do not court the assistance of the Latin version at the side. Greek rarely becomes as familiar as Latin. And, as the modes of teaching them are pretty much the the same, there is no way of explaining this but by supposing a difficulty *sui generis* in the Greek language, and a talent *sui generis* for contending with it.

Upon some such line of argument as we have here sketched — illustrating the claims of the classical student according to the several grounds now alleged, viz. the difficulty of his attainments in any exquisite form, their vast extent, their advantageous tendency for impressing an elevated tone upon the youthful mind; and, above all, their connection with the maintenance of that '*strong book-mindedness*,' and massy erudition, which are the buttresses of a reformed

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church, and which failing (if they ever *should* fail), will leave it open to thousands of factious schisms, and finally even to destructive heresies — possibly a fair pleader might make out a case, stronger than a modern education-monger could retort, for the scholar, technically so called, meaning the man who has surrendered his days and nights to Greek, Latin, and the Biblical languages.

Such a scholar, and modelled upon the most brilliant conception of his order, was Bentley. Wisely concentrating his exertions, under a conviction, that no length of life or reach of faculties was sufficient to exhaust that single department which he cultivated, he does not appear to have carried his studies, in any instance, beyond it. Whatsoever more he knew, he knew in a popular way; and doubtless for much of that knowledge he was indebted to conversation. Carried by his rank and appointments (and, from a very early age, by the favor of his patron, Bishop Stillingfleet) into the best society, with so much shrewd sense, and so powerful a memory, he could not but bear away with him a large body of that miscellaneous knowledge which floats upon the surface of social intercourse. He was deficient, therefore, in no information which naturally belongs to an English gentleman. But the whole of it, if we except, perhaps, that acquaintance with the English law, and the forms of its courts, which circumstances obliged him to cultivate, was obtained in his hours of convivial relaxation; and rarely indeed at the sacrifice of a single hour, which, in the distribution of his time, he had allotted to the one sole vocation of his life — the literature of classical antiquity. How much he ac-

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complished in that field, will be best learned from a *catalogue raisonné* of his works, (including his contributions to the works of others,) and from a compressed abstract of that principal work to which he is indebted for much of the lustre which still settles upon his memory.

His *coup d'essai* in literature, as we have already mentioned, was his appendix to the Chronicle of Malelas. It was written in the winter of 1690; but not published until June, 1691. Bentley was at this time twenty-nine years old, and could not therefore benefit by any consideration of his age. But he needed no indulgences. His epistle travels over a prodigious extent of ground, and announces everywhere a dignified self-respect, combined with respect for others. In all that relates to the Greek dramatic poets, Euripides in particular, and in the final disquisition (which we have already analyzed) on the laws which govern the Latinization of Grecian proper names, the appendix to Malelas is still worthy of most attentive study.

He soon after began to prepare editions of Philostratus, of Hesychius, and the Latin poet Manilius. From these labors he was drawn off, in 1692, by his first appointment to preach the Boyle Lecture. Those sermons are published. They were serviceable to his reputation at that time, and are still worthy of their place as the inaugural dissertations in that distinguished series of English divinity. It would be idle to describe them as in any eminent sense philosophical; they are not so; but they present as able a refutation of the infidel notions then prevalent,[19] and (in the two latter lectures) as popular an application to the same

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purpose of the recent Newtonian discoveries, as the times demanded, or a miscellaneous audience permitted.

In 1694, Bentley was again appointed to preach the Boyle Lecture: but his sermons on that occasion have not been printed. On various pleas he delayed preparing them for the press so long, that before he found himself at leisure for that task, the solicitations of his friends had languished, and his own interest in the work had probably died away. Fifty-two years ago, when the life of Bentley was published in the Biographia Britannica, they were still in existence; but his present biographer has not been able to ascertain their subsequent fate.

By this time the Philostratus was ready for the press, but an accident put an end to that undertaking. The high duties upon paper, and other expenses of printing in England, had determined Bentley to bring out his edition at Leipsic; and accordingly one sheet was printed in that university. But Bentley, who had the eye of an amateur for masterly printing, and the other luxuries of the English and Dutch press, was so much disgusted with the coarseness of this German specimen, that he peremptorily put an end to the work, and transferred his own two collations of two Oxford MSS. to Olearius of Leipsic. In the edition published by this person in 1709, there will be found so much of Bentley's notes as were contained in the specimen sheet; these, however, extend no farther than page 11; and what is become of the rest, a matter of some interest to ourselves, we are unable to learn.

In 1695, Bentley assisted his zealous friend Evelyn in the revision of his *Numismata*.

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In July, 1696, on taking his Doctor's degree, Bentley maintained three separate theses: one *on the Rationality of the Mosaic Cosmogony and Deluge;* a second *on the Divine Origin of the Christian Miracles;* and a third *on the Relation between the Christian and Platonic Trinities.* These themes (at any rate the last) appear to us somewhat above the reach of Bentley's philosophy, or indeed of any English philosophy, since the days of Henry More, Cudworth, and Stillingfleet. The last of these persons, however, his own friend and patron, had probably furnished Bentley with directions and materials for treating the question. This dissertation we should be delighted to read; but it seems to have vanished as completely as the public breakfast which accompanied it. On the Sunday following, he preached before the University what is called the Commencement Sermon (*of Revelation and the Messiah*). Many years afterwards, this was added as an appropriate sequel to an edition of his Boyle Lectures, in 1692. It is a powerful and learned defence of the Christian faith, and of the claims of its founder to the character of the Jewish Messiah.

Meantime, his professional exertions had not abated his zeal for literature. In the course of this year, he finished his notes and emendations to the text of Callimachus. These, together with a complete digest of that poet's fragments, admirably corrected, he transmitted to his learned friend Grævius of Utrecht, for the improvement of a sort of Variorum Callimachus, which he was then carrying through the press. This had been originally projected, and some part already printed, by a son of Grævius, who died prematurely. In the very first letter of Grævius, September 17,

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1692,[20] thus much had been explained to Bentley, — and that amongst the ornaments of the edition would be a copious commentary of Ezechiel Spanheim, a distinguished Prussian, envoy at one time to England from the court of Berlin, and next after Bentley, perhaps, the best Grecian of the age. Drest in this pomp of learned apparel, the muse of Callimachus came forth with unexpected effect: *pars minima est ipsa puella sui;* and Bentley was perhaps sincere in assuring Grævius (15th February, 1698) that, according to the judgment of one learned friend, no writer of antiquity had been so strictly endowed with editorial services.

In May 1697, was published the original Dissertations on Phalaris, as a supplement to the second edition of Wotton's Essay on Ancient and Modern Learning. By way of suitable accompaniments, were added shorter dissertations on the spurious Letters of Themistocles, Socrates, and Euripides; and finally on the Fables, and the personal deformity, imputed to Æsop. At the beginning of 1699, appeared the second (or complete) dissertation on Phalaris, from which (on account of the great expansion given to the principal theme) all supplementary parts were now unavoidably retrenched.

Soon after this period, the manifold business which occupied Bentley, upon his promotion to the headship of Trinity College, upon his marriage, and various University appointments, appears to have interrupted his literary pursuits; and perhaps he surrendered himself the more tractably to these avocations from the ordinary tenor of his life, in consideration of the excessive price of English paper, which, in 1698, he had assigned to Grævius[21] as a satisfactory motive for

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renouncing the press. However, when he did not work himself, he was always ready to assist those who did; and in 1701, we find him applying his whole academic influence to the promotion of the Prussian, Kuster's, edition of Suidas, which he enriched partly from the MSS. of the deceased Bishop Pearson, partly from his own stores.

In the summer of the year 1702, Bentley first formed the design of editing a body of classics for the use of the students in his own college; and a Horace, which occupied him at intervals for the next ten years, was selected as the leader of the series.

In 1708, by way of assisting his old friend, Ludolf Kuster, in a hasty edition of Aristophanes, he addressed to him three Critical Epistles on the *Plutus* and the *Clouds*. These were dislocated and mangled by Kuster, under the pressure of haste, and the unfortunate arrangements of the printer. Two, however, of the three have been preserved and published, exactly as Bentley wrote them; and in this instance, we are happy to agree with Dr. Monk that these letters (and, we may add, the general tone, and much of the peculiar merit which belongs to the Phalaris Dissertation) point out Aristophanes, beyond all other writers of antiquity, as that one who would have furnished the fullest arena for Bentley's various and characteristic attainments. About the same time, Bentley had the honor of giving a right direction to the studies of Tiberius Hemsterhuis, the founder of a distinguished school of continental scholars, whose metrical deficiencies had been made known by his recent edition of Julius Pollux. The two letters of Bentley have since been published by Ruhnken.

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In the year 1709, he assisted Davies in his edition of the Tusculan Questions of Cicero, by a large body of admirable emendations; and in the same year, he communicated to Needham, who was then editing Hierocles, a collection of conjectures on the text of that author, which, though not equally sound, have the customary Bentleian merit of extraordinary ingenuity.

It is one illustration of the universal favor which Bentley extended to the interests of knowledge, even in those departments which promised no glory to himself, that he had long labored to obtain a second and improved edition of Sir Isaac Newton's Principia. Sir Isaac, however, was, at this time, engrossed by his employments at the Mint; but at length, in this year, 1709, Bentley had the satisfaction of engaging Professor Cotes in that task, and of opening a long correspondence [22] between the Professor and Sir Isaac, which arranged the whole alterations and additions.

In the spring of 1710 was published one of Bentley's occasional works, which caused at that time, and yet continues to cause, some speculation. An unexplained mystery hung even then over the mode of publication; and a mystery still hangs over its motive. In the latter end of 1709, the well-known Clericus, or Le Clerc, whose general attainments Dr. Monk rates far too highly, published an edition of the Fragments of Menander and Philemon, with a brutish ignorance of Greek. Simple ignorance, however, and presumption, cannot be supposed sufficient to have provoked Bentley, who uniformly left such exposures to the inevitable hand of time. Yet so it was, that, in December of the same year, Bentley sate down and wrote

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extemporal emendations on three hundred and twenty-three passages in the Fragments, with a running commentary of unsparing severity upon the enormous blunders of Le Clerc. This little work, by a circuitous channel, in the spring of 1710, he conveyed into the hands of Peter Burman, the bitterest enemy of Le Clerc. It may readily be conceived that Burman, thirsty as he was at that particular moment for vengeance, received with a frenzy of joy these thunderbolts from the armory of Jove. He published the work immediately, under the title of *Emendationes in Menandri et Philemonis Reliquias, auctore Phileleuthero Lipsiensi*, and with an insulting preface of his own. Before the press had completed its work, Le Clerc heard of the impending castigation. The author's name also was easily suspected in the small list of Greek scholars. Le Clerc, who conducted a severe review, wrote in his usual spirit of dictatorial insolence to Bentley, calling upon him to disavow so shocking an attack. Bentley replied by calmly pointing out to him his presumption as a Grecian editor, and his arrogant folly as a bully. Meantime the book was published, and read with so much avidity, (although in a learned language,) that in three weeks the entire impression was exhausted. It was attacked by the old hornet James Gronovius, who hated Le Clerc and Bentley with an equal hatred, and also by the scoundred De Pauw; but, said Bentley, with the most happy application of a line from Phædrus, 'Nondum eorum ictus tanti facio, ut iterum a me vapulent:

Multo majoris colaphi mecum veneunt.'

On the 8th of December, 1711, Bentley put the

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finishing hand to his edition of Horace — the most instructive, perhaps, in its notes, of all contributions whatsoever to Latin literature. The attacks which it provoked were past counting; the applauses were no less vehement from every part of Europe: and, amongst others, from an old enemy — Atterbury, the ringleader in the Phalaris controversy. A second and improved impression of the work was immediately called for, and issued from the press of Amsterdam.

In 1713, Bentley replied, under his former signature of *Phileleutherus Lipsiensis*, to Anthony Collins's 'Discourse of Freethinking.' His triumph, in this instance, was owing less to his own strength than to the weakness of his antagonist. Collins had some philosophical acuteness, as he showed elsewhere; but of learning, properly so called, he had none. The most useful service which Bentley rendered to the public on this occasion, was the just coloring which he gave to an argument for impeaching the credit of the New Testament, recently impressed upon the timid and the scrupulous by the notoriety of Dr. Mill's labors upon its text. Many Christians had been scandalized and alarmed by a body of thirty thousand various readings in a text issuing from inspiration. But Bentley re-assured their trembling faith, by showing that an immense majority of these variations scarcely affected the sense at all; and, of those which did, few, indeed, would be found to disturb any cardinal doctrine, which, after all, was otherwise secured by unsuspected passages. It is an interesting reflection to us at this day, that the Collins here refuted was that friend of Locke, as appears from his letters, originally published by Des

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Maizeaux, upon whom he lavished every proof of excessive regard in the last moments of his life. He introduced him even with the most flattering recommendations to his hostess, Lady Masham, the daughter of that Cudworth who had spent his life in the refutation of philosophic scepticism![23]

In 1715, on occasion of the first Pretender's expedition, Bentley preached before the University a sermon on Popery, which, though merely occasional, ranks amongst the most powerful expositions of the corruptions introduced into pure Christianity by that stupendous superstition. The force of its natural and manly rhetoric may be conceived from this fact, that Sterne, the wholesale plagiarist, has borrowed from it a long passage for the sermon which he puts into the mouth of Corporal Trim, who is made to express its terrible energy by saying, that 'he would not read another line of it for all the world.'

On the 15th of April, 1716, Bentley, in a letter to Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury, brought forward a scheme, which of itself should have immortalized him, for retrieving the original text of the New Testament *exactly as it was at the time of the Council of Nice*, without the difference of 'twenty words,' or 'even twenty particles.' Compressed within a few words, his plan was this: — Mill, and other collectors of various readings, had taken notice only of absolute differences in the *words* — never of mere variations in their *order and arrangement;* these they conceived to be purely accidental. Bentley thought otherwise; for he had noticed, that, wherever he could obtain the genuine reading of the old authorized Latin version, technically called the *Vulgate*, the order of the words exactly cor-

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responded to the order of the original Greek. This pointed to something more than accident. A sentence of St. Jerome ripened this suspicion into a certainty. Hence it occurred to him, that, if by any means he could retrieve the true text of the Latin Vulgate, as it was originally reformed and settled by St. Jerome, he would at once obtain a guide for selecting, amongst the crowd of variations in the present Greek text, that one which St. Jerome had authenticated as the reading authorized long before his day. Such a restoration of the Vulgate, Bentley believed to be possible by means of MSS., of which the youngest should reach an age of nine hundred years. How far this principle of restoration could have been practically carried through, is a separate question; but, for the principle itself, we take upon ourselves to say, that a finer thought does not occur in the records of inventive criticism. It is not a single act of conjectural sagacity, but a consequential train of such acts.

In the same year, Bentley wrote a letter to Biel upon the Scriptural glosses in our present copies of Hesychius, which he considered interpolations from a later hand. This letter, which evidences the same critical acquaintance with Hesychius, which, in the aids given to his friend Kuster, he had already manifested with Suidas, has been published by Alberti, in the Prolegomena to his edition of that lexicographer.

In this year also, a plan was agitated (according to one tradition, by the two Chief Justices, Parker and King,) for an edition of the Classics, *in usum Principis Frederici*. Such a project could not fail to suggest a competition with the famous French series, *in usum Delphini*. Difficulty there was none in making the

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English one far more learned; and, with that view, it was designed that Bentley should preside over the execution. For this service, he is said to have demanded £1,000 *per annum* for life; on the other hand, Lord Townshend, by the same account, would give no more than £500. Some misunderstanding arose, and, finally, the whole plan was dismissed by the court, in company with the liberal minister who had entertained it. Perhaps this is not to be regretted; for a *corpus* of editions, as much more learned than the Delphin, as Bentley was more learned than Huet, would stand a good chance of being almost useless to boys.

In 1717, Bentley preached before the King. This sermon was published; and is described by Dr. Monk as being, perhaps, not worse calculated to win the favorable opinion of general readers, than anything else which its author has left. For ourselves, we have not been so fortunate as to meet with it.

Not long after, in the same year, Bentley was elected the Regius Professor of Divinity in Cambridge. On the 1st of May, the day preceding his election, he delivered his probationary lecture. The subject, even more than the occasion, made this so interesting, that we do not hear, without indignation, of the uncertainty which all parties profess with regard to the fate of a copy of it, known to have been in existence forty years ago. The lecture treated the famous question of the disputed passage — On the Three Heavenly Witnesses, (I. Epist. of St. John, v. 7.) Porson, to whom such a lecture must have been peculiarly interesting, had read it; so had Dr. Vincent, the late Dean of Westminster. Could neither of these gentlemen

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have copied it? Or, if that were forbidden, could they not have mastered the outline of the arguments? — Meantime, as to the result, every body is agreed that Bentley peremptorily rejected the verse. Yet, in a correspondence, at the beginning of this very year, with some stranger, which has been since published, Bentley is less positive on that matter, and avows his determination to treat the case, not as a question for critical choice and sagacity, but simply as a question of fact — to be decided, whenever he came to that part of his new edition of the Greek Testament, by the balance of readings, as he should happen to find them on this side or that in the best MSS. 'What will be the event,' he says, 'I myself know not yet; having not used all the old copies I have information of.' Within the four months' interval between this correspondence and his probationary lecture, it is improbable that Bentley should have made any such progress in his Greek Testament, as could materially affect his view of this question; and we infer from that consideration, that, in his lecture, he must have treated it purely as a question for sagacity and tentative conjecture, not for positive evidence. This latter mode of deciding the case, by which he promised his correspondent that he would finally abide, remains therefore unaffected by the award of his lecture. We agree with Dr. Middleton, the first Bishop of Calcutta, that the controversy is not yet exhausted. In the following month, (June, 1717,) he delivered his inaugural oration, which lasted for two hours and a half, on entering upon the duties of his chair. This which unfortunately has not been preserved, except in the slight and sneering sketch of an enemy, appears to

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have been chiefly an apologetic account of his whole literary career; doubtless for the purpose of disarming the general presumption, that a course of study, which had been so peculiarly directed to what, in the old university phrase, are called the *humanities* of literature, could not but have impressed a bias upon his inquiries unfavorable to the austerer researches of *divinity*. He reminded his audience, however, that he had been appointed on two separate occasions a public champion of Christianity; and that, in another instance, when he had stepped forward as a volunteer in the same august service, he had earned the solemn thanks of the university.

In 1718, Bentley resumed, but suddenly and finally discontinued, the third part of his answer to Collins. He had agreed to pursue it, at the particular request of the Princess of Wales; and two half-sheets were actually printed; but conceiving himself ill-treated by the court, he protested that he would do nothing to gratify those who behaved no better than his declared enemies.

Meantime he had been prosecuting his great scheme for the restoration of the Nicene text of the New Testament, according to the opportunities of leisure which his public duties allowed him, with his usual demoniac energy, and with a generous disregard of expense. Through different agents, he had procured collations of MSS. all over Europe; and in particular, had maintained a correspondence with the Benedictines of St. Maur, one extract from which has been published by Sabatier, in his *Bibliorum Sacrorum Versiones Antiquæ*. By the autumn of 1720, his work was so far advanced, that, in October, he issued a formal pros-

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pectus, stating its plan, (as originally sketched, in the spring of 1716, to the Archbishop of Canterbury,) its form and price, and the literary aids which he counted upon. The twenty-second chapter of the Revelations accompanied these proposals, as a specimen — not of the paper or printing, (which were to be the best that Europe afforded,) — but of the editorial management. And with that just appreciation of his own merits which the honest frankness of Bentley would seldom allow him to suppress, he solemnly consecrated the work '*as a κειμήλιον, a κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί, a charter, a Magna Charta, to the whole Christian Church; to last when all the ancient MSS. may be lost and extinguished.*' Conyers Middleton, incapable of understanding this grand burst of enthusiasm, immediately wrote a pamphlet to disparage the project, which he stigmatized (in allusion to the South Sea schemes, recently exposed) as *Bentley's Bubble.* One instance will explain the character of his malice: He made it a theme for scurrilous insinuations against Bentley, that he published by subscription. Now, in any age, an expensive undertaking, which presupposes a vast outlay for the collation [24] (or occasionally the purchase) of MSS., and rare editions, is a privileged case, as respects subscriptions; but in that age every body published by subscription. Pope did so, and in that way made his fortune by the Iliad. And what marks the climax in Middleton's baseness, *he himself published his knavish Life of Cicero*, in the most deliberate manner, *upon the ordinary terms of a subscription.* Early in January, 1721, appeared a caustic reply to Middleton's pamphlet, which, upon internal evidence, is, and was, ascribed to Bentley. In about three months, Middleton retorted in a

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pamphlet four times as long as his first, and openly avowing himself by name as the author. These pamphlets we have read; for they are printed in a quarto republication of Middleton's Miscellanies. And we are bold to say, in opposition to Dr. Monk, that they offer no shadow of sound or scholarlike objection to Bentley's *Programme*. That was written in one evening by candlelight. Why not? It fell into no real error by its precipitancy. Cavils are the best of Middleton's argument; malice his best inspiration; and, as to the beautiful style, which (according to the old catechism of Blair, &c.) Dr. Monk attributes to Middleton, we presume that many, of equal merit, are sold daily at sixpence a pound to trunk-makers and pastry-cooks.

It was the fate of Dr. Bentley, that every work executed or projected by him, should be assailed. Accordingly, on this occasion, concurrently with the pamphlets of Middleton appeared many others, with or without names, English and Latin, virulent or gentle. To Middleton, however, has always been imputed the honor of having crushed the project; how erroneously, we now first learn from Dr. Monk. Bentley could not be disturbed by what he had not seen; now he declared to Bishop Atterbury, that he 'scorned to read the rascal's book;' and there is full proof, that, for eight years and upwards after these attacks, he procured collations as zealously as ever. The subscriptions again, which are stated to have been not less than two thousand guineas, show that purchasers were undeterred by the clamors of malice. However, the fact is, that the work *did* at length languish, for what reason is still doubtful. Wetstein, in his Prolegomena, says,

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that the abandonment of the work rose out of Bentley's disgust at the meanness of the Treasury in refusing to remit the duty upon the paper for this national undertaking. The facts are truly stated; but we have proof that the effect was insufficient to retard his labor 'even for a day.' The best guess we can offer to account for the final wreck of so much labor and expense, is, that being continually withdrawn from Bentley's attention, by the perplexities of his multiplied lawsuits, until the shades of old age had overtaken him, the work gradually ceased to occupy his thoughts, or to interest his ambition.

During the long vacation of 1722, Bentley read a copy of Nicander's *Theriaca*, put into his hands by Dr. Mead, and wrote his corrections on the margin. These have since been published by Dr. Monk, in the *Cambridge Museum Criticum.*

In 1723, the edition of the Tusculan Questions, by Davies, to which Bentley had communicated its original value, was reprinted. On this occasion, he again enriched it with an ample dowry of his own conjectural emendations. These it was his intention to support by notes. Unfortunately, a pressure of business had pre-occupied his attention at the critical moment; the press could not wait; and the book was launched, leaving the best part of its freight behind; and that part, unfortunately, without which the rest was of little value.

In 1724, Dr. Hare, Dean of Worcester, originally a confidential friend of Bentley's, who had on three several occasions injured him by his indiscretion or his meanness, consummated his offences by an act of perfidious dishonesty: he published an edition of

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Terence, in which everything meritorious was borrowed, without acknowledgment, from the colloquial instructions of Bentley, imperfectly apprehended, and clumsily explained. In revenge for this treachery, Bentley carried rapidly through the press a Terence of his own; and by way of anticipating Hare, who had announced a Phædrus, he united an edition of that author (connected, as usual, with P. Syrus) in the same volume. This was published at the beginning of 1726. The Phædrus was a precipitate, in fact an extempore, performance; but the Terence is, in our opinion, of all Bentley's editions, the most brilliantly finished. With relation to the critic, undoubtedly his Horace is by much the most elaborately learned; but with relation to the interests of the author, his Terence is the most complete.

In 1731 occurred an incident in the literary life of Bentley, upon which no rational judgment has ever yet been pronounced. At the latter end of that year, he undertook his edition of the *Paradise Lost;* it was carried on with his usual haste, and was published in January, 1732. He was now seventy years old, and his age, combined with the apparent extravagance of some of his corrections, might seem at first, to countenance Dr. Monk's insinuation of dotage.[25] But the case is totally misconceived. His edition of Milton had the same merits as his other editions; peculiar defects it had, indeed, from which his editions of Latin classics were generally free; these, however, were due to no decays in himself, but to original differences in the English classic from any which he could have met with in Pagan literature. The romantic, or Christian, poetry, was alien to Bentley's taste; he had no more

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sense or organs of perception for this grander and more imaginative order of poetry, than a hedge-hog for the music of Mozart. Consequently, whatsoever was peculiarly characteristic in it, seemed to him a monstrous abortion; and had it been possible that passages in the same impassioned key should occur in the austere and naked works of the Roman or Grecian muse, he would doubtless have proscribed them as interpolations of monks, copyists, or scholiasts, with the same *desperate hook* which operated so summarily on the text of Paradise Lost. With these infirmities, and this constitutional defect of poetic sensibility, the single blunder which he committed, was in undertaking such a province. The management of it did him honor; for he complied honestly with the constitution of his mind, and was right in the sense of taking a true view, but from a false station. Whenever a wise man plays the fool, we may suspect that a woman is at the bottom; and for this blunder of Bentley's, we are to thank Queen Caroline, who had a curiosity to see the English Hercules at work upon some task within her own range of sympathy; and accordingly, with the same womanish folly which, in Queen Elizabeth, imposed upon Shakspeare the grotesque labor of exhibiting Falstaff in love, she laid her commands upon Bentley for a kind of service which obliged him too frequently to abjure all his characteristic powers and accomplishments. That a suspicion at times crossed his own mind, (his nephew's it certainly did,) that for her Majesty's amusement he was making himself a stupendous jackass, is very probable from his significant excuse at the end — '*non injussa cecini.*' Meantime we agree altogether with

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Dr. Monk, that to any *moral* blame in this affair, on account of his fiction of an editorial man of straw, Bentley is not liable, let Dr. Johnson say what he will. It was a fiction of modesty at once and of prudence, which saved him from the necessity of applying his unmeasured abuse immediately to Milton. This middleman was literally a mediator between Milton and the Bentleian wrath of damnation, which is already too offensive even as applied to a shadow.

This foolery over, Bentley recoiled with the spring of a Roman catapulta to his natural pursuits. In 1732, he undertook an edition of Homer, chiefly with a view to the restoration of the digamma to its place and functions in the metre. This design he had first seriously adopted in 1726; and now, upon the instigation of Lord Carteret, he noted and corrected the entire Iliad and Odyssey, rejecting those lines which would not bend to his hypothesis. The Homer was never published; but the MS., having been bequeathed in 1786 to Trinity College by Dr. R. Bentley, the nephew, was afterwards liberally transmitted to Göttingen, for the use of Heyne, who, in his own edition of Homer, acknowledged the profoundest obligations to it, and made the world circumstantially acquainted with its merits.

The Homer must be considered as virtually the final labor of Bentley; for his Manilius, which he published in 1739, when he was in his 78th year, had been prepared for the press forty-five years before. The notes on this singular poem, which has always been as interesting to us as it was to Bentley and to Joseph Scaliger, have the usual merits and the usual faults of

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Bentley's notes — being all ingenious, sometimes very learned, defences of innovations on the received text, bold, original, or absolutely licentious, as may happen. In Horace or Lucan we seek for no more — but we confess, that in a poem like the Astronomicon, crowded with triple difficulties — of science in the first place; secondly, of science disfigured by the perplexed hypothesis of the old astronomy; and thirdly, of all this warped from its natural expression by the necessities of the metre and the ornaments of a poetic treatment, we read Bentley's philological notes with singular disadvantage after the philosophic commentaries of Joseph Scaliger. The astronomy has never been cleared up entirely, Scaliger having in this part committed singular errors. But much of the poem, which assigns the temperament, the bias of character, and habits of men born under all the leading aspects of the stars, is less in need of elucidation, unless when it is particularly corrupt; and in such places Bentley is of great service.

Fourteen years after the death of Bentley, Horace Walpole published at his private press a Lucan, illustrated by the notes of Bentley, combined with those of Grotius. This poet was within Bentley's range of sympathy: and, as plausible conjectures for the emendation of the text, we know of nothing comparable to his suggestions.

Such is the long list of Bentley's literary labors, without including his speculations upon four separate Greek inscriptions, and perhaps other occasional assistances, as yet imperfectly ascertained, to his friends, which his generosity made him at all times no less

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ready to grant, than the careless prodigality of inexhaustible wealth made him negligent to resume. We have also purposely excluded from our list the fugitive pamphlets of business, or of personal defence, by which Bentley met his ungenerous assailants; a part of his works which, as a good man, though with human infirmities, he would doubtless wish to be now cancelled or forgotten, under that comprehensive act of Christian forgiveness which there can be no doubt, that, in his latter days, he extended even to those unjust enmities which provoked them. Confining ourselves to his purely literary works, and considering the great care and attention which belong almost to each separate sentence in works of that class, we may perhaps say that, virtually, no man has written so much.

By way of bringing his characteristic merits within the horizon of the least learned readers, we shall now lay before them a close analysis of his ablest and most famous performance, the *Phalaris;* and it happens, favorably for our purpose, though singularly, that the most learned of Bentley's works is also that which is best fitted for popular admiration.

Phalaris had happened to say, that some worthy people in Sicily had been kind enough to promise him a loan; not, however, on any pastoral considerations, such as might seem agreeable to that age and country, but on the bare Judæan terms of *so much per shent* (δανείσειν). Here the forger of the Letters felt that it was indispensable to assign real names. Bills upon Simonides, indorsed by Pythagoras, would have been likely to fall to a discount in critical estimation,

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and to have damaged the credit of the *letters*. The contractors for his loan, therefore, are not humble individuals, but cities — Phintia, to wit, and Hybla. Well, and what of them? Were their acceptances likely to be protested for non-payment? By no means; both were probably solvent; and, at all events, their existence, which is *something*, is guaranteed by Ptolemy, by Antoninus, and by Pliny. 'But,' says Bentley, (oh that ominous *but!*) 'it is ill luck for this forger of letters, that a fragment of Diodorus was preserved, to be a witness against him.' From this little fragment, now raised up from the dust of ages, Bentley deduces a summary conviction of the forgery. This city of Phintia, in fact, had its name from the author of its existence, one Phintias; he was a petty prince, who flourished about the time of Pyrrhus the Epirot, and built the city in question, during the one hundred and twenty-fifth Olympiad;[26] that is to say, abiding by the chronology *most favorable* to the authenticity of the Letters, above 270 years after Phalaris. 'A pretty slip,' says Bentley — 'a pretty slip this of our Sophist, to introduce his tyrant borrowing money of a city almost three hundred years before it was named or built!'

Such is the starting argument of Bentley. It will be admitted to be a knock-down blow; and though only *one*, and applied to a single letter of the whole series, a candid looker-on will own, that it is such a one as settles the business; and no prudent champion, however game, would have chosen to offer himself to the scratch for a second round. However, οἱ περὶ τον Βοιλέα thought otherwise.

The next argument is of the same description, be-

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ing a second case of anachronism; but it merits a separate statement. In the instance of Phintia the proof was direct, and liable to no demur; but here the anachronism is made out circumstantially. Hence it is less readily apprehended; and the Boyle party, in their anger or their haste, did in fact misapprehend it; and upon their own blunder they built a charge against Bentley of vicious reasoning, which gave him an opening (not likely to be missed by *him*) for inflicting two courses of the knout instead of one. The case is this: Stesichorus, the lyric poet, had incurred the displeasure of Phalaris, not for writing verses against him, but for overt acts of war; the poet had been levying money and troops, and, in fact, making hostile demonstrations at two separate places — *Aluntium* and *Alæsa*. Accordingly, Letter 92 takes him to task, and insinuates an ugly consequence: viz. the chance of being 'snapt' (so Bentley calls it) by the bull before he got safe home to Himera. The objection raised upon this passage regards Alæsa: Did that town exist so early as the days of Phalaris? No, says Bentley, nor for a hundred and forty years after Phalaris — having been founded by Archonides in the second year of the 94th Olympiad, consequently one hundred and forty years after the death of Phalaris; and then, upon a testimony which cannot be resisted by a Boyle man, viz. the testimony of these very Letters, one hundred and fifty-two *at the very least*, after this particular letter. But might there not be other cities, earlier than this, which bore the same name? There might — in fact there were. How, then, shall it be known whether that particular Alæsa, which would involve the anachronism, viz. the Alæsa found-

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ed by Archonides, is the Alæsa of the Letter-writer? As the argument by which Bentley replies to this question has been so much misconceived, and is in fact not very clearly stated in either dissertation, we shall throw it into a formal syllogism.

Major Proposition. — The Alæsa of the Pseudo-Phalaris and Stesichorus is the maritime Alæsa.

Minor Proposition. — The maritime Alæsa is the Alæsa founded by Archonides.

Ergo. — The Alæsa of Archonides (viz. an Alæsa of nearly two centuries later than the era of Phalaris) is the Alæsa of the Pseudo-Phalaris.

Now comes a famous argument, in which Bentley makes play beautifully. Phalaris had been ill, and, wishing to reward his Greek physician in a manner suitable to a prince, amongst other presents he sends the doctor ποτηρίων θηριακλείων ζεύγη δέκα, *i. e.* ten couple or pair, of Thericlæan cups. What manner of things were these? 'They were,' says Bentley, 'large drinking-cups, of a peculiar shape, so called from the first contriver of them, one Thericles, a Corinthian potter.' Originally, therefore, as to the material, they must have been porcelain — or, however, earthen-ware of some quality or other, (Pliny having by general consent tripped in supposing Thericles a turner.) But, as often happens, in process of time, 'they were called Thericlæan from their *shape*, whatsoever artisan made them, or whether of earth, or of wood, or of metal.' So far well. But 'there is another thing,' says Bentley, 'besides a pretty invention, very useful to a liar, and that is, a good memory.' For 'the next thing to be inquired is — the age of this Thericles; and we

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learn *that* from Athenæus — one [27] witness indeed, but as good as a multitude in a matter of this nature. *This cup* (says he) *was invented by Thericles, the Corinthian potter, who was contemporary with Aristophanes the comedian.*'

This is enough. Bentley goes on to compute, that all the surviving plays of Aristophanes range within a period of thirty-six years; so that, allowing the full benefit of this latitude to the Pseudo-Phalaris, viz. that Thericles invented his cups in the very *first* year of this period, still, even upon that concession, the very earliest baking of the potter's china will be one hundred and twenty years after the final baking of Phalaris himself.

This article in the first Dissertation was short; but the Oxford critique upon it furnished him with an occasion, and almost a necessity, for supporting it, in the second, with a *bravura* display of his learning upon all the collateral points that had been connected with the main question. And, as the attack had been in unusual terms of insolence, (asking him, for instance, how he 'durst' oppose such men as Grotius and Scaliger, [28]) Bentley was under no particular obligation to use his opportunities with forbearance, or to renounce his triumph. This was complete. It is not Boyle, or his half-learned associates, but the very heroes of classical literature for the preceding one hundred and fifty years — Buchanan, Scaliger, Grotius, Casaubon, Salmasius, who on this occasion (respectfully, but, as to the matter, effectually) are shown to be in error. Most readers are aware, that amongst the multifarious researches which belong to what is called learning, the *res metrica* has been developed more

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slowly than any other. The field, therefore, being so under-cultured, had naturally drawn the attention of an ambitious youug scholar like Bentley; and, in his epistle to Mill upon John Malelas, he had already made his name illustrious by the detection of a canon in Anapæstic metre. 'Ned,' says Dr. Parr, writing to Dr. Maltby in 1814, 'I believe Bentley knew nothing scientifically of choral metre.' Why, no, Sam, perhaps he did not; neither did Porson, if we speak strictly of choral metre; and for Sam himself, little indeed upon any metre whatsoever, except that he somewhere conceives himself to have corrected a few loose iambics of a Latin comic poet, (a feat which did not require a Titan.) However, at that day (1690) it was no trifle to have revealed a canon which had certainly escaped the most eagle-eyed scholars we have mentioned. On the present occasion, it was an appropriate sequel of that triumph, and one which will remind scholars of a similar feat by Porson with regard to iambic metre, (see Pref. to the *Hecuba* of Euripides,) that a formidable array of passages, objected to by the Boyle party as overthrowing his canon, and twelve others, volunteered by himself, are all corrected in a way which, whilst it delivers his canon from the supposed contradiction, forces from him the finest display of his own critical sagacity.

The fourth argument exposes an anachronism pretty much like that of *Alæsa* in the second. The Pseudo-Phalaris having occasion to speak of the Zanclæans, and in three previous Letters of the Messanians, manifestly betrays that he thought Zancle and Messana two different towns. 'Certainly,' says Bentley, 'the

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true Phalaris could not write thus; and it is a piece of ignorance inexcusable in our Sophist not to know that these names belonged to one and the same city at different times.' But, perhaps, the change from the early name of Zancle, to the latter one of Messana, may have happened during the progress of these very Letters. The present arrangement of the Letters is indeed inconsistent with that supposition; for it is the eighty-fifth which mentions the old name Zancle, whilst the first, twenty-first, and eighty-fourth mention Messana. But that objection, if there were no other, might be eluded by supposing the particular order in which the Letters stand in our present editions to have been either purely accidental, or even arbitrarily devised by some one of the early *librarii*. But allowing all this, the evasion of Bentley's argument will still be impossible on grounds of chronology. Thucydides tells us the occasion of that irreparable expulsion which the Zanclæans suffered — and the time, viz. about the last year of the 70th Olympiad. The same author states the circumstances under which the new name Messana arose; and though he does not precisely date this latter incident, he says generally that it was ὁ πολλῷ ὕστερον, (*not long after* the other.) Separate parts of this statement are corroborated by other historians; and, upon the whole, taking the *computus* least favorable to Bentley, the new name of Messana appears not to have been imposed by Anaxilaus until more than sixty years after Phalaris was dead and gone.

One objection there is undoubtedly to this argument, and Bentley frankly avows it; Pausanias antedates Anaxilaus by not less than one hundred and

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eighty years. But there is no need to recite the various considerations which invalidate his authority, since the argument derived from him is one of those which prove too much. Doubtless, it would account for the use of '*Messana*' in the Letters of Phalaris, but so effectually account for it as to make it impossible that *any other* name should have been familiarly employed at an age when '*Zancle*' must have been superannuated by a century. Such is the dilemma in which Bentley has noosed his enemies; skilfully leaving it a matter of indifference to his cause, whether they accept or reject the authority of Pausanias.

From this dilemma, however, Boyle attempts to escape, by taking a distinction between the town and the people who drew their name from it. Zanclæans, he thinks, might subsist under that name long after Zancle had changed its masters and forfeited its name. But this hypothesis is destroyed by means of an inscription which Bentley cites from a statue at Olympia, connected with the comment of the person who records it: the statue, it seems, had been set up by Evagoras, who inscribed himself upon it as a Zanclæan; from which single word the recorder infers the antiquity of the statue, arguing that the mere name '*Zanclæan*' sufficienily proved its era to have been anterior to the imposition of the modern name of Messana; whereas clearly, had there been a race of Zanclæans who survived (under that name) the city of Zancle, this argument would have been without force, and could not have occurred to the writer who builds upon it.

The fifth argument will, perhaps, not be thought

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so entirely satisfactory as it seemed to Bentley. Phalaris, in threatening the people of Himera, says — *αὐτούς ἐκτρίψω πίτυος δίκην* — *I will extirpate them like a pine-tree;* that is to say, root and branch. Now, this Delphic threat, and in these identical words, appears first of all in Herodotus, who explains the force of it to lie in this — that of all trees the pine only was *radically* destroyed by mere lopping. That historian ascribes the original use of this significant allusion to Crœsus, who did not *begin* his reign until six years after the pretended use of it by Phalaris. But Bentley conceives that he has sufficient reason to father it upon Herodotus himself; in which case it will be younger than the age of Phalaris by a century. But we confess ourselves dissatisfied; or, if that word is too strong, imperfectly satisfied. 'We see,' says Bentley, 'the phrase was then' (*i. e.* in the time of Crœsus) 'so new and unheard of, that it puzzled a whole city.' But it is probable that accidents of place, rather than of time, would determine the intelligibility of this proverb: wherever the pine-tree was indigenous, and its habits familiarly known, the allusion would suggest itself, and the force of it would be acknowledged, no matter in what age. And as to the remark that Aulus Gellius, in the title of a chapter now lost, seems to consider Herodotus as the real author of the saying, it amounts to nothing: at this day we should be apt to discuss any vulgar error which has the countenance of Shakspeare, under a title such as this — '*On the Shakspearian notion that a toad is venomous*,' meaning merely to remind our readers that the notion has a real popular hold and establishment, not surely that Shakspeare was the

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originator of it. The authority of Eustathius, so very modern an author, adds no strength at all to Bentley's hypothesis. No real links of tradition could possibly connect two authors removed from each other by nearly two thousand years. Eustathius ascribes, or seems to ascribe, the *mot* to Herodotus, not in a personal sense, but as a short-hand way of designating the *book* in which it is originally found. The truth is, that such a proverb would be co-eval and co-extensive with the tree. Symbolical forms are always delightful to a semi-barbarous age; such, for instance, as the emblematic advice of that silent monitor to a tyrant, who, walking through a garden, cut off the heads of all the plants which overtopped the rest. Threats more especially assume this form; where they are perfectly understood, they are thus made more lively and significant; and, on the other hand, where they are enigmatical, the uncertainty (according to a critical remark of Demetrius Phalereus) points the attention to them under a peculiar advantage of awe and ominous expectation.

The sixth argument is another case of the second and fourth. Phalaris exults that he had routed the Tauromenites and the Zanclæans. 'But,' says Bentley, 'there is an old true saying — Πολλὰ καινὰ τὰ πολέμια — *many new and strange things happen in war*. We have just now seen those same routed Zanclæans rise up again, after a thousand years, to give him a worse defeat. And now the others, too, are taking their time to revenge their old losses: for these, though they are called Tauromenites both here and in three other letters, make protestation against the name, and

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declare they were called Naxians in the days of the true Phalaris. *Taurominium, quæ antea Naxos*, says Pliny. Whence it is that Herodotus and Thucydides, because they wrote before the change of the name, never speak of Taurominium, but of Naxos.'

Yet it will be objected that Bentley himself has made Pythagoras contemporary with Phalaris: now of this very Pythagoras, Porphyry says — 'that he delivered Croton, Himera, and *Taurominium* from tyrants;' and Iamblichus says — 'that a young man of *Taurominium* being drunk, Pythagoras played him sober by a few airs of grave spondees.' A third writer also, Conon, says, of a person in the age of Cyrus the elder, contemporary with Pythagoras and Phalaris, that he 'went to *Taurominium* in Sicily.' The answer to all this is obvious: *Taurominium* is here used with the same sort of licensed *Prolepsis*, as when we say, *Julius Cæsar conquered France, and made an expedition into England*, though we know that Gaul and Britain were the names in that age.

The seventh, eighth, and eighteenth arguments may be thrown together, all turning upon the same objection, viz. that Phalaris is apt to appropriate the thoughts of better men than himself — a kind of robbery which possibly other royal authors have practised, but hardly (like Phalaris) upon men born long after their own time. The three cases of this, cited by Bentley, are of very different weight. Let us begin with the weakest. Writing to Polygnotus, Phalaris is found sporting this sentiment — λόγος ἔργῳ σκιὰ παρὰ τοῖς σωφρονεστέροις πεπίστευται — *that words are regarded as the shadow of deeds by persons of good sense.* 'It

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is a very notable saying, and we are obliged to the author of it; and, if Phalaris had not modestly hinted that others had said it before him, we might have taken it for his own. But then there was either a strange jumping of good wits, or Democritus was a sorry plagiary; for he laid claim to the first invention of it. What shall we say to this matter? Democritus had the character of a man of probity and wit. Besides, here are Plutarch and Diogenes, two witnesses that would scorn to flatter. This bears hard upon the author of the Letters. But how can we help it? He should have minded his hits better, when he was minded to play the tyrant. For Democritus was too young to know even Pythagoras; τὰ τῶν χρόνων μάχεται — *considerations of chronology are inconsistent with it;* and yet Pythagoras survived Phalaris.' Such is Bentley's argument; but undoubtedly it is unfair. He says '*besides*,' as though Plutarch and Diogenes were supplementary evidences to a matter otherwise established upon independent grounds; whereas it is from them only, and from Suidas, whom he *afterwards* brought forward, that we know of any such claim for Democritus. Again, Bentley overrates their authority. That of Plutarch, upon all matters of fact and critical history, is at this day deservedly low; and, as to Diogenes Laertius, nobody can read him without perceiving that precisely upon this department of his labor, viz. the application of all the stray apophthegms, prose epigrams, and 'good things,' which then floated in conversation, he had no guide at all. Sometimes there might be a slight internal indication of the author; philosophic sarcasms, for instance, of every age, were ascribed boldly to the cynical Diogenes; sometimes an

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old tradition might descend with the saying; but much more frequently every aphorism or pointed saying was attributed by turns to each philosopher in succession, who, in his own generation, had possession of the public ear. Just the same thing has happened in England; multitudes of felicitous *mots* have come down through the 18th century to our days — doing duty first under the names of Swift, Dr. Sheridan, &c., next of Lord Chesterfield, then of Quin, Foote, and above all, of George Selwyn, who enjoyed a regal benefit of claim over all waifs and derelicts; and, finally, of Jekyll, Brinsley Sheridan, Courtenay, Sam Rogers, and Thomas Moore. Over and above all this, Bentley is obliged to make two concessions, which take the edge off his argument. Michael Psellus ascribes the saying to Simonides; and Isidore, the Pelusiot, generally to the Lacedæmonians. Now, at all events, this breaks the unanimity of the ascription to Democritus, though each for itself should happen to be false. The objection to Simonides is, that he was but seven years old when Phalaris was killed. This, though surely, in a matter so perplexed as the chronology of that era, it is driving rather closely, we may allow. But what objection is there to the Lacedæmonians? Certainly we can discern, in the very nature of the sentiment, a reason that *may* have influenced Isidore for tracing it up to a *Laconic* parentage; but though this is an argument for suspicion, it is none for absolute rejection. Neither does Bentley make any objection of that sort. Here again he seems to rely upon chronology; for his own words are no stronger than these, — that 'though the date be undetermined, it might *fairly be presumed* to be more recent than he,'

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(*i. e.* Phalaris.) '*Fairly to be presumed!*' is that all? And why is it to be presumed? Simply because 'four parts out of five' among the Lacedæmonian apophthegms collected by Plutarch are, in Bentley's judgment, later than the age of Phalaris. Even this leaves a chance not quite inconsiderable, that the anachronism may not exist in the apophthegm before us. But, finally, had Bentley been called on for his proof of the particular proportions here assigned to the Anti-Phalaridean and Post-Phalaridean apophthegms, it would perhaps have appeared that the present argument of his was utterly worthless. For how came he to discriminate two classes? Of necessity, by some marks, (as, suppose diction of a certain quality, more or less archaic, and metrical arrangement, which would belong to all the γνῶμαι taken from the dramatic writers.) And are these *criteria* sufficient? Undoubtedly they are; for example, before the iambics of the Greek tragedy existed, iambic apophthegms could not be detached from it. No such metrical γνώμη, therefore, can pretend to an earlier date than that of the drama itself. Well, then, having so effectual a test, with what propriety could Bentley throw the decision upon a ratio of chances — 'four out of five?' For no matter if the chances against a fact had been even a thousand to one before examination, yet if, *after* examination and submission to the test, the result were in favor of that fact, it will be established no less certainly than if the chances had been just the other way. The positive application of the test is transcendent to all presumptions and probabilities whatsoever, however reasonable it might have been to rely upon them in a case where no examination had been possible. So much for this

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section, which — though the weakest of the whole — is wound up in the most stinging manner; for Boyle having argued that apparent plagiarisms in a case like this proved nothing, since, in fact, no absolute originality, and therefore no manifest plagiarism, could be imagined in sentiments which belong to human nature itself, Bentley assures him that he is mistaken — exhibiting in his own person a refutation of that maxim; 'for there are many such *nostrums* in his book, such proper and peculiar mistakes, as were never thought on nor said by any man before him.'

The argument in the eighteenth section, which would fix upon Phalaris a reference to an epitaph first cited by Demosthenes in his Crown Oration, delivered in the third year of the 112th Olympiad, nearly two hundred and twenty years after his own death, is about as dubious as the last. But the case in the eight section is unanswerable. Phalaris is made to say — *Θνητοὺς γὰρ ὄντας ἀθάνατον ὀργὴν ἔχειν, ὡς φασί τινες, οὐ προσήκει* — (i. e. *That we, being ourselves mortal, should cherish immortal anger, is, according to the saying, unfitting.*) Now, here the iambic metre, and the tone of a tragic *γνωμὴ*, are too evident to leave any doubts about the fountain from which the Pseudo-Phalaris is drawing.

The inference of Bentley is — 'that, if this iambic came from the stage, it must be later than Phalaris, let it belong to what poet soever, tragic or comic.' Boyle, on the other hand, is 'very well satisfied that there were both tragic and comic poets before the days of Phalaris.' And upon this, in law phrase, issue is joined.

Comedy is discussed in the present section. Bentley argues the following points against Boyle: — First,

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that Epicharmus is to be considered the father of Comedy upon more and better authorities than Susarion; Secondly, this being admitted, that upon chronological grounds Phalaris could not borrow a verse from comedy; Thirdly, even supposing Susarion to have contributed something to the invention, yet that this could not have availed Phalaris, unless he had come over *incognito* to the villages of Attica, inasmuch as 'his plays were extemporal, and never published in writing;' and, Fourthly, granting even 'that they *were* published, it is more likely they were in tetrametres and other chorical measures, than in iambics.' And why so? Because, as the Drama grew up from a festival, in which the main elements were singing and dancing, it is certain that the earliest metres were those which adapted themselves to dancing. It is, however, true, though at that time unknown to the learned, that an unpublished MS., of one Diomedes Scholasticus upon Dionysius Thrax, which MS. is in the King's Library, asserts, that 'Susarion was the beginner of comedy in verse, whose plays were all lost in oblivion: but there are two or three iambics of a play of his still remembered. In fact, there are in all five: the first four in this very MS. which had been seen only by Bentley, (and some of them in two other authors;) the last (which, by the way, seems to us a later addition by way of ἐπιμυθίον) in Stobæus. We shall give the whole, as the sentiment unfortunately belongs to all ages:

Ἀκούετε, λεὼς· Συσαρίων λέγει τάδε
Ὑιὸς Φιλίνᾳ Μεγαρόθεν Τριποδίσκιος·
Κακὸν γυναῖκες· ἀλλ' ὅμως, ὦδημόται,
Οὐκ ἐστὶν οἰκεῖν οἰκίαν ἄνευ κακοῦ.
Καὶ λὰρ τὸ γῆμαι, καὶ τὸ μὴ γῆμαι, κακόν.

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Hear, O people: thus speaks Susarion, &c. Women are a torment; but still, my countrymen, there is no keeping house without this torment. To marry, then, and not to marry, is alike calamitous. Bentley produces this evidence (which, by the way, he corrects capitally) against himself; but disarms it chiefly by this argument. Susarion is here introduced addressing the audience in his own person; now *that*, taken in connection with the iambic metre, will prove the verses to be no part of a play. For though sometimes the poet *did* address the parterre, yet this was always done through the chorus; and what were the measures that the chorus used at that time? 'Never iambics, but always anapæsts or tetrametres; and I believe,' says Bentley, 'there is not one instance that the chorus speaks at all to the *pit* in iambics; to the actor it sometimes does.' Boyle, in treating the case of Susarion, had made much use of a passage in the Arundel Marbles. Unfortunately the words, which he particularly relied on, were mere emendations of Palmerius and Selden. Now it happened that Selden, whose Greek knowledge we ourselves consider miserably inaccurate, had in this instance made but a very imperfect examination of the marble chronicle itself. The consequence was, that Boyle had here unintentionally prepared an opening for a masterly display of skill on the part of Bentley, who had the pleasure at one and the same moment of exhibiting his Greek without ostentation — of doing a critical service to that famous Arundelian monument, on which so many learned heads had been employed — of dragging after him, as captives, a whole host of heroes in literature,

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whom he had indisputably defeated — and finally, of establishing his triumph in the question immediately before him.[29] All this learning, however, Bentley fails not to remind his readers, is *ex abundanti*, so much over and above what was necessary to decide the dispute, and, in fact, an *excursus* forced from him by his antagonist. For in reality certain words in the apophthegm, no ways essential to its expression, are proofs (or so Bentley regards them) that the Pseudo-Phalaris was borrowing not merely from the Greek drama before it existed, but from a specific dramatist, Euripides, to wit; and a specific tragedy now lost, viz. Philoctetes. However, we must own that this part of the argument appears to us questionable at least, and perhaps positively wrong; questionable, because Bentley has laid far too much stress on two words so exceedingly common as ἔχειν and προσήκει, the rest being (as he himself admits) absolutely indispensable to the expression of the thought, and therefore sure to occur to any writer having occasion to express it. To these two words confessedly he commits the entire burden of the tragedian's claim; and upon the ground, that, where so many equivalent expressions were at hand, it was hardly to be supposed that two persons writing independently, 'would have hit upon the same by chance.' But we reply, that the words ἔχειν and προσήκει, each containing an iambus, are convenient, and likely to offer to any man writing in iambic metre, which several of Bentley's equivalents are not. At any rate, the *extent* of the coincidence is not sufficient. But, secondly, we think that unquestionably the apophthegm was *not* from the fragment of the Philoctetes; for the words there stand thus: —

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Ὥσπερ δὲ θνητὸν καὶ τὸ σῶμ' ἡμῶν ἔφυ,
Οὕτω προσήκει μηδὲ τὴν ὀργὴν ἔχειν
Ἀθάνατον.

In this there is some difference, even as to the form of the thought; and the Pseudo-Phalaris must greatly have disturbed the order, *and, without apparent reason,* to obtain his own. But the best answer is this, that the words, as they now stand, are in a natural iambic arrangement —

Θνητοὺς μὲν ὄντας ἀθάνατον ὀργὴν ἔχειν
Οὐ ——— προσήκει.

The defect in the second line might be supplied in a thousand ways. And we therefore throw Bentley back upon that general form of his argument, which he imagined to be superseded by a special one: King Phalaris, in any case, is detected borrowing from a tragic drama, if not from this particular drama of Euripides; and as elsewhere we have seen him drawing loans from cities before they were founded, so here he is manifestly borrowing a sentiment from some tragedian unknown, before tragedy itself existed.

The two next arguments may be thrown together. In the first of them, Phalaris is convicted of borrowing a phrase (*τὸν ὄλεθρον εὗρε*) from Callimachus; and another (*ἑτέρῳ δαίμονι*, in the sense of *bad fortune*) perhaps also from Callimachus — if not, from Pindar; no matter which, since either way there would be an anachronism. These cases are, perhaps, doubtful; in fact, the acknowledged coincidence of two original poets, shows that the last phrase, at any rate, had gained a sort of proverbial footing. Not so with regard to the word *philosopher*, which furnishes the matter for another

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section. The 56th Letter is addressed *to Pythagoras the Philosopher;* this being only the superscription, may have been the addition of a copier; and, if so, the argument of Bentley would be eluded; but in the 23d Letter, the word *philosophy* cannot be detached from the context. Now, it is universally agreed, that Pythagoras himself introduced[30] the word; a fact which hardly needs an attestation; however, from a crowd of authors, Bentley quotes Cicero to the following effect: — 'That, when Pythagoras had discoursed before Leon, (the tyrant of Sicyon,) that prince, much taken with his wit and eloquence, asked him what art or trade he possessed. '*Art*,' says Pythagoras, '*I profess none; I am a philosopher.*' Leon, in admiration of the newness of the name, inquired what these *philosophers* were, and wherein they differed from other men.' On this, says Bentley, 'What a difference is here between the two tyrants! The one knows not what *philosopher* means: the other seems to account it as threadbare a word as the name of wise men of Greece; and that, too, before he had ever spoken with Pythagoras. We cannot tell which conversation was first. If Phalaris was the first, the Epistles must be a cheat. But, allowing Leon's to be the first, yet it could not be long after the other; and it is very hard to believe that the fame of so small a matter could so soon reach Phalaris's ear in his castle, through his guard of blue-coats, and the loud bellowing of his bull.' In a note on the word blue-coats,[31] Bentley says, 'This is not said at random; for I find the Agrigentines forbade their citizens to wear blue clothes, because blue was Phalaris's livery.'

Boyle's answer is characteristic at once of his breed-

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ing as a man of quality, and his pursuits as a scholar: for he takes a scholarlike illustration, and he uses it like a courtier. Queen Elizabeth, it seems, in addressing one of the universities, introduced, upon her own authority, the word *Fœminilis*. Now, could that learned body have paid her a more delicate compliment, asks Boyle, than by using the royal word in its answer? Bentley rejects this as a piece of unworthy adulation; not that Bentley was always above flattering; but his mind was too coarse and plain to enter into the spirit of such romantic and Castilian homage: his good sense was strong, his imaginative gallantry weak. However, we agree with him that, previously to any personal conversation with Pythagoras, the true Phalaris could not possibly have used this new designation 'as familiarly as if it had been the language of his nurse,' but 'would have ushered it in with some kind of introduction.'

In the following section comes on to be argued, the great question of the age of Tragedy. The occasion is this: In the 63d Epistle, Phalaris 'is in great wrath with one Aristolochus, a tragic poet, that nobody ever heard of, for writing tragedies against him.' Bentley amuses himself a little with the expression of 'writing tragedies *against* a man;' and with the name of Aristolochus, whom he pronounces a *fairy* poet, for having kept himself invisible to all the world since his own day; though Boyle facetiously retorts, that, judging by the length of his name, he must have been a giant, rather than a fairy. But the strength of Bentley's objection is announced in this sentence: — '*I* must take the boldness to tell Phalaris, who am out of his reach, that he lays a false crime to the poet's charge;

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for there was no such thing nor word as tragedy when he tyrannized at Agrigentum.' Upon this arose the dispute concerning the earliest date of tragedy.

In treating this interesting question, Bentley first addresses himself to the proof that Thespis, and not Epigenes or Phrynicus, was the true and original inventor of tragedy; and that no relics of any one Thespian drama survived in the age of Aristotle; consequently, that those fragments which imposed upon Clemens Alexandrinus and others, were forgeries; and he points out even the particular person most liable to the suspicion of the forgery, viz. Heraclides Ponticus, a scholar of Aristotle's. The fact of the forgery is settled indeed upon other evidence; for these four monstrous words, Κραξξβι, Χθυπτης, Φλεγμο, Δροψ, occur in the iambics attributed to Thespis. Now these words are confessedly framed as artificial contrivances for including the entire twenty-four letters of the Greek alphabet. But Bentley makes it tolerably evident that no more than eighteen, certainly not twenty-four, existed in the age of Thespis. The lines, then, are spurious; and the imaginary evidences for the fact of Thespis having written anything, are got rid of. And as to any supplementary argument from the Alcestis, supposed to be ascribed to him by the Arundel Marbles, that is overthrown — 1. By the received tradition that Thespis admitted no female character into his plays: *à fortiori*, then, that he could not have treated a subject, the whole passion of which turned upon a female character; but, 2. More effectually by the triumphant proof which Bentley gives, that the Arundelian *Alcestis* was a pure fiction of Selden's, arising out of imperfect examination. Next, however,

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let it be conceded that Thespis *did* write, will that be of any service to Boyle? This introduces the question of the precise era of Thespis. Now, on the Oxford Marble, most unfortunately the letters which assign this are obliterated by time and weather. But Bentley suggests an obvious remedy for the misfortune, which gives a *certain* approximation. The name of Thespis stands between two great events, viz. the defeat of Crœsus by Cyrus, immediately preceding, and the accession of Darius, immediately following. The first of these is placed by all great chronologists in the first year of the 59th Olympiad; the last, in the second year of the 65th Olympiad. *Between* these dates, then, it was (a latitude of twenty-five years) that Thespis founded the tragic drama. And this being so, it follows, obviously, that Phalaris, who perished in the third year of the 57th Olympiad, could not have afforded a subject to tragedy during his lifetime. Boyle most idly imagines an error in the marble chronicle, through an omission of the sculptor. Certainly the σφαγματα *operarum* are well known to literary men of our times, but hardly where the proof-sheets happen to be marble; and after all, Bentley shows him that he would take no benefit by this omission. Three collateral disquisitions on Phrynicus, the successor of Thespis, on Solon, and on the origin of the word *tragedy*, are treated elaborately, and with entire success; but they depend too much on a vast variety of details to admit of compression.

In the Twelfth Section, Bentley examines the dialect. 'Had all other ways failed us,' says he, 'of detecting this impostor, yet his very speech had betrayed him: for his language is Attic; but he had forgotten that

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the scene of these Epistles was not Athens, but Sicily, where the Doric tongue was generally spoken and written. Pray, how came that idiom to be the court language at Agrigentum?' Athens, the μισοτύραννος, or tyrant-hating, by old prerogative, was not likely to be a favorite with the greatest of tyrants. And above all, we must consider this — that in the age of Phalaris, before literature had given to the Attic dialect that supremacy which it had afterwards, there was no one reason for valuing this exotic dialect, (as it was to Phalaris,) or giving it any sort of preference to the native dialect of Sicily.

But it is objected that Phalaris was born at Astypalæa, an island where, in early times, there existed an Attic colony. Now, in answer to this — waiving the question of fact, would he, who for twenty years had been a tax-gatherer in Sicily, have not learned the Doric? Studying popularity, would he have reminded the natives, by every word he uttered, that he was a foreigner? But perhaps he was *not* born at Astypalæa: there is a strong presumption that he was born in Sicily: and even if at Astypalæa, there is 'direct evidence that it was a Dorian colony, not an Athenian; for it was planted by the Megarians.'

But other eminent Sicilians, it may be said, quitted the Doric for the Attic in their writings. True: but *that* was in solemn compositions addressed to the world, epic poems and histories — not in familiar letters, 'mostly directed to the next towns, or to some of his own domestics, about private affairs, or even the expenses of his family, and never designed for the public view.'

'Yet,' retorts Boyle, 'we have a letter of Dion of

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Syracuse to Dionysius the Tyrant, and a piece of Dionysius's, both preserved among Plato's Epistles, and written in such a dialect as if both prince and philosopher (to use the Doctor's phrase) had gone to school at Athens.'

Here, rejoins Bentley, he is 'very smart upon me; but he lashes himself; for the philosopher really *did* go to school at Athens, and lived with Plato and Speusippus:' and as to the prince, though he 'did not go to Athens, yet Athens, as I may say, went to him; for not Plato only, but several other philosophers, were entertained by him at his court in Syracuse.'

But again, says Boyle, thinking to produce a memorable and unobjectionable case, because taken from Scripture, Epimenides the Cretan did not write in the Cretic dialect; for, in the line cited from him by St. Paul, —

[104]

Κρῆτες ἀεὶ ψευσται, κακὰ θηρία, γαστέρες ἀργαί,

the word *ἀεὶ* would in the Cretic dialect have been *ἀιες*. Even from this position, so difficult as it might seem at this time of day to dispute, Bentley's unrelenting scourge immediately forces him: he produces a Cretic epistle and a Cretic inscription, (of absolute authority, being on marble,) both of which present the form *ἀεὶ*. But, even had it been otherwise, we must remember, that from a poem to a familiar epistle, *non valet consequentia;* the latter could not abandon the dialect native to the writer, without impeaching its credit. And so *fatal* is Bentley's good luck, here as everywhere, that he produces a case where a letter of this very Epimenides, which still survives, was denounced as spurious

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by an ancient critic, (Demetrius the Magnesian,) for no other reason than because it was not Cretic in its dialect, but Attic.

With his customary bad fortune, Boyle next produces Alcæus and Sappho, as persons 'who were born in places where the Ionic was spoken, and yet wrote their lyric poems in Æolic or Doric.' For this assertion he really had some colorable authority, since both Ælian and Suidas expressly rank Lesbos among the Ionian cities. Yet, because Meursius, and before him, Brodæus, and after both, Bentley himself, had all independently noticed the word Lesbos as an error for Lebedos, Bentley replies in the following gentle terms: — 'I protest I am ashamed even to refute such miserable trash, though Mr. Boyle was not ashamed to write it. What part is it that I must teach him? That Alcæus and Sappho were natives of Lesbos? But it is incredible he should be ignorant of that. Or, that the language of Lesbos was Æolic? Yes, *there* his learning was at a loss; he believed it was Ionic.' It is then demonstrated, by a heap of authorities, not only that Lesbos was an Æolian city, but that, (as Strabo says,) in a manner, it was the metropolis of Æolian cities.

Well, but Agathyrsides, at least, quitted his Samian or Doric dialect for Ionic. Answer: There was no such person; nor did the island of Samos speak Doric, but Ionic Greek.

Andronicus of Rhodes, then, in his still surviving Commentary on Aristotle's Ethics. The Commentary does indeed survive; but that the author was a Rhodian, is a mere conceit of a modern, and a very unlearned person.[32] This fact had been already stated by Daniel Heinsius, the original editor of Andronicus.

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Well, at any rate, Dionysius of Halicarnassus: that case is past disputing. Why, yes; he was of Doric birth undoubtedly, and undoubtedly he wrote in the Attic dialect. But then, in the first place, he *lived* amongst those who had nothing to do with the Doric — which was one reason for abjuring his native dialect; and secondly, which is the material difference between him and Phalaris, he wrote in the age of Augustus Cæsar — when the Attic dialect had been established for four centuries as the privileged language of Grecian literature.

'*But the most remarkable instance of all*,' says Boyle, '*is that of Zaleucus, King of the Locrians, a Doric colony: the preface to whose laws is preserved, and has plainly nothing of the Doric dialect in it.*' Sad fate of this strongest of all instances! His inexorable antagonist sets to work, and, by arguments drawn from place, time, and language, makes it pretty nearly a dead certainty that the pretended laws of Zaleucus were as pure a fabrication as the Letters of Phalaris. Afterwards he makes the same scrutiny, and with the same result, of the laws attributed to Charondas; and in the end, he throws out a conjecture that both these forgeries were the work of some sophist not even a native Greek; a conjecture which, by the way, has since been extended by Valckenaer to the Pseudo-Phalaris himself, upon the authority of some Latin idioms.[33]

[N. B. Any future editor of Bentley's critical works ought to notice the arguments of Warburton, who, in the *Divine Legation*, endeavors to support the two lawgivers against Bentley.]

The use of the Attic dialect, therefore, in an age

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when as yet no conceivable motive had arisen for preferring that to any other dialect, the earliest morning not having dawned of those splendors which afterwards made Athens the glory of the earth, is of itself a perfect detection of the imposture. But let this be waived. Conceive that mere caprice, in a wilful tyrant like Phalaris, led him to adopt the Attic dialect: *stet pro ratione voluntas*. Still, even in such a case, he must have used the Attic of his own day. Caprice might go abroad, or it might go back in point of time; but caprice could not prophetically anticipate, as Phalaris does, the diction of an age long posterior to his own. Upon this subject Bentley expresses himself in a more philosophic tone than he usually adopts. 'Every living language,' says he, 'like the perspiring bodies of living creatures, is in perpetual motion and alteration. Some words go off, and become obsolete; others are taken in, and by degrees grow into common use; or the same word is inverted to a new sense and notion; which, in tract of time, makes as observable a change in the air and features of a language, as age makes in the lines and mien of a face.' Boyle, however, admitting this as a general law, chooses to suppose that the Greek language presented an eminent exception to it; insomuch that writings, separated by an interval of two thousand years, were, in his judgment, nearer to each other in point of phraseology, than English works separated by only two centuries. And as the reason of this fancied stability, he assigns the extended empire of the Greeks. Bentley disputes both the fact and the reason. As to the fact, he says that the resemblance between the old and modern Greek literature was purely mimetic. Why else, he

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asks, arose the vast multitude of scholiasts? Their aid was necessary to explain phrases which had become obsolete. As to extensive empire, no better cause can be assigned why languages are *not* stationary. In the Roman language, for example, more changes took place during the single century between the Duilian column (*i. e.* the first naval victory of the Romans) and the comedies of Terence, than during the four centuries preceding. And why? Because in that century the Roman eagles first flew beyond the limits of Italy. Again, with respect to the Athenian dialect, we find, from Dionysius of Halicarnassus, that already by the time of the great orators, the peculiar Attic of Plato and Thucydides had become antiquated, although these last stood in the same relation of time to Demosthenes, that Dryden did to Pope. Now this is sufficiently explained by the composition of the Athenian population in the 110th Olympiad, as afterwards recorded by Athenæus. At that time there were twenty-one thousand citizens, ten thousand naturalized foreigners, and four hundred thousand slaves. Under this proportion of nineteen foreigners[34] to one native, well might the dialect suffer rapid alterations.

Thus far Bentley maintained his usual superiority. But in the particular examples which he adduced, he was both unexpectedly penurious and not always accurate. The word Θυγατερες, *daughters*, used in the Hebrew manner for *young women*, was indisputably a neologism impossible to the true Phalaris. So also of προτρέπειν used for προφέρειν. With respect to the phrase Παίδων ἐρασταί, used for *lovers of children*, which Bentley contends must have been equivalent in the elder ages to the infamous word Παιδεραστάι, it has been

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since supposed that he was refuted by Markland, and v. 1088 of the *Supplices* of Euripides; but on the whole, we are of opinion that Bentley was right. It was the prerogative of the Tragic Drama, as of poetry in general, to exalt and ennoble: Thus, for instance, 'filled her with thee a goddess fair,' in Milton's L'Allegro, would in plain prose become almost an obscene expression; but, exalted and sustained by the surrounding images, it is no more than allowably voluptuous. In the absolute prose of Phalaris, we think with Bentley that the phrase could not have borne an innocent meaning. Thus far Bentley was right, or not demonstrably wrong; but in the two next instances he errs undeniably; and the triumph of Boyle, for the first time and the last, cannot be gainsaid. Bentley imagined that προδιδωμι, in the unusual sense of *giving beforehand*, (instead of *betraying*,) had no countenance from the elder writers; and he denounced the word διωκω, when applied to the *pursuing an object of desire*, believing that it was applicable only to the case of *an enemy pursuing one who fled*. Here we see the danger, in critical niceties, of trusting to any single memory, though the best in the world. And we can well believe Bentley when he charges his oversight upon the hurry of the 'press staying for *more copy*.' Having erred, however, the best course is to confess frankly and unreservedly; and this Bentley does. But in one point he draws from his very error an advantageous inference: his Oxford enemies had affected to regard him as a mere index-hunter; and Alsop had insolently described him as '*virum in volvendis Lexicis satis diligentem*.' Now, says Bentley, it was just because I was *not* what they

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would represent me, just because I too much neglected to search Lexicons and Indexes, and too entirely relied on my own reading and unassisted memory, that this one sole error in my first hasty dissertation remained, like the heel of Achilles, to show a touch of human infirmity, in what else might have claimed the immaculateness of a divine origin.

Upon a final examination of the Letters, Bentley detected three other words, which manifestly belonged to a later and a philosophic era — viz., Προνοια, used not in the sense of *foresight*, but of *Divine Providence*; Στοιχειον, which at first meant a *letter* or an element of words, used for *element* in the natural philosopher's sense; and Κοσμος for *the world*. But the truth is, that this line of argument threw Bentley upon the hard task of proving negatives. It might be easy, as occasions offered, to show that such a word *was* used by a particular age; one positive example sufficed for *that:* but difficult indeed to show that it was *not*. The whole is a matter of practice and feeling; and without any specific instances of modern idiom, which yet might perhaps still be collected by a very vigilant critic, no man of good taste, competently prepared, will hesitate to condemn the Letters as an imposture, upon the general warrant of the style and quality of the thoughts; these are everywhere redolent of a state of society highly artificial and polished, and argue an era of literature matured, or even waning, as to the division of its several departments, and the pretensions of its professors.

The argument which succeeds in the Fourteenth and Nineteenth Sections, is equally ludicrous and convincing. Throughout the Letters, Phalaris sports a most

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royal munificence, and gives away *talents* with as much ease as if they had been sixpences. Now, the jest of the matter is, that Sicilian talents were really not much more. The Attic forger of the Letters, naturally thinking of the Attic talent, (worth about £180,) forgot or had never learned, that the Sicilian talent was literally *two thousand times* less in value. Thus Phalaris complains of a hostile invasion, as having robbed him of *seven talents;* which, if they could be supposed Attic talents, make £1260 sterling; but, being Sicilian talents, no more than 12*s.* 7*d.* Again, he gives to a lady, as her marriage portion, five talents, meaning, of course, Attic talents, (*i. e.* £900); but what the true Phalaris must have understood by that sum was — nine shillings! And in other places he mentions Δραχμαί, coins which were not Sicilian. Boyle endeavored to resist these exposures, but without any success; and the long dissertation on Sicilian money which his obstinacy drew from Bentley, remains a monument of the most useful learning, as it corrects the errors of Gronovius, and other first-rate authorities, upon this very complex topic.

Meantime, the talent everywhere meant to be understood was the Athenian; and upon that footing, the presents made by Phalaris are even more absurd by their excess, than upon the Sicilian valuation of the talent by their defect. Either way, the Pseudo-Phalaris is found offending against the possibilities of the time and of the place. One instance places the absurdity in a striking light, both as respects the giver and the receiver. Gold was at that time very scarce in Greece, so that the Spartans could not, in every part of that country, collect enough to gild the face of a

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single statue; and they finally bought it in Asia of Crœsus. Nay, long afterwards, Philip of Macedon, being possessed of one golden cup, weighing no more than half a pound Troy, could not sleep, if it were not placed under his pillow. But, perhaps, Sicily had what Greece wanted? So far from it, that, above seventy years after Phalaris, Hiero, King of Syracuse, could not obtain gold enough for a single tripod and a Victoria, until after a long search, and a mission to Corinth; and even then his success was an accident. So much for the powers of the giver. Now for the receiver. A physician in those days was not paid very liberally; and even in a later age, the following are the rates which the philosopher Crates assigns as a representative scale for the practice of rich men: — 'To a cook, £30; to a physician, 8*d.*; to a toad-eater, £900; to a moral adviser — *smoke*; to a courtezan, £180; to a philosopher, 4*d.*' But this was satire. True: yet, seriously, not long after the death of Phalaris, we have an account of the fees paid to Democedes, the most eminent physician of that day. His salary for a whole year from the people of Ægina was £180. The following year he was hired by the Athenians for £300; and the year after that by a prince, richer than Phalaris, for £360; so that he never got so much as a guinea a-day. Yet, in the face of these facts, Phalaris gives to *his* physician, Polycletus, the following presents for a single cure: — four goblets of refined gold, two silver bowls of unrivalled workmanship, ten couple of large Thericlæan cups, twenty young boys for his slaves, fifteen hundred pounds in ready money, besides a pension for life, equal to the highest salaries of his generals or admirals; all

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which, says Bentley, though shocking to common sense, when supposed to come from Phalaris, a petty prince of a petty district in Sicily, 'is credible enough, if we consider that a sophist was the paymaster;' who, as the actors in the Greek comedy paid all debts with lupins, pays *his* with words.

As his final argument, Bentley objects that the very invention of letter-writing was due to Atossa the Persian Empress, younger than Phalaris by one or two generations. This is asserted upon the authority of Tatian, and of a much more learned writer, Clement of Alexandria. But, be that as it may, every person who considers the general characteristics of those times, must be satisfied that, if the epistolary form of composition existed at all, it was merely as a rare agent in sudden and difficult emergencies — rarer, perhaps, by a great deal, than the use of telegraphic dispatches at present. As a species of literary composition, it could not possibly arise until its use in matters of business had familiarized it to all the world. Letters of grace and sentiment would be a remote afterthought upon letters of necessity and practical negotiation. Bentley is too brief, however, on this head, and does not even glance at some collateral topics, such as the Lacedæmonian Caduceus and its history, which would have furnished a very interesting *excursus*. His reason for placing this section last is evident. The story of Mucianus, a Roman of consular rank, who had been duped by a pretended letter of Sarpedon's, (that same Sarpedon, *si Diis placeat*, who is killed in the Iliad by Patroclus,) furnishes him with a parting admonition, *personally* appropriate to his antagonist — that something more even than the

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title of *Honorable* 'cannot always secure a man from cheats and impostures.'

In the Sixteenth Section, which might as properly have stood last, Bentley moves the startling question, (able of itself to decide the controversy,) 'in what secret cave' the letters had been hidden, 'so that nobody ever heard of them for a thousand years?' He suggests that some trusty servant of the tyrant must have buried them under ground; 'and it was well he did so; for if the Agrigentines had met with them, (who burned both him and his relations and his friends,) they had certainly gone to pot.' [The foreign translator of the two Phalaris Dissertations (whose work, by the way, was revised by the illustrious Valckenaer) is puzzled by this phrase of '*going to pot*,' and he translates it conjecturally in the following ludicrous terms: 'Si enim eas invenissent Agritentini, sine dubio *sergendis natibus inserviissent*.'] Boyle, either himself in a mist, or designing to mystify his readers, cites the cases, as if parallel cases, of Paterculus and Phædrus, the first of whom is not quoted by any author now extant till Priscian's time — five hundred years later than his own era — and not again until nine hundred years after Priscian: as to Phædrus, supposed to belong to the Augustan era, he is first mentioned by Avienus, four hundred years after this epoch, and never once again, until his works were brought to light by Pithou late in the sixteenth century. These cases Boyle cites as countenancing that of Phalaris. But Bentley will not suffer the argument to be so darkened: the thousand years which succeeded to Priscian and Avienus were years of barbarity; there was little literature, and little in-

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terest in literature, through that long night in Western Europe. This sufficiently accounts for the obscurity in which the two Latin authors slumbered. But the thousand years which succeeded to Phalaris, Solon, and Pythagoras, were precisely the most enlightened period of that extent, and, in fact, the only period of one thousand successive years, in the records of our planet, that has uninterruptedly enjoyed the light of literature. So that the difference between the case of Phalaris, and those which are alleged as parallel by Boyle, is exactly this: that the Pseudo-Phalaris was first heard of in 'the very dusk and twilight before the long night of ignorance;' whereas Phædrus, Lactantius, &c. suffered the more natural effect of being eclipsed by that light. The darkness which extinguished the genuine classics, first drew Phalaris into notice. Besides, that in the cases brought forward to countenance that of Phalaris, the utmost that can be inferred is no more than a negative argument, those writers are simply not quoted; but from *that* no argument can be drawn, concluding for their non-existence. Whereas, in the case of Phalaris, we find various authors — Pindar, for instance, Plato, Aristotle, Timæus, Polybius, and others, down even to Lucian — talking of the man in terms which are quite inconsistent with the statements of these letters. And we may add, with regard to other distinguished authors, as Cicero in particular, that on many occasions, their very silence, under circumstances which suggested the strongest temptation to quote from these letters, had they been aware of their existence, is of itself a sufficient proof that no such records of the Sicilian tyrant had ever reached them by report.

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Finally, the *matter* of the letters, to which Bentley dedicates a separate section of his work, is decisive of the whole question to any man of judgment who has reviewed them without prejudice or passion. Strange it is at this day to recollect the opposite verdicts on this point of the controversy, and the qualifications of those from whom they proceeded. Sir William Temple, an aged statesman, and practised in public business, intimate with courts, a man of great political sagacity, a high-bred gentleman, and of brilliant accomplishments, singles out these letters not merely as excellent in their kind, but as one argument amongst others for the unapproachable supremacy in all intellectual pretensions of the ancients; on the other hand, Bentley, a young scholastic clergyman of recluse habits, comparatively low in rank, and of humble breeding, pronounces the letters to be utterly despicable, and unworthy of a prince. On such a question, and between such judges, who would hesitate to abide by the award of the sage old diplomatist? Yet a single explanation discredits his judgment: he was angry and prejudiced. And the actual result is — that every reader of sense heartily accedes to Bentley's sentence — 'You feel, by the emptiness and deadness of them, that you converse with some dreaming pedant with his elbow on his desk; not with an active, ambitious tyrant, with his hand on his sword, commanding a million of subjects.'

It remains that we should say a few words on Bentley's character, and the general amount of his claims. This part of his task, Dr. Monk, for a reason quite unintelligible to us, has declined; and Dr. Parr has

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attempted it with his usual sonorous tympany of words, but with no vestiges of distinct meaning, or of appropriate commendation. We do not design, on this occasion, to supply their omissions by a solemn and minute adjudication of Bentley's *quantum meruit* in every part of his pretensions; that will be a proper undertaking, and one from which we shall not shrink, in connection with some general review of the leading scholars since the restoration of letters, English and continental. At present, we shall confine ourselves to a brief and unpretending suggestion of some few principal considerations, which should guide our estimate of Bentley's services to literature.

Bentley was a man of strong 'mother wit,' and of masculine good sense. These were his primary advantages; and he had them in excess, if excess belongs to gifts of that quality. They are gifts which have not often illuminated the labors of the great classical scholar; who, though necessarily a man of talent, has rarely been a man of powerful understanding. In this there is no contradiction; it is possible to combine great talents with a poor understanding; and such a combination is, indeed, exceedingly common. The Scaligers, perhaps, were men of commanding sense. Isaac Casaubon, who has been much praised for his sense, (and of late more than ever by Messrs. Southey and Savage Landor,) was little above mediocrity in that particular. His notices of men and human life are, for the most part, poor and lifeless commonplaces. Salmasius, a greater scholar, was even meaner as a thinker. To take an illustration or two from our own times, Valckenaer and Porson — the two best Grecians, perhaps, since Bentley — were both poor

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creatures in general ability and sense. Porson's *jeux d'esprit*, in the newspapers of his day, were all childish and dull beyond description: and, accordingly, his whig friends have been reduced to the sad necessity of lying and stealing on his behalf, by claiming (and even publishing) as Porson's, a copy of verses, (*The Devil's Sunday Thoughts*,) of which they are well assured he did not write a line. Parr, again, a good Latin scholar, though no Grecian, for general power of thought and sense, was confessedly the merest driveller of his age. But Bentley was not merely respectable in this particular: he reached the level of Dr. Johnson, and was not far short of the powers which would have made him a philosopher.

The next great qualifications of Bentley were, ingenuity, and (in the original sense of that term) sagacity. In these he excelled all the children of men; and as a verbal critic will probably never be rivalled. On this point we remember an objection to Bentley, stated forcibly by Mr. Coleridge; and it seemed, at the time, unanswerable; but a little reflection will disarm it. Mr. Coleridge had been noticing the coarseness and obtuseness of Bentley's poetic sensibilities, as indicated by his wild and unfeeling corruptions of the text in *Paradise Lost*. Now, here, where our knowledge is perfectly equal to the task, we can all *feel* the deficiencies of Bentley: and Mr. Coleridge argued, that a Grecian or Roman of taste, if restored to life, would, perhaps, have an equally keen sense of the ludicrous, in most of the emendations introduced by Bentley into the text of the ancient classics; a sense which, in these instances, is blunted or extinguished to us by our unfamiliar command over the two languages. But this

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plausible objection we have already answered in another place. The truth is, that the ancient poets are much more than the Christian poets within the province of unimaginative good sense. Much might be said, and many forcible illustrations given, to show the distinction between the two cases; and that from a poet of the Miltonic order, there is no inference to a poet such as Lucan, whose connections, transitions, and all the process of whose thinking, go on by links of the most intelligible and definite ingenuity; still less any inference to a Greek lexicographer like Suidas, or Hesychius, whose thoughts and notices proceed in the humblest category of mere common sense. Neither is it true, that, with regard to Milton, Bentley has always failed. Many of his suggestions are sound. And, where they are not, this does not always argue bluntness of feeling; but, perhaps, mere defect of knowledge. Thus, for example, he has chosen, as we remember, to correct the passage,

> 'That on the *secret* top
> Of Horeb or of Sinai,' &c.

into *sacred* top; for he argued, that the top of a mountain, exposed to the whole gaze of a surrounding country, must of all places be the least private or secret. But, had he happened to be familiar with mountains, though no higher than those of England, he would have understood that no secrecy is so complete, and so undisturbed by sound or gaze from below, as that of a mountain-top such as Helvellyn, Great Gavel, or Blencathara. Here, therefore, he spoke from no defect of feeling, but from pure defect of knowledge. And, after all, many of his better suggestions on the text

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of Milton will give an English reader an adequate notion of the extraordinary ingenuity with which he corected the ancient classics.

A third qualification of Bentley, for one province of criticism at least, was the remarkable accuracy of his ear. Not that he had a peculiarly fine sense for the rhythmus of verse, — else the divine structure of the Miltonic blank verse would have preserved numerous fine passages from his 'slashing' proscription. But the independent beauty of sounds, and the harsh effect of a jingle of syllables, no critic ever felt more keenly than he; and hence, on many occasions, he either derived originally, or afterwards supported, his corrections.

This fineness of ear perhaps first drew his attention to Greek metre, which he cultivated with success, and in that department may be almost said to have broken the ground.

The Digamma, and its functions, remain also trophies of his exquisite sagacity in hunting backward, upon the dimmest traces, into the aboriginal condition of things. The evidences of this knowledge, however, which Heyne used and published to the world, are simply his early and crude notes on the margin of his Homer. But the systematic treatise, which he afterwards developed upon this foundation, was unknown to Heyne, and it is still unknown to the world. This fact, which is fully explained in Mr. Sandford's late excellent edition of Thiersch's Greek Grammar (p. 312 – 13), has been entirely overlooked by Dr. Monk.

The same quality of sagacity, or the power of *investigating* backward, (in the original sense of that meta-

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phor,) through the corruptions of two thousand years, the primary form of the reading which lay buried beneath them, a faculty which in Bentley was in such excess, that it led him to regard every MS. as a sort of figurative Palimpsest, in which the early text had been overlaid by successive layers of alien matter, was the fruitful source both of the faults and the merits of his wonderful editions. We listen with some impatience to Dr. Monk, when he falls in with the common cant on this subject, as though Bentley had injured a reader by his new readings. Those whose taste is really fine enough to be offended by them, (and we confess, that in a poet of such infinite delicacy as Horace, we ourselves are offended by the obtrusion of the new lections into the text,) are at liberty to leave them. If but here and there they improve the text, (and how little is *that* to say of them!) *lucro ponatur*. Besides, the received text, which Bentley displaced, was often as arbitrary as his own. Of this we have a pleasant example in the Greek Testament: that text which it was held sacrilege in Bentley to disturb, was in fact the text of Mr. Stephens the printer, (possibly of a clever compositor,) who had thus unintentionally become a sort of *conscience* to the Protestant churches. It was no more, therefore, than a fair jest in Bentley, upon occasion of his own promised revision of the text, — 'Gentlemen, in me behold your Pope.'

Dr. Monk regrets that Bentley forsook Greek studies so often for Latin; so do we; but not upon Dr. Monk's reason. It is not that Bentley was inferior, as a Latin scholar, to himself as a Grecian; it is, that Grecians, as good as he, are much rarer than Latinists of the same rank.

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Something must be said of Bentley's style. His Latinity was assailed with petty malignity, in two set books, by Ker and Johnson. However, we see no justice in Dr. Monk's way of disparaging their criticisms, as characteristic of schoolmasters. Slips are slips; faults are faults. Nor do we see how any distinction can be available between schoolmasters' Latin and the Latin of sublimer persons in silk aprons. The true distinction which would avail Bentley we take to be this. In writing Latin there are two distinct merits of style; the first lies in the mere choice of the separate words; the second, in the structure and mould of the sentence. The former is within the reach of a boy armed with a suitable dictionary, which distinguishes the gold and silver words, and obolizes the base Brummagem copper coinage. The other is the slow result of infinite practice and original tact. Few people ever attain it; few ever *could* attain it. Now, Bentley's defects were in the first accomplishment; and a stroke of the pen would everywhere have purified his *lexis*. But his great excellence was in the latter, — where faults, like faults in the first digestion, are incapable of remedy. No corrections, short of total extirpation, will reach *that* case: blotting will not avail: '*una* litura potest.' His defect, therefore, is in a trifle; his success in the rarest of attainments. Bentley is one of those who *think* in Latin, and not among the poor frosty translators into Latin under an overruling tyranny of English idiom. The phrase *puritas sermonis*, used for *purity of style*, illustrates Bentley's class of blemishes. We notice it, because Ker, Dr. Monk, and Dr. Parr, have all concurred in condemning

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it. *Castitas* might be substituted for *puritas;* as to *sermonis*, (*pace virorum tantorum,*) it admits of apology.

Bentley's English style was less meritorious; but it was sinewy, native, idiomatic, though coarse and homely. He took no pains with it: where the words fell, there they lay. He would not stop to modulate a tuneless sentence; and, like most great classical scholars of that day, he seemed to suppose that no modern language was capable of a better or worse. How much more nobly did the Roman scholars behave — Cicero, Varro, &c. — who, under every oppression of Greek models, still labored to cultivate and adorn their own mother tongue! And even the example of Addison, whom Bentley so much admired, might have taught him another lesson; for though this great writer, unacquainted with the real powers of the English language,[35] had flippantly pronounced it a 'brick' edifice, by comparison with the marble temples of the ancients, yet he did not the less take pains to polish and improve it. Brick, even, has its own peculiar capacities of better and worse. Bentley's lawless pedantries of '*putid*' and '*negoce*,' though countenanced by equal filth in L'Estrange and many writers of the day, must, in any age, have been saluted with bursts of laughter; and his formal defence of the latter word was even more insufferably absurd than the barbarism which he justified. On the other hand, the word *ignore*, which he threw in the teeth of Mr. Boyle, had been used by that gentleman's uncle in many of his works: it is, in fact, Hibernian, which Bentley did not know; and in England is obsolete, except in the use of grand juries. Being upon this subject, we must take the liberty of telling Dr. Monk,

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that his own expressions of '*overhaul*,' for *investigate*, and '*attackable*,' are in the lowest style of colloquial slang. The expression of a '*duty*' being '*due*,' which is somewhere to be found in his book, is even worse.

As a theologian, Bentley stood in the same circumstances as the late Bishop of Llandaff. Both were irregularly built for that service; both drew off the eyes of the ill-natured, and compensated their deficiencies by general ability; both availed themselves of a fortunate opportunity for doing a *popular* service to Christianity, which set their names above the more fully accomplished divines of their day; both carried, by a *coup-de-main*, the King's professorship of divinity at Cambridge, which is the richest in the world; and, finally, both retreated from its duties.

In conclusion, we shall venture to pronounce Dr. Bentley the greatest *man* amongst all scholars. In the complexion of his character, and the style of his powers, he resembled the elder Scaliger, having the same hardihood, energy, and elevation of mind. But Bentley had the advantage of earlier polish, and benefited by the advances of his age. We should pronounce him, also, the greatest of *scholars*, were it not that we remember Salamasius. Dr. Parr was in the habit of comparing the Phalaris dissertation with that of Salmasius *De Lingua Hellenistica*. For our own parts, we have always compared it with the same writer's *Plinian Exercitations*. Both are among the miracles of human talent: but with this difference, that the Salmasian work is crowded with errors; whilst that of Bentley, in its final state, is absolutely without spot or blemish.

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NOTES.

Note 1. Page 1.

'*Tarn*,' any small lake among mountains much above the level of the larger lakes, and fed, not (as they are) by one main stream, but by a number of petty rills trickling down the side of the surrounding hills: from the Danish *taaren*, a *trickling*. Lakers! be thankful to Christopher North for solving a question hitherto found unanswerable. The Danes had a settlement in Cumberland.

Note 2. Page 6.

Take, for instance, his conduct to Barnes, the Cambridge Professor of Greek. Bentley well knew that Barnes was an indifferent scholar, whose ponderous erudition was illuminated by neither accuracy of distinction, nor elegance of choice. Yet Barnes spoke of himself in the most inflated terms, as though he had been the very Laureate of the Greek muses; and, not content with these harmless vaunts, scattered in conversation the most pointed affronts to Bentley, as the man under whose superiority he secretly groaned. All this Bentley refused to hear; praised him whenever he had an opportunity, even when Barnes intruded himself into the Phalaris dispute, and did him effectual services. At length Barnes published his Homer, and there shot his final arrow against Bentley, not indeed by name, but taking care to guide it to his mark, by words scattered in all companies. Bentley was now roused to put an end to this persecution. But how? He wrote a most masterly examination of a few passages in the new edition, addressed it as a confidential letter to Dr Davies, a common friend, desiring him to show it to the Professor, by way of convincing him how easy a task such a critic would find it to ruin the character of the book, and thus appealing to his prudence for a cessation of insults; but at the same time assuring Dr. Davies that he would on no account offer any public disparagement to a book, upon which Barnes had risked a little fortune. Could a more generous way have been devised for repelling public insults?

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Note 3. Page 7.

With respect to this elegant and acute scholar, the most formidable of Bentley's literary opponents, the following remarkable statement is made by Dr. Monk, (p. 461) : — 'Between Alexander Cunningham, the historian, and Alexander Cunningham, the editor of Horace, there are so many particulars of resemblance, that Thompson, the translator of the history, was forced, after a minute inquiry, to remain in suspense whether or not they were the same individual. It appears that they were both Scotchmen, had both been travelling tutors, both resided at the Hague at the same period, both were intimate with certain distinguished public characters, both were eminent chess-players, both accomplished scholars, and both lived to an advanced age. These and *many other* coincidences long baffled all inquiry respecting the identity or diversity of the two namesakes : and it has, I believe, but recently been ascertained beyond a doubt, that the critic died at the Hague in 1730, and the historian died in London in 1737.' How truly disgusting that they would not die at the same time and place ! This perverseness counteracts what Mr. Wordsworth calls 'The mighty stream of tendency : ' undoubtedly they ought to have died on the same day of the same year, in which case the confusion would have been complete and inextricable.

As it is, we understand from a learned Scotch friend, that in certain papers which he communicated some years ago to Dr. Irving for his Life of Buchanan, and which doubtless will there be found, this curious case of Doppelgänger is fully cleared up.

Note 4. Page 7.

This celebrated man was the most malignant of a malignant crew. In his Review of Bentley's Proposals for Editing the Greek Text of the New Testament, he stings like a serpent — more rancorous party pamphlets never were written. He hated Waterland with the same perfect malignity ; and his letters to Warburton, published in a 4to. collection of his Miscellaneous Tracts, show that he could combine the part of sycophant upon occasion, with that of assassin-like lampooner. It is, therefore, no unacceptable retribution in the eyes of those who honor the memory of Dan. Waterland and Bentley, men worth a hecatomb

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of Middletons, that the reputation of this venomous writer is now decaying — upon a belief *at last* thoroughly established, that in two at least, and those two the most learned of his works, he was an extensive plagiarist. This detection first threw light upon a little anecdote often related by Mr. Prebendary Lowth, brother to Bishop Lowth. Just before the publication of the *Life of Cicero*, Lowth happened to be with Middleton. A gentleman came in, and abruptly asked him if he had read the works of Bellenden? Middleton *turned pale, faltered*, and acknowledged that he had. The whole scene was a mystery to Lowth. Parr's Preface to Bellendenus made all clear. So much for Conyers Middleton!

NOTE 5. Page 13.

By the way, it should be borne in mind, that, over and above the translations which yet survive into the Arabic, (a resource obviously of little hope, except in the case of scientific books,) there are in all three avenues by which we may have a chance for recovering any of the lost classics: 1st, The Palimpsests, as in repeated instances of late in the Ambrosian Library; 2d, The Pompeii MSS. (for the sensible way of dealing with which, see a letter of Lord Holland to Dr. Parr); and 3d, *The great chests of Greek MSS. in the Sultan's Library at Constantinople*, packed up ever since the triumph of the Crescent in 1453.

NOTE 6. Page 14.

Amongst these is the name *Malelas*, which Hody disputed, contending for *Malela*. Bentley replies by arguing the case on two assumptions: 1st, *That the names were Greek*. Here the sum of his pleading is this — that naturally the Latin language had no such termination as that of *as* with a parisyllabic genitive; that, in compliance with this original structure, all Greek names in *as*, were in early Latin rendered *a*; and that this conformity to the popular idiom might be looked for the more certainly, as the situation of the usage was one which appealed to the populace: whence it is that, in the *comic* drama of Rome, we meet with Phædria, Chæria, Sosia, &c. to so great an extent. But in proportion as literature prevailed, a practice arose of giving to Greek names in *as* their real Greek termination, with-

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out any Roman deflexion. Hence even Varro, though somewhat of an antiquarian bigot in old Romanisms, has Archytas, Athenagoras, &c.; and Cicero is overrun with such names. One exception, however, in even Cicero's usage, is alleged upon the authority of Quintilian, viz. *Hermagora*. 'Ego vero,' says Bentley, 'Ciceronem ita scripsisse ne ipsi quidem Ciceroni affirmanti crediderim.' And certainly the dismal hiatus of *Hermagora inventor*, makes it probable that Cicero wrote *Hermagoras*. Bentley grants, however, that Cicero wrote *Phania Appii libertus;* but why? Because names of slaves, being household words, naturally followed the mother idiom, and not the learned idiom of books. 2dly, However, let it be assumed, *that the name is not Greek, but Barbarous*, like that of ὁ Σισέρα in the Old Test., ὁ Ζαρὰ in the New. Bentley argues the case on this footing. But this, says he, I marvel at, 'quod, ut de Græco nomine cognitio habeatur, ad barbaras nationes provocant — (*that, although the judicial investigation we are holding concerns a Greek name, yet the appeal is made to barbarians.*) 'However, no matter,' says he, 'as they choose to take the Huns for umpires, to the Huns we will go.' And he then shows that the name of *Attila* became in Greek always ὁ Ἀττιγᾶς. Yet here again he makes a subtle distinction. The ancient patriarchal names of the Old Test., as Ἰαχὼβ, Ἰωσὴφ, Σαοὺλ, &c., are retained in Greek unmodified. But the very same names, borne by modern persons, become Ἰάκωβος, Ἰώσηφος, Σαοῦλος, &c. Upon that analogy, also, semi-barbarous names in *a*, as Abdalla, Mustapha, Juba, &c., which, had they been ancient, would have retained their final *a*, being modern, all become *as* in Greek. Such is the outline of the refinements in this piece of learned special pleading, which is universally allowed to have settled the question.

NOTE 7. Page 15.

An emendation of Bentley's for Πλάτῃ φυγόντες.

NOTE 8. Page 15.

This blunder of Jack's grew out of the confusion between the two Iphigenias of Euripides — that in Aulis, and in Tauris. Jack was thinking of Tauris, no doubt.

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NOTE 9. Page 19.

How rare is evident from this, that at a great book sale in London, which had congregated all the *Fancy*, on a copy occurring, not one of the company but ourself knew what the mystical title-page meant.

NOTE 10. Page 22.

Bentley ascertained, by an experiment upon one-third of the MS., that, without any extraordinary diligence, it could be collated throughout in a space of four hours. Now, his first summons was at noon, but he indulgently extended the term to 'candle-light.' How soon was that? The day has since been ascertained to be Saturday, May 23. But as the year was upwards of half a century before the English reformation of the calendar, that day would correspond to the 2d of June at present. Being, therefore, within three weeks of the longest day, we may assume, that, in the latitude of London, 'candle-light' could not be understood as earlier than 9 o'clock, P. M. Allowing the collator, therefore, one hour for any other sort of collation, he had just double the time requisite for the collation of the MS.

NOTE 11. Page 23.

No two classes have, within the last century, so much advanced in social consideration as Bankers and Booksellers, (meaning *Publishers.*) The bankers of that day were merely goldsmiths; whence the phrase, hardly yet obsolete among elderly people, of '*bankers' shops.*' Booksellers, again, having rarely stood forward, until Pope's time in the character of enlightened co-operators with literary men, naturally took their place amongst the mechanical agents of the press. At present, an influential publisher belongs to a *profession*, which it belongs to himself to render dignified. In Bennet's time, he had not ceased to be (what a mere seller of books still is) a *tradesman*. After all, Gibson, the collator, has confessed in Bentley's favor.

NOTE 12. Page 25.

Hardly less amusing is the *first* Dissertation of Bentley, as published in the second edition of Wotton, (but in the third edition,

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1705, and all subsequent ones, omitted.) This, where the heads only of the arguments are touched, without that elaborate array of learning which was afterwards found necessary, and where the whole is treated with irresistible fun and merriment, is a most captivating piece of criticism. A general reader, therefore, who is careless of the minute learning of the case, should read merely this first Dissertation, and Boyle's answer.

NOTE 13. Page 26.

The story is this: — Bishop Stillingfleet is reported to have said, 'We must send Bentley to rule the turbulent Fellows of Trinity College. If anybody can do it, he is the person; for I am sure that he has ruled my family ever since he entered it.' Upon this Dr. Monk argues, that the anecdote is doubly refuted; first, by the fact that Stillingfleet had been some time dead when the vacancy occurred; secondly, because the Fellows had not been turbulent before Bentley's accession to the headship. Now, a little consideration will show, that the anecdote may be substantially true for all *that*, and probably was so (since it rests on too pointed and circumstantial an allusion to have been invented). Full too years before Bentley's instalment, it appears that a vacancy had been anticipated, and a canvass made, upon the rumored appointment of Dr. Montague to the see of Worcester. That was the occasion, no doubt, of Stillingfleet's remark. Then, as to the word *turbulent*, besides that allowance must be made for the laxity of an oral story, the Fellows might be riotous in another sense than that of resisting the master's authority; and throughout Dr. Montague's time, who perhaps was as riotous as they, it is pretty certain that they were so.

NOTE 14. Page 26.

Dr. Monk's undervaluation of college headships is so pointedly affected, and really so extravagant, that we cannot but suspect some personal pique or jealousy, how caused we pretend not to guess, as the foundation of it. Everywhere he speaks of deaneries as *of course* superior in dignity to headships, forgetting that he himself has occasion to mention one dean, (a dean of York,) who looked to the mastership of Trinity as an object of ambition. And

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in one place he takes a flight beyond our comprehension: for, according to him, in a dispute between the head of a college and an archbishop, the parties stand 'upon such unequal ground,' that it is matter of astonishment to find it lasting beyond a moment. How! is it in England that we hear such language, and in 1830? Why, but the other day, we had the edifying spectacle of an archbishop descending to a newspaper altercation with a mob orator, on the subject of his own money concerns! There *was* unequal ground. But, with justice on his side, we really see nothing alarming in an archdeacon and a head of a college maintaining a controversial correspondence with a prince of the blood. A Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, presumptuous in disputing with an archbishop on a matter of literature and academic interest!! What false impressions would a foreigner carry away on the relations of English dignities from Dr. Monk's book! The fact is, that, in popular consideration, a head of one of the smaller colleges, in either Cambridge or Oxford, is equal at the least to a dean; and the head of Christ Church in Oxford, or Trinity in Cambridge, (perhaps some of the other colleges in both,) and the heads of the single colleges, which constitute the whole university in Dublin, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, are equal to bishops. We appeal to Dr. Monk himself, to say candidly which is the greater man in Oxford — the Dean of Christ Church, or the Bishop of Oxford? But Oxford is a poor bishopric. True; and *that* introduces a fresh ground of comparison. As stations of profit, sometimes the headships have the advantage (united, as they often are, with complementary livings,) sometimes the bishoprics. As stations of comfort, however, they stand in no comparison. A college head has the most delightful sinecure in the world; whereas bishoprics, by those who are determined to do the work of them, are found to be the most laborious situations in the whole establishment. But here there are secrets. See the very opposite reports, for instance, of the see of Worcester, when held by bishops of different character.

Note 15. Page 28.

This epithet, bestowed playfully upon Whiston by Swift, in ridicule of his sanctimony, would almost seem to have been

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seriously justified by his general bad faith in scattering injurious anecdotes about everybody who refused to fall in with his follies. His excuse lies in the extreme weakness of his brain. Think of a man, who had brilliant preferment within his reach, dragging his poor wife and daughter for half a century through the very mire of despondency and destitution, because he disapproved of Athanasius, or because the *Shepherd of Hermas* was not sufficiently esteemed by the Church of England! Unhappy is that family over which a fool presides. The secret of all Whiston's lunacies may be found in that sentence of his Autobiography, where he betrays the fact of his liability, from youth upwards, to flatulency. What he mistook for conscience was flatulence, which others (it is well known) have mistaken for inspiration. This was his original misfortune: his second was, that he lived before the age of powerful drastic journals. Had he been contemporary with Christopher North, the knout would have brought him to his senses, and extorted the gratitude of Mrs. Whiston and her children.

NOTE 16. Page 35.

We know not how true Harley's pretensions in this particular may be; certainly Lord Bolingbroke ridicules them harshly, in his Letter to Sir William Wyndham, as mere jovial inspirations from the fumes of claret.

NOTE 17. Page 55.

As evidence of the violent and unjust hostility to Bentley which prevailed in Cambridge, it ought to be mentioned, that, during the progress of this main feud, without a trial, and on the merest *ex parte* statement, Bentley was solemnly degraded and stripped of his degrees, to which he was restored only after a struggle of five and a half years, by a peremptory *mandamus* from the King's Bench.

NOTE 18. Page 55.

By the way, Colbatch must have been pretty well cleaned out by this time, which is pleasing to believe; for Dr. Monk, by

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examining the bursary books of Trinity College, has found, that the costs of the suit were nominally £3657, but really not less than £4000: so that, at one time, a pleasant prospect of starvation was before the College. Over and above his share of all this, Colbatch had little pet libels of his own to provide for. Well is it that malice is sometimes a costly luxury!

Note 19. Page 65.

Misled by Dr. Monk, (who, though citing the passage from Bentley's Letters about the Hobbists, yet, in the preceding page, speaks of 'the doctrines of *Spinoza*,' as having contributed to taint the principles of many in the higher classes,) we had charged Bentley with the common error of his order, in supposing a book so rare as the *B. D. S. Opera Posthuma* to have been, by possibility, an influential one in England. But we now find, on consulting Dr. Burney's Collection of Bentley's Letters, (p. 146 of the Leipsic edition, 1825,) that Bentley expressly avowed our own view of the case. His words to Dr. Bernard are as follows:—'But are the Atheists of your mind, that they have no books written for them? Not one of them but believes Tom Hobbes to be a rank one; and that his corporeal God is a mere sham to get his book printed. I have said something to this in my first sermon, and I know it to be true, by the conversation I have had with them. *There may be some Spinozists, or immaterial Fatalists, beyond seas; but not one English infidel in a hundred is other than a Hobbist.*'

Note 20. Page 68.

Of all biographers, Dr. Monk is the most perversely obscure in fixing dates. As one instance, at p. 21, we defy any critic to explain the reference of the words—'This happened in the latter part of 1690.' *What* happened? The words immediately preceding are, 'that Bentley should publish his remarks on Malelas.' Naturally, therefore, every reader would understand the reference as pointing to the actual publication of those remarks; but in the middle of the next page, he finds that this did not occur until June, 1691. Here, again, with respect to Callima-

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chus, the wit of man could not make out, from the sentence which opens chapter V., whether the publication took place in the August of 1696 or of 1697. But by a letter of Grævius, dated on the 6th of September, 1697, and stating that he had three weeks before despatched six copies of the Callimachus as presents to Bentley, we ascertain that 1697 was the true date.

NOTE 21. Page 68.

—— 'de libris edendis consilium capere stultum esset, ob immanem in his regionibus chartæ charitatem.' — Feb. 15, 1698.

NOTE 22. Page 70.

This correspondence is still preserved in Trinity College ; and we are sure that every reader will join us heartily in praying for its publication.

NOTE 23. Page 73.

Collins wanted something more than piety ; he was not even an honest man ; for he reprinted his work in Holland, purified from the gross cases of ignorance exposed by Bentley ; and then circulating this improved edition amongst his friends in England, which he had taken care to mask by a lying title-page, he persuaded them that the passages in question were mere forgeries of Bentley's.

NOTE 24. Page 78.

Bentley had paid Wetstein £50 for the collation of a single Palimpsest ; which sum, in relation to the vast extent of the MS., seems to us, with Dr. Monk's leave, a trifle ; though, in relation to Bentley's purse, and the many demands upon it of the same nature, and his prospects of remuneration, it might be a large one.

NOTE 25. Page 81.

Dr. Monk says, truly enough, that Bentley's corrections would often 'lop off the most beautiful parts of the poem.' But we are petrified on finding the first instance which he gives — Bentley's

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very reasonable censure of a well-known bull which all the world has laughed at:

> 'Adam, the goodliest man of men since born
> His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.'

NOTE 26. Page 86.

Bentley, upon grounds which are satisfactory, and most elaborately developed, fixes the flourishing of Phalaris to the 57th Olympiad. In this the reader may happen to know that he differed with that learned chronologist, but most confused writer, H. Dodwell. It is important, however, to remark, that, logically speaking, it would be a *circle* (or *petitio principii*) to press Bentley with Dodwell's authority in this particular instance, inasmuch as Dodwell had, in fixing the era of Phalaris, mainly relied upon the very Letters in dispute; at that time unsuspected, or nearly so. That fact, important to Bentley, as disarming the chronological authority of Dodwell, is no less important, as demonstrating that the question of Phalaris is not one of mere taste, but operatively connected with historical results.

NOTE 27. Page 89.

There is, however, a collateral testimony from a poet contemporary with the old age of Thericles, viz. Eubulus, which gives a perfect confirmation to that of Athenæus. In the final dissertation, Bentley brought forward this fragment. In fact, the good luck of Bentley, in meeting all the out-of-the-way evidence which he sometimes required, is not less remarkable than his skill in using it.

NOTE 28. Page 89.

This, by the way, shows the variety of hands employed in Boyle's book, and the want of an editor to impress harmony upon them; elsewhere, the Scaligers, and such people, are treated as pedants.

NOTE 29. Page 102.

Seldom, perhaps, has there been a more ingenious correction than that of Selden's ἐν Ἀθήναις on the Arundel Marble. Bent-

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ley had remarked elsewhere that the marble uniformly said *Ἀθήνησι* : why, then, should it suddenly, and in this place only, say *ἐν Ἀθηναις*, (which was Selden's suggestion for filling up the *ΕΝΑ . . . . ΑΙΣ*?) Bentley's reading of *ἐν ἀπήναις*, *in plaustris*, immediately recalls the line of Horace,

'Dicitur et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis.'

No less important is Bentley's confirmation of a reading formerly proposed by one who distrusted it. Palmerius, much against his will, (for he could find no sense in the words,) had made out upon the marble that the inventor of Comedy received as his prize *ἰσχάδων ἄρσιχον, ἴπθον οἴνου* — a basket of figs, and a hogshead of wine. Bentley produced an unpublished couplet of Dioscorides, the last line of which fully confirms the marble :

Χ' ὥττικος ἦν Σύκων ἄρριχος ἆθλος ἔτι —

i. e. and a basket of figs besides was the Attic prize. Another reading of this line, which substitutes *ὕθλος* for *ἆθλος*, we need not notice more particularly, as it is immaterial to the point before us.

Note 30. Page 104.

In saying that Pythagoras introduced the term *philosopher*, we must be understood to mean, (and Bentley, we presume, meant,) that he first gave currency to that particular determination of the word 'philosopher' by which, under the modest *εὐφημισμὸς* of an amateur or dilettante in wisdom, was understood an investigator of first causes, upon a particular scheme ; else, in the general and unlimited sense of the word, merely as a lover of wisdom, and nothing masked under that title, there can be no doubt that Pythagoras did *not* introduce the word. The case is the same as that of the modern *illuminati ;* as a general and unrestricted term, it is, of course, applicable to all men — each in his degree — who can make any pretensions to intellectual culture. But, in the particular sense of Adam Weishaupt, and many other mystical enthusiasts of modern Germany, that term designated a secret society, whose supposed objects and purposes have been stated by Robinson and the Abbé Baruel

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with a degree of circumstantiality which must have been rather surprising to the gentlemen themselves.

NOTE 31. Page 104.

The meaning of Bentley's joke, as well as odd coincidence in the Agrigentine regulation, are now obsolete. It must be remembered, therefore, that all the menial retainers of English noblemen, from a very early period of our history — and, from this passage, it seems that the practice still subsisted in Bentley's time — received at stated intervals an ample blue coat. This was the *generic* distinction of their order; the *special* one was the badge or cognizance appropriated to the particular family under which they took service; and from the periodical *deliveries* of these characteristic articles of servile costume, came our word *livery*.

NOTE 32. Page 110.

It is, however, still reprinted at intervals by the Clarendon Press, as the work of Andronicus Rhodius.

NOTE 33. Page 111.

Valckenaer's argument is good as far as it goes: pity that so exquisite a Grecian should not have detected many more flaws of the same quality! But in this respect the letters of Phalaris seem to enjoy that sort of unaccountable security which hitherto has shielded the forgeries of Chatterton. No man, with the slightest ear for metre, or the poorest tact for the characteristic marks of modern and ancient style of poetic feeling, but must at once acknowledge the extravagance of referring these poems to the age of Henry IV. Yet, with the exception of an allusion to the technical usages of horse-racing, and one other, we do not remember that any specific anachronisms, either as to words or things, have been yet pointed out in Chatterton.

NOTE 34. Page 113.

Bentley here, rather too hastily, takes credit for as many foreigners as slaves, forgetting the *vernacular* slaves — (though certainly they were less numerous than among the Romans.)

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NOTE 35. Page 128.

It is a fact that Addison has never cited Shakspeare but once ; even that was a passage which he had carried away from the theatre. Sir W. Temple knew of no Lord Bacon : Milton and Jeremy Taylor knew not of each other : and Addison had certainly never read Shakspeare.

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DR. PARR AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.*

[1831.]

PART I.

THE time is come when, without offence, the truth may be spoken of Dr. Parr. Standing by the side of the grave, men's eyes, as it were, fastened upon the very coffin of an excellent person, all literary people under any restraint of honorable feelings — all writers who have trained themselves to habits of liberal sympathy and of generous forbearance — everybody, in short, but the very rash or very juvenile, the intemperate or malignant — put a seal upon their lips. Grief, and the passionate exaggerations of grief, have a title to indulgent consideration, which, in the upper walks of literature, is not often infringed; amongst polished Tories, amongst the coterie of this journal, we may

* *The Works of Samuel Parr, LL.D. with Memoirs of his Life and Writings, and a Selection from his Correspondence.* By JOHN JOHNTSONE, M. D.

Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Opinions of the Rev. Samuel Parr, LL.D. With Biographical Notices of many of his Friends, Pupils, and Contemporaries. By the REV. WILLIAM FIELD.

Parriana; or Notices of the Rev. Samuel Parr, LL.D. By E. H. BARKER, Esq.

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say — *never*. On this principle it was that we prescribed to ourselves most willingly a duty of absolute silence at the time of Dr. Parr's death, and through the years immediately succeeding. The sorrow of his numerous friends was then keen and raw. For a warm-hearted man — and Dr. Parr was such — there is an answerable warmth of regret. Errors and indiscretions are forgotten; virtues are brought forward into high relief; talents and accomplishments magnified beyond all proportions of truth. These extravagances are even graceful and becoming under the immediate impulses which prompt them: and for a season they are, and ought to be, endured. But this season has its limits. Within those limits the rule is — *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Beyond them, and when the privilege of recent death can no longer be sustained, this rule gives way to another — *De mortuis nil nisi verum et probabiliter demonstratum*. This canon has now taken effect with regard to Dr. Parr. The sanctities of private grief have been sufficiently respected, because the grief itself has submitted to the mitigation of time. Enough has been conceded to the intemperance of sorrowing friendship: the time has now arrived for the dispassionate appreciation of equity and unbiassed judgment.

Eighteen years have passed away since we first set eyes upon Dr. Samuel Parr. Off and on through the nine or ten years preceding, we had heard him casually mentioned in Oxford, but not for any good. In most cases, the anecdote which brought up his name was some pointless parody of a Sam-Johnsonian increpation, some Drury-Lane counterfeit of the true Jovian thunderbolts:

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'Demens qui nimbos et non imitabile fulmen
Ære et cornipedum sonitu simularet equorum.'

In no instance that we recollect had there appeared any felicity in these colloquial fulminations of Dr. Parr. With an unlimited license of personal invective, and with an extravagance of brutality not credible, except in the case of one who happened to be protected by age and by his petticoats, — consequently with one power more than other people enjoy, who submit themselves to the restraints of courtesy, and to the decencies of social intercourse, — the Doctor had yet made nothing of his extra privilege, nor had so much as once attained a distinguished success. There was labor, indeed, and effort enough, preparation without end, and most tortuous circumgyration of periods; but from all this sonorous smithery of hard words in *osity* and *ation*, nothing emerged — no wrought massy product — but simply a voluminous smoke. Such had been the fortune, whether fairly representing the general case or not, of our own youthful experience at second-hand in respect to Dr. Parr, and his colloquial prowess. When we add, that in those years of teeming and fermenting intellects, at a crisis so agitating for human interests upon the very highest scale, no mere philologists or *grammaticaster* — though he had been the very best of his class — could have held much space in our thoughts; and, with respect to Dr. Parr in particular, when we say that all avenues to our esteem had been foreclosed from our boyish days by one happy sarcasm of the Pursuits of Literature, where Parr had been nicknamed, in relation to his supposed model, *the Birmingham Doctor*;[1] and, finally, when we assure the reader that he was the one sole specimen

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of a whig parson that we had ever so much as heard of within the precincts of the Church of England; — laying together all this, it may be well presumed, that we did not anticipate much pleasure or advantage from an hour's admission to Dr. Parr's society. In reality having heard all the fine colloquial performers of our own times, we recoiled from the bare possibility of being supposed to participate in the curiosity or the interest which, in various degrees, possessed most of those who on that morning surrounded us. The scene of this little affair was — a front drawing-room in the London mansion of one of Dr. Parr's friends. Here was collected a crowd of morning visitors to the lady of the house: and in a remote back drawing-room was heard, at intervals, the clamorous laugh of Dr. Samuel Parr, then recently arrived from the country upon a visit to his London friend. The miscellaneous company assembled were speedily apprised *who* was the owner of that obstreperous laugh — so monstrously beyond the key of good society; it transpired, also, *who* it was that provoked the laugh; it was the very celebrated *Bobus* Smith. And, as a hope was expressed that one or both of these gentlemen might soon appear amongst us, most of the company lingered in the reasonable expectation of seeing Dr. Sam — we ourselves, on the slender chance of seeing Mr. Bobus. Many of our junior readers, who cannot count back far beyond the year in question, (1812,) are likely to be much at a loss for the particular kind of celebrity, which illustrated a name so little known to fame in these present days, as this of Bobus Smith. We interrupt, therefore, our little anecdote of Dr. Parr, with the slightest outline of Mr. Smith's story and his pretensions.

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Bobus, then, (who drew his nickname, we conjecture, though the *o* was pronounced long, from subscribing the abbreviated form of *Bob*^{us}, for his full name *Robertus*) — a brother of the Rev. Sydney Smith, who now reposes from his jovial labors in the Edinburgh Review, upon the bosom of some luxurious English Archdeaconry, — had first brought himself into great notice at Cambridge by various specimens of Latin verse, in the Archaic style of Lucretius. These we have sought for in vain; and, indeed, it appears from a letter of Mr. Smith's to Dr. Parr, that the author himself has retained no copies. These Latin verses, however, were but bagatelles of sport. Mr. Smith's serious efforts were directed to loftier objects. We had been told, as early as 1806, (how truly we cannot say,) that Mr. Bobus had publicly avowed his determination of first creating an ample fortune in India, and then returning home to seize the post of Prime Minister, as it were by storm; not that he could be supposed ignorant, how indispensable it is in ordinary cases, that good fortune, as well as splendid connections, should concur with commanding talents, to such a result. But a condition, which for other men might be a *sine quâ non*, for himself he ventured to waive, in the audacity, said our informant, of conscious intellectual supremacy. So at least the story went. And for some years, those who had heard it continued to throw anxious gazes towards the Eastern climes, which detained her destined premier from England. At length came a letter from Mr. Bobus, saying, 'I'm coming.' The fortune was made; so much, at least, of the Cambridge menace had been fulfilled; and in due time Bobus arrived. He took the necessary steps

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for prosecuting his self-created mission: he caused himself to be returned to Parliament for some close borough: he took his seat: on a fitting occasion he prepared to utter his maiden oration: for that purpose he raised himself bolt-upright upon his pins: all the world was hushed and on tiptoe when it was known that Bobus was on his legs: you might have heard a pin drop. At this critical moment of his life, upon which as it turned out, all his vast cloud-built fabrics of ambition were suspended, when, if ever, he was called upon to rally, and converge all his energies, suddenly his presence of mind forsook him: he faltered: rudder and compass slipped away from him: and — oh! Castor and Pollux! — Bobus foundered! nor, from that day to this, has he been heard of in the courts of ambition. This catastrophe had occurred some time before the present occasion; and an event which had entirely extinguished the world's interest in Mr. Bobus Smith had more than doubled ours. Consequently we waited with much solicitude. At length the door opened; which recalls us from our digression into the high road of our theme: for not Mr. Bobus Smith, but Dr. Parr entered.

Nobody announced him; and we were left to collect his name from his dress and his conversation. Hence it happened, that for some time we were disposed to question ourselves whether this might not be Mr. Bobus even, (little as it could be supposed to resemble him,) rather than Dr. Parr, so much did he contradict all our rational preconceptions. 'A man,' said we, 'who has insulted people so outrageously, ought not to have done this in single reliance upon his professional protections; a brave man, and a man of honor,

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would here have carried about with him, in his manner and deportment, some such language as this, — "Do not think that I shelter myself under my gown from the natural consequences of the affronts I offer; mortal combats I am forbidden, sir, as a Christian minister, to engage in; but, as I find it impossible to refrain from occasional license of tongue, I am very willing to fight a few rounds, in a ring, with any gentleman who fancies himself ill-used." ' Let us not be misunderstood; we do not contend that Dr. Parr should often, or regularly, have offered this species of satisfaction. But we *do* insist upon it — that no man should have given the very highest sort of provocation so wantonly as Dr. Parr is recorded to have done, unless conscious that, in a last extremity, he was ready, like a brave man, to undertake a short turn-up, in a private room, with any person whatsoever whom he had insulted past endurance. A doctor, who had so often tempted a cudgelling, ought himself to have had some ability to cudgel. Dr. Johnson assuredly would have acted on that principle. Had volume the second of that same folio with which he floored Osborn, happened to lie ready to the prostrate man's grasp, nobody can suppose that Johnson would have gainsaid his right to retaliate; in which case, a regular succession of rounds would have been established. Considerations such as these, and the Doctor's undeniable reputation (granted even by his most admiring biographers) as a sanguinary flagellator, throughout his long career of pedagogue, had prepared us — nay, entitled us — to expect in Dr. Parr a huge carcass of man, fourteen stone at the least. Even his style, pursy and bloated, and his sesquipedalian words, all warranted the same conclusion. Hence,

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then, our surprise, and the perplexity we have recorded, when the door opened, and a little man, in a a buz wig, cut his way through the company, and made for a *fauteuil* standing opposite to the fire. Into this he *lunged;* and then forthwith, without preface or apology, began to open his talk upon us. Here arose a new marvel and a greater. If we had been scandalized at Dr. Parr's want of thewes and bulk, conditions so indispensable for enacting the part of Sam. Johnson, much more, and with better reason, were we now petrified with his voice, utterance, gestures, and demeanor. Conceive, reader, by way of counterpoise to the fine[2] enunciation of Dr. Johnson, an infantine lisp — the worst we ever heard — from the lips of a man above sixty, and accompanied with all sorts of ridiculous grimaces and little stage gesticulations. As he sat in his chair, turning alternately to the right and to the left, that he might dispense his edification in equal proportions amongst us, he seemed the very image of a little French gossiping abbé.

Yet all that we have mentioned, was, and seemed to be, a trifle by comparison with the infinite pettiness of his matter. Nothing did he utter but little shreds of calumnious tattle — the most ineffably silly and frivolous of all that was then circulating in the Whig *salons* of London against the Regent. He began precisely in these words: 'Oh! I shall tell you' (laying a stress upon the word *shall*, which still further aided the resemblance to a Frenchman) 'a sto-hee' (lispingly for story) 'about the Pince Thegent' (such was his nearest approximation to *Prince Regent.*) 'Oh, the Pince Thegent — the Pince Thegent! — what a sad, sad man he has turned out? But you *shall* hear. Oh! what a

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Pince! what a Thegent! — what a sad Pince Thegent!' And so the old babbler went on, sometimes wringing his little hands in lamentation, sometimes flourishing them with French grimaces and shrugs of shoulders, sometimes expanding and contracting his fingers like a fan. After an hour's twaddle of the lowest and most scandalous description, suddenly he rose and hopped out of the room, exclaiming all the way, '*Oh! what a Pince, oh, what a Thegent, — did anybody ever hear of such a sad Pince — such a sad Thegent, such a sad, sad Pince Thegent? Oh, what a Pince,*' &c., *da capo.*

Not without indignation did we exclaim to ourselves, on this winding up of the scene, 'And so that then, that lithping slander-monger, and retailer of petty scandal and gossip, fit rather for washerwomen over their tea, than for scholars and statesmen, is the champion whom his party propound as the adequate antagonist of Samuel Johnson! Faugh!'——— We had occasion, in this instance, as in so many others which we have witnessed, to remark the conflict between the natural and the artificial (or adopted) opinions of the world, and the practical triumph of the first. A crowd of ladies were present: most of them had been taught to believe that Dr. Parr was a prodigious scholar, and in some mysterious way, and upon something not exactly known or understood except by learned men, a great authority, and, at all events, what is called — *a public character.* Accordingly, upon his first entrance, all of them were awed — deep silence prevailed — and the hush of indefinite expectation. Two minutes dispersed that feeling; the Doctor spoke, and the spell was broken. Still, however, and long afterwards, some of

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them, to our own knowledge, continued to say — 'We suppose' (or, 'we have been told') 'that Dr. Parr is the modern Johnson.' Their artificial judgments clung to them after they had *evidently* given way, by a spontaneous movement of the whole company, to the natural impression of Dr. Parr's conversation. For no sooner was the style and tendency of Dr. Parr's gossip apparent, than a large majority of those present formed themselves into little parties, entered upon their own affairs, and, by a tacit convention, agreed to consider the Doctor as addressing himself exclusively to the lady of the house and her immediate circle. Had Sam. Johnson been the talker, nobody would have presumed to do this; secondly, nobody, out of regard to his own reputation, would have been so indiscreet as to do this; he would not have acknowledged weariness had he felt it; but, lastly, nobody would have wished to do this: weariness was impossible in the presence of Sam. Johnson. Neither let it be said, that perhaps the ladies present were unintellectual, and careless of a scholar's conversation. They were not so: some were distinguished for ability — all were more or less tinctured with literature. And we can undertake to say, that any man of tolerable colloquial powers, speaking upon a proper topic, would have commanded the readiest attention. As it was, every one felt, (if she did not even whisper to her neighbor,) 'Here, at least, is nothing to be learned.'

Such was our first interview with Dr. Parr; such its issue. And now let us explain our drift in thus detailing its circumstances. Some people will say, the drift was doubtless to exhibit Dr. Parr in a disadvantageous light — as a petty gossiper, and a man of mean per-

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sonal appearance. No; by no means. Far from it. We have a mean personal appearance ourselves; and we love men of mean appearance. Having one spur more than other men to seek distinction in those paths where nature has not obstructed them, they have one additional chance (and a great one) for giving an extended development to their intellectual powers. Many a man has risen to eminence under the powerful reaction of his mind in fierce counter-agency to the scorn of the unworthy, daily evoked by his personal defects, who with a handsome person would have sunk into the luxury of a careless life under the tranquillizing smiles of continual admiration. Dr. Parr, therefore, lost nothing in *our* esteem by showing a meanish exterior. Yet even this was worth mentioning, and had a value in reference to our present purpose. We like Dr. Parr: we may say even, that we love him for some noble qualities of heart that really *did* belong to him, and were continually breaking out in the midst of his singular infirmities. But this, or even a still nobler moral character than Dr. Parr's, can offer no excuse for giving a false elevation to his intellectual pretensions, and raising him to a level which he will be found incapable of keeping when the props of partial friendship are withdrawn. Our object is to value Dr. Parr's claims, and to assign his true station both in literature and in those other walks of life upon which he has come forward as a public man. With such a purpose before us, it cannot be wholly irrelevant to notice even Dr. Parr's person, and to say, that it was at once coarse, and in some degree mean; for his too friendly biographers have repeatedly described his personal appearance in flattering terms, and more than once have

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expressly characterized it as 'dignified;' which it was *not*, according to any possible standard of dignity, but far otherwise; and it is a good inference from such a misstatement to others of more consequence. His person was poor; and his features were those of a clown — coarse, and ignoble, with an air, at the same time, of drollery, that did not sit well upon age, or the gravity of his profession. Upon one feature, indeed, Dr. Parr valued himself exceedingly; this was his eye: he fancied that it was peculiarly searching and significant: he conceited, even, that it frightened people; and had a particular form of words for expressing the severe use of this basilisk function: 'I *inflicted* my eye upon him,' was his phrase in such cases.[3] But the thing was all a mistake: his eye could be borne very well: there was no mischief in it. Doubtless, when a nervous gentleman, in a pulpit, who was generally the subject of these inflictions, saw a comical looking old man, from below, levelling one eye at him, with as knowing an expression as he could throw into it, — mere perplexity as to the motive and proper construction of so unseasonable a personality might flutter his spirits; and to the vain, misjudging operator below, might distort this equivocal confusion, arising out of blank ignorance of his meaning, into the language of a conscious and confessing culprit. Explanations, in the nature of the thing, would be of rare occurrence: for some would not condescend to complain; and others would feel that the insult, unless it was for the intention, had scarcely body enough and tangible shape to challenge inquiry. They would anticipate, that the same man, who, in so solemn a situation as that between a congregation and their pastor, could offer such

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an affront, would be apt to throw a fresh ridicule upon the complaint itself, by saying — 'Fix my eye upon you, did I? Why, that's all my eye with a vengeance. Look at you, did I? Well, sir, a cat may look at a king.' This said in a tone of sneer: and then, with sneer and strut at once, 'I trust, sir, — humbly, I take leave to suppose, sir, that Dr. Parr is not so obscure a person, not so wholly unknown in this sublunary world, but he may have license to look even at as great a man as the Reverend Mr. So-and-so.' And thus the worthy doctor would persevere in his mistake, that he carried about with him, in his very homely collection of features, an organ of singular power and effect for detecting hidden guilt.

A mistake at all events it was; and his biographers have gone into it as largely under the delusions of friendship, as he under the delusions of vanity. On this, therefore, we ground what seems a fair inference — that, if in matters so plain and palpable as the character of a man's person, and the expression of his features, it has been possible for his friends to fall into gross errors and exaggerations, much more may we count upon such fallacies of appreciation in dealing with the subtler qualities of his intellect, and his less determinable pretensions as a scholar. Hence we have noticed these lower and trivial misrepresentations as presumptions with the reader, in aid of our present purpose, for suspecting more weighty instances of the same exaggerating spirit. The *animus*, which prompted so unserviceable a falsification of the real case, is not likely to have hesitated in coming upon ground more important to Dr. Parr's reputation, and at the same time, much more susceptible of a sincere latitude of

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appraisement, even amongst the neutral. It is so with a view to a revision of too partial an adjudication, that we now institute this inquiry. We call the whole estimates to a new audit; and submit the claims of Dr. Parr to a more equitable tribunal. Our object, we repeat, is — to assign him his true place, as it will hereafter be finally assigned in the next, or more neutral generation. We would anticipate the award of posterity; and it is no fault of ours, that, in doing so, it will be necessary to hand the doctor down from that throne in the cathedral of English clerical merit, on which the intemperate zeal of his friends has seated him for the moment, into some humble prebendal stall. Far more agreeable it would naturally have been to assist in raising a man unjustly depreciated, than to undertake an office generally so ungracious as that of repressing the presumptuous enthusiasm of partisans, where it may *seem* to have come forward, with whatever exaggerations, yet still in a service of disinterested friendship, and on behalf of a man who, after all, was undeniably clever, and, in a limited sense, learned. The disinterestedness, however, of that admiration which has gathered about Dr. Parr is not so genuine as it may appear. His biographers (be it recollected) are bigots, who serve their superstition in varnishing their idol: they are Whigs, who miss no opportunity of undervaluing Tories and their cause: they are Dissenters, who value their theme quite as much for the collateral purpose which it favors of attacking the Church of England, as for its direct and avowed one of lauding Dr. Parr. Moreover, in the letters (which, in the undigested chaos of Dr. Johnstone's collection, form three volumes out of eight) Dr. Parr himself ob-

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tains a mischievous power, which, in a more regular form of composition, he would not have possessed, and which, as an honest man, we must presume that he would not have desired. Letters addressed to private correspondents, and only by accident reaching the press, have all the license of private conversation. Most of us, perhaps, send a little treason or so at odd times through the post-office; and as to *scand. magn.*, especially at those unhappy (luckily rare) periods when Whigs are in power, if all letters are like our own, the Attorney-General would find practice for a century in each separate day's correspondence. In all this there is no blame. *Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.* But publication is another thing. Rash insinuations, judgments of *ultra* violence, injurious anecdotes of loose or no authority, and paradoxes sportively maintained in the certainty of a benignant construction on the part of the individual correspondent — all these, when printed, become armed, according to circumstances of time and person, with the power of extensive mischief. It is undeniable, that through Dr. Parr's published letters are scattered some scores of passages, which, had he been alive, or had they been brought forward in a direct and formal address to the public, would have called forth indignant replies of vehement expostulation or blank contradiction. And many even of his more general comments on political affairs, or on the events and characters of his times, would have been overlooked only upon the consideration that the place which he occupied, in life or in literature, was not such as to aid him in giving effect to his opinions.

In many of these cases, as we have said already, the

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writer had a title to allowance, which those who publish his letters have *not*. But there are other cases which call for as little indulgence to him as to them. In some of his political intemperances, he may be considered as under a twofold privilege: first, of place — since, as a *private* letter-writer, he must be held as within the protection and the license of his own fireside; secondly, of time — since, on a general rule of construction, it may be assumed that such communications are not deliberate, but thrown off on the spur of the occasion: that they express, therefore, not a man's settled and abiding convictions, but the first momentary impulses of his passion or his humor. But in many of his malicious sarcasms, and disparaging judgments, upon contemporaries who might be regarded, in some measure, as competitors with himself, either for the prizes of clerical life, or for public estimation, Dr. Parr could take no benefit by this liberal construction. The sentiments he avowed in various cases of this description were not in any respect hasty or unconsidered ebullitions of momentary feeling. They grew out of no sudden *occasions;* they were not the product of accident. This is evident; because uniformly, and as often almost as he either spoke or wrote upon the persons in question, he gave vent to the same bilious jealousy in sneers or libels of one uniform character; and, if he forbore to do this in his open and avowed publications, the fair inference is, that his fears or his interest restrained him; since it is notorious, from the general evidence of his letters and his conversation, that none of those whom he viewed with these jealous feelings could believe that they owed anything to his courtesy or his moderation.

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For example, and just to illustrate our meaning, in what terms did he speak and write of the very eminent Dean of Carlisle, and head of Queen's College, Cambridge — the late Dr. Isaac Milner? How did he treat Bishop Herbert Marsh? How, again, the illustrious Bishop Horsley? All of them, we answer, with unprovoked and slanderous scurrility; not one had offered him any slight or offence, — all were persons of gentlemanly bearing, though the last (it is true) had shown some rough play to one of Parr's pet heresiarchs, — all of them were entitled to his respect by attainments greatly superior to his own, — and all of them were more favorably known to the world than himself, by useful contributions to science, or theologic learning. Dean Milner had ruined his own activities by eating opium; and he is known, we believe, by little more than his continuation of the Ecclesiastical History, originally undertaken by his brother Joseph, and the papers which he contributed to the London Philosophical Transactions. But his researches and his accomplishments were of wonderful extent; and his conversation is still remembered by multitudes for its remarkable compass, and its almost Burkian[4] quality of elastic accommodation to the fluctuating accidents of the occasion. The Dean was not much in the world's eye: at intervals he was to be found at the tables of the great; more often he sought his ease and consolations in his honorable academic retreat. There he was the object of dislike to a particular intriguing *elique* that had the ear of Dr. Parr. He was also obnoxious to the great majority of mere worldlings, as one of those zealous Christians who are usually denominated *evangelical*, and by scoffers are called *the*

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saints; that is to say, in common with the Wilberforces, Thorntons, Hoares, Elliots, Babingtons, Gisbornes, &c., and many thousands of less distinguished persons in and out of Parliament, — Dean Milner assigned a peculiar emphasis, and a more significant interpretation, to those doctrines of original sin, the terms upon which redemption is offered — regeneration, sanctification, &c. which have the appearance of being the *characteristic* and peculiar parts in the Christian economy. Whether otherwise wrong or right in these views, it strikes us poor lay critics (who pretend to no authoritative knowledge on these great mysteries), that those, who adopt them, have at all events, a *primâ facie* title to be considered less worldly, and more spiritual-minded, than the mass of mankind; and such a frame of mind is at least an argument of fitness for religious contemplations, in so far as temper is concerned, be the doctrinal (or merely intellectual) errors what they may. Consequently, for our own parts, humbly sensible as we are of our deficiencies in this great science of Christian philosophy, we could never at any time join in the unthinking ridicule which is scattered by the brilliant and the dull upon these peculiarities. Wheresoever, and whensoever, we must freely avow, that evidences of real non-conformity to the spirit of this impure earth of ours, command our unfeigned respect. But *that* was a thing which the worthy Dr. Parr could not abide. He loved no high or aerial standards in morals or in religion. Visionaries, who encouraged such notions, he viewed (to express it by a learned word) as ἀεροβατοῦντας, and as fit subjects for the chastisement of the secular arm. In fact, he would have persecuted a little upon *such* a

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provocation. On Mr. Pitt and the rest who joined in suspending the *Habeas Corpus* Act, Dr. Parr was wont to ejaculate his pastoral benediction in the following after-dinner toast — '*Qui suspenderunt, suspendantur !*' And afterwards upon occasion of the six bills provoked by the tumults at Manchester, Glasgow, &c., his fatherly blessing was daily uttered in this little fondling sentiment, — 'Bills for the throats of those who framed the bills?' On the same principle, he would have prayed fervently — had any Isaac Milner infested his parish — 'Let those who would exalt our ideals of Christianity, be speedily themselves exalted!' And therefore, if any man inquires upon what grounds it was that Dr. Parr hated with an intolerant hatred — scorned — and sharpened his gift of sneer upon — the late Dean of Carlisle — we have here told him 'the reason why;' and reason enough, we think, in all conscience. For be it known, that, over and above other weighty and obvious arguments for such views, Dr. Parr had a standing personal irritation connected with this subject — a continual 'thorn in the flesh' — in the relations subsisting between him and his principal, the incumbent of his own favorite and adopted parish. As the position of the parties were amusing to those who were in possession of the key to the right understanding of it, viz. a knowledge of their several views and opinions, we shall pause a moment to describe the circumstances of the case.

Dr. Parr, it is well known, spent a long period of his latter life at Hatton, a village in Warwickshire. The living of Hatton belonged to Dr. Bridges, who, many a long year ago, was well known in Oxford as one of the Fellows in the magnificently endowed col-

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lege of Magdalen; that is to say, Dr. Bridges was the incumbent at the time when some accident of church preferment brought Dr. Parr into that neighborhood. By an arrangement which we do not exactly understand, the two doctors, for their mutual convenience, exchanged parishes. We find it asserted by Dr. Johnstone, that on Dr. Parr's side the exchange originated in a spirit of obliging accommodation. It may be so. However, one pointed reservation was made by Dr. Bridges [whether in obedience to church discipline or to his private scruples of conscience — we cannot say] viz. — that, once in every year, (according to our remembrance, for a series of six consecutive Sundays,) he should undertake the pulpit duties of the church. On this scheme the two learned clerks built their *alterni fœdera regni;* and, like two buckets, the Drs. Bridges and Parr went up and down reciprocally for a long succession of years. The waters, however, which they brought up to the lips of their parishioners, were drawn from two different wells; for Dr. Bridges shared in the heresy of the Dean of Carlisle. Hence a system of energetic (on Dr. Parr's side, we may say — of fierce) mutual counteraction. Each, during his own reign, labored to efface all impressions of his rival. On Dr. Bridges's part, this was probably, in some measure, a necessity of conscience; for he looked upon his flock as ruined in spiritual health by the neglect and ignorance of their pastor. On Dr. Parr's, it was the mere bigotry of hatred, such as all schemes of teaching are fitted to provoke which appeal to a standard of ultra perfection, or exact any peculiar sanctity of life. Were Bridges right, in that case, it was clear that Parr was wrong by miserable defect.

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But, on the other hand, were Parr right, then Bridges was wrong only by superfluity and redundance. Such was the position, such the mutual aspects, of the two doctors. Parr's wrath waxed hotter and hotter. Had Dr. Bridges happened to be a vulgar sectarian, of narrow education, of low breeding, and without distinguished connections, — those *etesian* gales or annual monsoons, which brought in his periodical scourge, would have been hailed by Parr as the harbingers of a triumph in reversion. Yielding the pulpit to his rival for a few Sundays, he would have relied upon the taste of his parishioners for making the proper distinctions. He would have said, — 'You have all eyes and ears — you all know that fellow; you all know me: I need say no more. Pray, don't kick him when he comes again.' But this sort of contempt was out of the question, and that kindled his rage the more. Dr. Bridges was a man of fortune; travelled and accomplished; familiar with courts and the manners of courts. Even that intercourse with people of rank and fashion, which Parr so much cultivated in his latter years, and which, to his own conceit, placed him so much in advance of his own order, gave him no advantage over Dr. Bridges. True, the worthy fanatic (as some people called him) had planted himself in a house at Clifton near Bristol, and spent all his days in running up and down the lanes and alleys of that great city, carrying Christian instruction to the dens of squalid poverty, and raising the torch of spiritual light upon the lairs of dissolute wretchedness. But, in other respects, he was a man *comme il faut*. However his mornings might be spent, his *soirées* were elegant; and it was not a very unusual event to meet

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a prince or an ambassador at his parties. Hence, it became impossible to treat him as altogether abject, and a person of no social consideration. In that view, he was the better man of the two. And Parr's revenge, year after year, was baulked of its food. In this dilemma of impotent rage, what he could — he did! — And the scene was truly whimsical. Regularly as Dr. Bridges approached, Dr. Parr fled the country. As the wheels of Dr. Bridges were heard muttering in advance, Dr. Parr's wheels were heard groaning in retreat. And when the season of this annual affliction drew to a close, when the wrath of Providence was spent, and the church of Hatton passed from under the shadows of eclipse into renovated light, then did Dr. Parr — cautiously putting out his feelers to make sure that the enemy was gone — resume the spiritual sceptre. He congratulated his parish of Hatton that their trials were over; he performed classical *lustrations*, and Pagan rites of expiation; he circled the churchyard nine times *withershins* (or inverting the course of the sun); he fumigated the whole precincts of Hatton church with shag tobacco; and left no stone unturned to cleanse his little Warwickshire fold from its piacular pollution.

This anecdote illustrates Dr. Parr's temper. Mark, reader, his self-contradiction. He hated what he often called 'rampant orthodoxy,' and was never weary of running down those churchmen who thought it their duty to strengthen the gates of the English church against Popish superstitions and Popish corruptions on the one hand, or Socinianism on the other. Yet, let anything start up in the shape of zealous and fervid devotion — right or wrong — and let it threaten to

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displace his own lifeless scheme of ethics, or to give a shock of galvanism to his weekly paralytic exhortations 'not upon any account or consideration whatsoever to act *improperly* or in opposition to the dictates of reason, decorum, and prudence;' let but a scintillation appear of opposition in that shape, and who so ready to persecute as Dr. Parr? Fanaticism, he would tell us, was what he could not bear; fanaticism must be put down: the rights of the church must be supported with rigor; if needful, even with severity. He was also a great patron of the church as against laymen; of the parson as against the churchwarden; of the rector's right to graze his horse upon the graves; of the awful obligation upon his conscience to allow of no disrespectable, darned, or ill-washed surplice; of the solemn responsibility which he had undertaken in the face of his country to suffer no bell-ringing except in canonical hours; to enforce the decalogue, and also the rubric: to obey his ecclesiastical superiors within the hours of divine service; and finally, to read all proclamations or other state documents sent to him by authority, with the most dutiful submission, simply reserving to himself the right of making them as ridiculous as possible by his emphasis and cadence.[5] In this fashion Dr. Parr manifested his reverence for the church establishment; and for these great objects it seemed to him lawful to persecute. But as to purity of doctrine, zeal, primitive devotion, the ancient faith as we received it from our fathers, or any service pretending to be more than lip service, for all such questionable matters it was incumbent upon us to show the utmost liberality of indifference on the most modern and showy pattern, and, except for Popery, to rely

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upon Bishop Hoadly. This explanation was necessary to make the anecdote of Dr. Bridges fully intelligible; and that anecdote was necessary to explain the many scornful allusions to that reverend gentleman, which the reader will find in Dr. Johnstone's collection of letters; but above all, it was necessary for the purpose of putting him in possession of Dr. Parr's character and position as a member of the Church of England.

To return from this digression into the track of our speculations, Dean Milner and Dr. Bridges stood upon the same ground in Dr. Parr's displeasure. Their offence was the same: their criminality perhaps equal: and it was obviously of a kind that, for example's sake, ought not to be overlooked. But Herbert Marsh was not implicated in their atrocities. No charge of that nature was ever preferred against *him*. His merits were of a different order; and confining our remarks to his *original* merit, and that which perhaps exclusively drew upon him the notice of Mr. Pitt's government, not so strictly clerical. His earliest public service was, his elaborate statement of the regal conferences at Pilnitz, and his consequent justification of this country in the eyes of Europe, on the question then pending between her and the French Republic, with which party lay the *onus* of first virtual aggression, and with which therefore, by implication, the awful responsibility for that deluge of blood and carnage which followed. This service Herbert Marsh performed in a manner to efface the remembrance of all former attempts. His next service was more in the character of his profession — he introduced his country to the very original labors in theology of the learned Michaelis, and he expanded the compass and

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value of these labors by his own exertions. Patriots, men even with the feeblest sense of patriotism, have felt grateful to Dr. Marsh for having exonerated England from the infinite guilt of creating a state of war lightly — upon a weak motive — upon an unconsidered motive — or indeed upon any motive or reason whatsoever; for a reason supposes choice and election of the judgment, and choice there can be none without an acknowledged alternative. Now it was the triumphant result of Dr. Marsh's labors, that alternative there was practically none, under the actual circumstances, for Great Britain; and that war was the mere injunction of a flagrant necessity, coupling the insults and the menaces of France with what are now known to have been the designs, and indeed the momentary interests, of the predominant factions at that epoch. Herbert Marsh has satisfied everybody almost but the bigots, (if any now survive,) of Jacobinism as it raged in 1792 and 1793, when it held its horrid Sabbaths over the altar and the throne, and deluged the scaffolds with innocent blood. All but those he has satisfied. Has he satisfied Dr. Parr? No. Yet the Doctor was in absolute frenzy of horror, grief, and indignation, when Louis XVI. was murdered. And, therefore, if the shedding of what he allowed to be most innocent blood could justify a war, and the refusal of all intercourse but the intercourse of vengeance with those who, at that period, ruled the scaffold, then in that one act (had there even been wanting that world of weightier and prospective matter, which did in fact impel the belligerents) Dr. Parr ought in reason to have found a sufficient justification of war. And so perhaps he would. But *Dîs aliter*

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visum est; and his *Dî* and *Dî majorum gentium* — paramount to reason, conscience, or even to discretion, unless such as was merely selfish, were the Parliamentary leaders from whom he expected a bishopric, (and would very possibly have got it, had some of them lived a little longer in the first decade of this century, or he himself lived to the end of this present decade.[6]) Hence it does not much surprise us, that, in spite of his natural and creditable horror, on hearing of the fate of the French king, he relapsed into Jacobinism so fierce, that two years after a friend, by way of agreeable flattery, compliments him as being only '*half* a *sanscullotte;*' a compliment, however, which he doubtless founded more upon his confidence in Dr. Parr's original goodness of heart, and the almost inevitable contagion of English society, than on any warrant which the Doctor had yet given him by words or by acts, or any presumption even which he was able to specify, for so advantageous an opinion. Well, therefore, might Herbert Marsh displease Dr. Parr. He was a Tory, and the open antagonist of those by whom only the fortunes of *sanscullottes*, thorough-bred or half-bred, had any chance of thriving; and he had exposed the hollowness of that cause to which the Doctor was in a measure sold.

As to Horsley, his whole life, as a man of letters and a politician, must have won him the tribute of Dr. Parr's fear and hatred; a tribute which he paid as duly as his assessed taxes. Publicly indeed, he durst not touch him; for the horrid scourge which Horsley had wielded at one time, in questions of scholarship and orthodoxy, still resounded in his ears. But in his letters and conversation, Dr. Parr fretted forever at his

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eminence, and eyed him grudgingly and malignly; and those among his correspondents, who were not too generous and noble-minded to pay their court through his weaknesses, evidently were aware that a sneer at Bishop Horsley was as welcome as a basket of game. Sneers, indeed, were not the worst: there are to be found in Dr. Parr's correspondence some dark insinuations, apparently pointed at Horsley, which involve a sort of charges that should never be thrown out against any man without the accompaniment of positive attestations. What may have been the tenor of that bishop's life and conversation, we do not take upon us to say. It is little probable, at this time of day, under the censorious vigilance of so many unfriendly eyes, and in a nation where even the persons upon the *judicial* bench exhibit in their private lives almost a sanctity of deportment, that a dignitary of the English Church will err by any scandalous immorality. Be that however as it may, and confining our view to Horsley in his literary character, we must say, that he is far beyond the reach of Dr. Parr's hostility. His writings are generally excellent: as a polemic and a champion of his own church, he is above the competition of any modern divine. As a theologian, he reconciles the nearly contradictory merits of novelty and originality with well-meditated orthodoxy: and we may venture to assert, that his *Sermons* produced the greatest impression, and what the newspapers call 'sensation,' of any English book of pure divinity, for the last century. In saying this we do not speak of the sale; what that might be, we know not; we speak of the strength of the impression diffused through the upper circles, as apparent in the reverential terms, which, after the appearance of

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that work, universally marked the sense of cultivated men in speaking of Bishop Horsley — even of those who had previously viewed him with some dislike in his character of controversialist. Let the two men be compared; not the veriest bigot amongst the Dissenters, however much he would naturally prefer as a companion, or as a subject for eulogy, that man who betrayed[7] the interests of his own church to him who was its column of support and ornament, could have the hardihood to insinuate that Dr. Horsley was properly, or becomingly, a mark for the scurrilities of Dr. Parr. In what falls within the peculiar province of a schoolmaster, we think it probable (to make every allowance which candor and the simplicity of truth demand) that Dr. Parr had that superior accuracy which is maintained by the practice of teaching. In general reach and compass of intellect, in theology, in those mixed branches of speculative research which belong equally to divinity and to metaphysics, (as in the Platonic philosophy, and all which bears upon the profound doctrine of the Trinity,) or (to express the matter by a single word) in philosophic scholarship, and generally in vigor of style and thought, we suppose Horsley to have had, in the eyes of the public, no less than in the reality of the case, so prodigiously the advantage, that none but a sycophant, or a false friend, would think of suggesting seriously a comparison so disadvantageous to Dr. Parr. But at all events, let the *relations* of merit be what they may in Horsley, certainly his absolute merit is unquestionable; and the continued insults of Dr. Parr are insufferable.

Upon these flagrant justifications, individual attacks past counting, besides a general *system* of disparagement

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and contumely towards the most distinguished pretensions in church and state, unless ranged on the side of the Whigs, or even if presuming to pause upon those extremities which produced a schism in the Whig club itself, we stand for a sufficient apology in pressing the matter strongly against Dr. Parr. A rejoinder on *our* side has in it something of vindictive justice. Tories, and not Tories only, but all who resist anarchists, (for that Dr. Parr did not blazon himself in that character, was due to the lucky accident which saved him from any distressing opportunities of *acting* upon his crazy speculations,) have an interest in depressing to their proper level those who make a handle of literature for insidious party purposes, polluting its amenities with the angry passions proper to our civil dissensions, and abusing the good nature with which we Tories are always ready to welcome literary merit, without consideration of politics, and to smile upon talent though in the ranks of our antagonists. The Whigs are once more becoming powerful, and we must now look more jealously to our liberalities. Whigs are not the kind of people to be trusted with improper concessions: Whigs 'rampant,' (to use Dr. Parr's word,) still less. Had Dr. Parr been alive at this hour, he would have stood fair for the first archbishopric vacant; for we take it for granted that the Duke of Wellington, according to his peculiar system of tactics, would long ere now have made him a bishop. Let us therefore appraise Dr. Parr; and to do this satisfactorily, let us pursue him through his three characters, the triple *role* which he supported in life — of Whig politician; secondly, of scholar, (or, expressing our meaning in its widest extent, of literary man;) and finally of theologian.

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These questions we shall discuss in a separate paper; and, from the many personal notices which such a discussion will involve, and the great range of literary topics which it will oblige us to traverse, we may hope to make it not unamusing to our readers. There are, in every populous community, many different strata of society, that lie in darkness, as it were, to each other, from mere defect of mutual intercourse; and in the literary world there are many chambers that have absolutely no communication. Afterwards, when twenty — thirty — sixty years have passed away — by means of posthumous memoirs, letters, anecdotes, and other literary records — they are all brought in a manner face to face; and we, their posterity, first see them as making up a whole, of which they themselves were imperfectly conscious. Every year makes further disclosures; and thus a paradox is realized — that the more we are removed from personal connection with a past age of literature, the better we know it. Making Dr. Parr for the moment a central figure to our groups, we shall have it in our power to bring upon the stage many of the persons who figured in that age as statesmen, or leaders in political warfare; and most of those who played a part, prominent or subordinate, in literature; or who conspicuously filled a place amongst the civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries of the state.

Meantime, as an appropriate close to this preliminary paper, we shall put a question — and, in a cursory way, we shall discuss the proper answer to it — upon Dr. Parr as a man of the world, and ambitious candidate for worldly distinctions; in short, as the architect of his fortunes. Was he, in this light, an able and successful man? Or, separating the two parts of that

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question which do not *always* proceed concurrently, if he were not successful in a degree corresponding to his own wishes and the expectations of his friends, if it is notorious that he missed of attaining those prizes which he never hesitated to avow as the objects that stimulated his ambition, in what degree are we to ascribe his failure to want of talent, to misdirection of his talent, to a scrupulous and fastidious integrity, to the injustice of his superiors, or, finally, to mere accidents of ill luck? One man in each ten thousand comes into this world, according to the homely saying, 'with a silver spoon in his mouth;' but most of us have a fortune to make — a station to create. And the most general expression, by far the most absolute and final test, of the degrees in which men differ as to energy and ability, is to be found in the large varieties of success which they exhibit in executing this universal object. Taking life as a whole, luck has but little sway in controlling its arrangements. Good sense and perseverance, prudence and energy, these are the fatal deities that domineer over the stars and their aspects. And when a man's coffin knocks at the gates of the tomb, it is a question not unimportant, among other and greater questions, What was he on beginning life, what is he now? Though in this, as in other things, it is possible to proceed in a spirit of excess, still, within proper restrictions, it is one even of a man's moral obligations, to contend strenuously for his own advancement in life; and, as it furnishes, at the same time, a criterion as little ambiguous as any for his intellectual merits, few single questions can be proposed so interesting to a man's reputation, as that which demands the amount of his success in playing

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for the great stakes of his profession or his trade. What, then, was the success of Dr. Parr?

The prizes which the Doctor set before his eyes from his earliest days, were not very lofty, but they were laudable; and he avowed them with a *naïveté* that was amusing, and a frankness that availed at least to acquit him of hypocrisy. They were two — a mitre and a coach-and-four. 'I am not accustomed,' says he, (writing to an Irish bishop,) 'to dissemble the wishes I once had' [this was in 1807, and he then had them more than ever] 'of arriving at the profits and splendor of the prelacy, or the claims to them which I believe myself to possess. The bishopric he did not get; there he failed. For the coach-and-four, he was more fortunate. At the very latest period of his life, when the shades of death were fast gathering about him, he found himself able to indulge in this luxury — and, as his time was obviously short, he wisely resolved to make the most of it; and upon any or no excuse, the Doctor was to be seen flying over the land at full gallop, and scouring town and country with four clerical-looking long-tailed horses. We believe he even meditated a medal, commemorating his first ovation by a faithful portrait of the coach and his own episcopal wig in their meridian pomp; he was to have been represented in the act of looking out of the window, and 'inflicting his eye' upon some hostile parson picking his way through the mud on foot. On the whole, we really rejoice that the Doctor got his coach and his four resounding coursers. The occasional crack of the whip must have sounded pleasantly in his ears at a period when he himself had ceased to operate with that weapon — when he was no more than an *emeritus* pro-

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fessor and μαζιγοφρος no longer. So far was well; but still, we ask, how came it that his coach panels wanted their appropriate heraldic decoration? How was it that he missed the mitre? — Late in life, we find him characterizing himself as an 'unpreferred, calumniated, half-starving country parson;' no part of which, indeed, was true; but yet, we demand, — How was it that any colorable plea existed, at that time of his career, to give one moment's plausibility to such an exaggeration? Let us consider.

Dr. Parr was the son of a country practitioner in the humbler departments of medicine. Parr, senior, practised as a surgeon, apothecary, and accoucheur. From him, therefore, his son could expect little assistance in his views of personal aggrandizement. But *that* was not necessary. An excellent Latin scholar, and a man who brought the rare sanction (sanctification — we were going to say) of clerical co-operation and countenance to so graceless and reprobate a party as the Whigs, who had scarcely a professional friend to say grace at their *symposia*, must, with any reasonable discretion in the conduct of his life, have been by much too valuable an article on the Whig establishment to run any risk of neglect. The single clerk, the one sole *reverend* man of letters, who was borne upon their books, must have had a priceless value in the eyes of that faction — when 'taking stock,' and estimating their alliances. To them he must have been what the *Emperor of Morocco* is to the collector of butterflies. To have lost this value, to have forfeited his hold upon their gratitude, and actually to have depreciated as he grew older, and better known to the world, implies too significantly some gross mis-

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conduct, or some rueful indiscretions. The truth is this; and for Parr's own honor, lest worst things should be thought of him than the case really warrants, his friends ought to make it known — though a man of integrity, he could not be relied upon: in a muster of forces, he was one of the few that never could be absolutely reckoned and made sure of. Neither did his scruples obey any known law: he could swallow a camel, and strain at a gnat, and his caprice was of the most dangerous kind; not a woman's caprice, which is the mere mantling of levity, and readily enough obeys any fresh impulse, which it is easy to apply in an opposite direction. Dr. Parr's caprices grew upon another stock; they were the fitful outbreaks of steady, mulish wrong-headedness. This was a constitutional taint, for which he was indebted to the accoucheur. Had the father's infirmity reached Dr. Parr in his worldly career, merely in that blank neutral character, and affected his fortunes through that pure negative position of confessed incapacity to help him, which is the whole extent of disastrous influence that the biographical records ascribe to him — all would have been well. But the old mule overruled his son to the end of his long life, and controlled his reiterated opportunities of a certain and brilliant success, by the hereditary taint in the blood which he transmitted to him, in more perhaps than its original strength. The true name for this infirmity is, in the vulgar dialect, *pig-headedness*. Stupid imperturbable adherence, deaf and blind, to some perverse view that abruptly thwarted and counteracted his party, making his friends stare, and his opponents laugh; in short, as we have said, pure pig-headedness, — *that* was the

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key to Dr. Parr's lingering preferment: and, we believe, upon a considerate view of his whole course, that he threw away ten times the amount of fortune, rank, splendor, and influence that he ever obtained; and with no countervailing indemnity from any moral reputation, such as would attend all consistent sacrifices to high-minded principle. No! on the contrary, with harsh opposition and irritating expressions of powerful disgust from friends in every quarter — all conscious that, in such instances of singularity, Dr. Parr was merely obeying a demon, that now and then mastered him, of wayward, restive, moody self-conceit, and the blind spirit of contradiction. Most of us know a little of such men, and occasionally suffer by such men in the private affairs of life — men that are unusually jealous of slights, or insufficient acknowledgments of their personal claims and consequence: they require to be courted, petted, caressed: they refuse to be compromised or *committed* by the general acts of their party; no, they must be specially consulted; else they read a lesson to the whole party on their error, by some shocking and revolting act of sudden desertion, which, from a person of different character, would have been considered perfidy. Dr. Johnstone himself admits, that Parr was 'jealous of attention, and indignant at neglect;' and on one occasion endeavors to explain a transaction of his life, by supposing that he may have been 'hurried away by one of those torrents of passion, of which there are too many instances in *his* life.'[8] Of the father, Parr obstretrical, the same indulgent biographer remarks, (p. 10,) that he was 'distinguished by the rectitude of his principles;' and, in another place, (p. 21,) he

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pronounces him, in summing up his character, to have been 'an honest, well-meaning Tory;' but, at the same time, confesses him to have been 'the petty tyrant of his fireside,' — an amiable little feature of character, that would go far to convince his own family, that 'rectitude of principles' was not altogether incompatible with the practice of a ruffian.

Tory, however, Parr, senior, was *not:* he was a Jacobite, probably for the gratification of his spleen, and upon a conceit that this arrayed him in a distinct personal contest with the House of Hanover; whereas, once confounded amongst the prevailing party of friends to that interest, as a man-midwife, he could hardly hope to win the notice of his Britannic Majesty. His faction, however, being beaten to their heart's content, and his own fortune all going overboard in the storm, he suddenly made a bolt to the very opposite party: he ratted to the red-hot Whigs: and the circumstances of the case, which are as we have here stated them, hardly warrant us in putting a very favorable construction upon his motives. As was the father, so was the son: the same right of rebellion reserved to himself, whether otherwise professing himself Jacobite or Whig; the same peremptory duty of passive obedience for those of his household; the same hot intemperances in politics; the same disdain of accountableness to his party leaders; and, finally, the same 'petty tyranny of the fireside.' This last is a point on which all the biographers are agreed: they all record the uncontrollable ill temper and hasty violence of Dr. Parr within his domestic circle. And one anecdote, illustrating his intemperance, we can add ourselves. On one occasion, rising up from table,

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in the middle of a fierce discussion with Mrs. Parr, he took a carving knife, and applying it to a portrait of that lady hanging upon the wall, he drew it sharply across the jugular, and cut the throat of the picture from ear to ear, thus murdering her in effigy.

This view of Parr's intractable temper is necessary to understand his life, and in some measure to justify his friends. Though not (as he chose himself to express it, under a momentary sense of his slow progress in life, and the reluctant blossoming of his preferment) 'a half-starved parson,' yet most unquestionably he reaped nothing at all from his long attachment to Whiggery, by comparison with what he would have reaped had that attachment been more cordial and unbroken, and had he, in other respects, borne himself with more discretion; and above all, had he abstained from offensive personalities. This was a rock on which Parr often wrecked himself. Things, and principles, and existing establishments, might all have been attacked with even more virulence than he exhibited, had his furious passions allowed him to keep his hands off the persons of individuals. Here lay one class of the causes which retarded his promotion. Another was his unbecoming warfare upon his own church. 'I am sorry,' said one of his earliest, latest, and wisest friends, (Bishop Bennet,) — 'I am sorry you attack the church, for fear of consequences to your own advancement.' This was said in 1792. Six years after, the writer, who had a confidential post in the Irish government, and saw the dreadful crisis to which things were hurrying, found it necessary to break off all intercourse with Dr. Parr; so shocking to a man of principle was the careless levity with

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which this minister of peace, and his immediate associates, themselves in the bosom of security, amongst the woods of Warwickshire, scattered their firebrands of inflammatory language through the public, at a period of so much awful irritation. Afterwards, it is true, that when the Irish crisis had passed, and the rebellion was suppressed, his respect for Parr as a scholar led him to resume his correspondence. But he never altered his opinion of Parr as a politician; he viewed him as a man profoundly ignorant in politics; a mere Parson Adams in the knowledge of affairs, and the real springs of political action, or political influence; but unfortunately with all the bigotry and violent irritability that belong to the most excited and interested partisan; having the passions of the world united with the ignorance of the desert; coupling the simplicity of the dove with the fierce instincts of the serpent.

The events of his life moved under this unhappy influence. Leaving college prematurely upon the misfortune[9] of his father's death, he became an assistant at Harrow under the learned Dr. Sumner. About five years after, on Dr. Sumner's death, though manifestly too young for the situation, he entered into a warm contest for the vacant place of head-master. Notwithstanding the support of Lord Dartmouth and others, he lost it; and unfortunately for his peace of mind, though, as usual, he imagined all sorts of intrigues against himself, yet the pretensions of his competitor, Benjamin Heath, were such as to disabuse all the world of any delusive conceit, that justice had not been done. Parr, it must be remembered, then only twenty-five years old, had, in no single instance, distinguished himself; nor had he even fifty years after

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—no, nor at the day of his death — given any evidences to the world that he was comparable to Heath as a Grecian. The probable ground of Heath's success was a character better fitted to preside over a great school, (for even the too friendly biographers of Parr admit that he did not command the respect of the boys,) and his better established learning. Naturally enough, Parr was unwilling to admit these causes, so advantageous to his rival, as the true ones. What then, is *his* account of the matter? He says, that he lost the election by a vote which he had given to John Wilkes, in his contest for Middlesex. To John Wilkes — mark *that*, reader! Thus early had this 'gowned student' engaged his passions and his services in the interest of brawling, intriguing faction.

This plan failing, he set up a rival establishment in the neighborhood of Harrow, at Stanmore; and never certainly did so young a man, with so few of the ordinary gurantees to offer — that is to say, either property, experience, or connections — meet with such generous assistance. One friend lent him two thousand pounds at two per cent., though his security must obviously have been merely personal. Another lent him two hundred pounds without any interest at all. And many persons of station and influence, amongst whom was Lord Dartmouth, gave him a sort of countenance equally useful to his interests, by placing their sons under his care. All came to nothing, however; the establishment was knocked up, and clearly from gross defects of management. And, had his principal creditor pressed for repayment, or had he shown less than the most generous forbearance, which he continued through twenty-one years, (in fact until the repayment

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was accomplished without distress,) Parr must have been ruined; for in those days there was no merciful indulgence of the laws to hopeless insolvents; unless by the favor of their creditors, they were doomed to rot in prison. Now, in this one story we have two facts illustrated, bearing upon our present inquiry — first, the extraordinary good luck of Parr; secondly, his extraordinary skill in neutralizing or abusing it.

What young man, that happens to be penniless at the age of twenty-five, untried in the management of money, untried even as the *presiding* master in a school, would be likely to find a friend willing to intrust him, on his personal responsibility, (and with no prospect for the recovery of his money, except through the tardy and uncertain accumulation of profits upon an opposition school,) with so large a sum as two thousand pounds? Who, in an ordinary way, could count upon the support of a nobleman enjoying the ear and confidence of royalty? Lastly, who would so speedily defeat and baffle, by his own unassisted negligence and flagrant indiscretions, so much volunteer bounty? At this time of his life, it strikes us, in fact, that Dr. Parr was mad. The students at Stanmore were indulged in all sorts of irregularities. *That*, perhaps, might arise from the unfortunate situation of the new establishment — too near to its rival; and in part, also, from the delicate position of Parr, who, in most instances, had come under an unfortunate personal obligation to the young gentlemen who followed him from Harrow. But in his habits of dress and deportment, which drew scandal upon himself, and jealousy upon his establishment, Parr owed his ill success to nobody but himself. Mr. Roderick, his assistant, and

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a most friendly reporter, says, that at this time he 'brought upon himself the ridicule of the neighborhood and passengers by many foolish acts; such as riding in high prelatical pomp through the streets on a black saddle, bearing in his hand a long cane or wand, such as women used to have, with an ivory head *like a crosier*, which was probably the reason why he liked it.' We see by this he was already thinking of the bishopric. 'At other times he was seen stalking through the town in a dirty striped morning-gown: *Nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi.*' When we add, that Dr. Parr soon disgusted and alienated his weightiest friend amongst the residents at Stanmore, Mr. Smith, the accomplished rector of the place, we cannot wonder that little more than five years saw that scheme at an end.[10]

The school at Stanmore he could not be said to leave; it left *him:* such was his management, that no fresh pupils succeeded to those whom the progress of years carried off to the universities. When this wavering rushlight had at length finally expired, it became necessary to think of other plans, and in the spring of 1777 he accepted the mastership of Colchester school. Even there, brief as his connection was with that establishment, he found time to fasten a quarrel upon the trustees of the school in reference to a lease; and upon this quarrel he printed (though he did not publish) a pamphlet. Sir William Jones, his old schoolfellow, to whom, as a lawyer, this pamphlet was submitted, found continual occasion to mark upon the margin such criticisms as these, '*too violent — too strong.*' The contest was apparently *de lanâ caprinâ:* so at least Sir William thought.[11]

But, luckily, he was soon called away from these

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miserable feuds to a more creditable sort of activity. In the summer of 1778, the mastership of the public grammar-school at Norwich became vacant: in the autumn, Parr was elected; and in the beginning of 1779, he commenced his residence in that city. Thus we see that he was unusually befriended in all his undertakings. As a private speculator at Stanmore, as a candidate for Colchester, as a candidate for Norwich, he was uniformly successful as far as it is possible that encouragement the most liberal, on the part of others, can overrule a man's own imprudence. The mastership of Norwich has certainly been considered a valuable prize by others. How it happened that Parr found it otherwise, or whether mere restlessness and love of change were his governing motives, does not appear; but it is certain, that in August, 1785, he sent in his resignation; and at Easter, 1786, he went to reside at the parsonage house at Hatton, in the county of Warwick, where he opened a private academy. And though, as old age advanced, he resigned his pupils, Hatton continued to be his place of residence.

This, then, was the haven, the perpetual curacy of Hatton, into which Dr. Parr steered his little boat, when he had already passed the meridian [12] of his life. And (except upon a visit) he never again left it for any more elevated abode. For a philosopher, we grant that a much happier situation cannot be imagined than that of an English rural parson, rich enough to maintain a good library. Dr. Parr was exactly in those circumstances: but Dr. Parr was no philosopher. And assuredly this was not the vision which floated before his eyes at Stanmore, when he was riding on his 'black saddle,' in prelatical pomp, with his ivory

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crosier in his fist. The coach-and-four and mitred panels, must then have flourished in the foreground of the picture. But at that time he was between twenty-five and thirty: now he was turned forty — an age when, if a man should not have made his fortune, at least he out to see clearly before him the road by which it *is to be* made. Now what was Parr's condition at this time, in respect to that supreme object of his exertions? We have no letter on that point in this year, 1786: but we have one in 1782, when it does not appear (and indeed can hardly be supposed possible) that his situation was materially different. Writing to a man whom he valued, but then under a cloud of distress, and perhaps wishing to excuse himself for not sending him money, he thus states the result of his labors up to that date: — 'You desire my confidence; and I therefore add, that the little progress I have made in worldly matters, the heavy loss I have sustained by the war, the inconsiderable advantages I have gained by a laborious and irksome employment, and the mortifying discouragements I have met with in my clerical profession, have all conspired to depress my spirits, and undermine my constitution. I was content to give up ecclesiastical preferment, while I had a prospect of making some comfortable provision for my old age in my business as a teacher: but the best of my years have now elapsed; and I am, through a most vexatious and trying series of events, not a shilling richer than when I went to Stanmore. I have this very week closed an account, on which I stood indebted near £2000, which I was obliged to borrow when I launched into active life. My house at Stanmore, I sold literally for less

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money than I expended on the repairs only. To this loss of more than a thousand pounds, I am to add near £700, which I *may* lose entirely, and *must* lose in a great measure, by the reduction of St. Vincent and St. Kitt's. My patience, so far as religion prescribes it, is sufficient to support me under this severity of moral trial. But the hour is past in which I might hope to secure a comfortable independency; and I am now laboring under the gloomy prospect of toiling, with exhausted strength, for a scanty subsistence to myself and my family. It is but eighteen months that I could pronounce a shilling my own. Now, indeed, *meo sum pauper in ære* — but my integrity I have ever held fast.'

Possibly; but integrity might also have been held fast in a deanery; and certainly Dr. Parr will not pretend to hoax us with such a story, as, that 'integrity' was all that he contemplated from his black saddle in Stanmore. Undoubtedly, he framed to himself some other good things, so fortunately arranged, that they could be held *in commendam* with integrity. Such, however, was the naked fact, and we are sorry for it, at the time when Dr. Parr drew near to his fortieth year — at which age, as all the world knows, a man must be a fool if he is not a physician. Pass on, reader, for the term of almost another generation; suppose Dr. Parr to be turned of sixty, and the first light snows of early old age to be just beginning to descend upon him, and his best wig to be turning gray; — were matters, we ask, improved at that time? Not much. Twenty years from that Easter on which he had entered the gates of Hatton, had brought him within hail of a bishopric; for his party were just then

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in power. Already he could descry his sleeves and his rochet; already he could count the pinnacles of his cathedral; — when suddenly Mr. Fox died, and his hopes evanesced in spiral wreaths of fuming Orinoco. Unfortunate Dr. Parr! Once before he had conceived himself within an inch of the mitre; *that* was in the king's first illness, when the regency intrigue gave hopes, at one time, that Mr. Pitt would be displaced. Dr. Parr had then been summoned up to London; and he had gone so far as to lay down rules for his episcopal behavior. But the king suddenly recovered; many a grasping palm was then relaxed abruptly; and, alas! for Dr. Parr, whether people died or recovered, the event was equally unfortunate. Writing, on August 25, 1807, to the Bishop of Down, he says, — 'If Mr. Fox had lived and continued in power, he certainly would have made me a bishop.' Now if Dr. Parr meant to say that he had a distinct promise to that effect, that certainly is above guessing; else we should almost presume to guess, that Mr. Fox neither would, nor possibly could, have made Dr. Parr a bishop. It is true, that Mr. Fox meant to have promoted the Bishop of Llandaff of that day, who might seem to stand in the same circumstances as a literary supporter; at least Lord Holland said to a friend of ours, — 'Had our party remained in office, we should have raised the Bishop of Llandaff to the Archbishopric of York.' But then why? Lord Holland's reason was this, — 'For he' (meaning Dr. Watson) 'behaved very well, I can assure you, to us,' (meaning by *us* the whole coalition probably of Grenvilles and Foxes.) Now, this reason (we fear) did not apply, in Mr. Fox's mind, to Dr. Parr; he had behaved violently, in-

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discreetly, foolishly, on several occasions; he had thoroughly disgusted all other parties; he had not satisfied his own. And once, when, for a very frivolous reason, he gave a vote for Mr. Pitt at the Cambridge election, we are satisfied ourselves that he meditated the notable policy of ratting; conceiving, perhaps, that it was a romantic and ideal punctilio of honor to adhere to a doomed party; and the letter of Lord John Townshend, on that occasion, convinces us that the Whigs viewed this very suspicious act in that light. Even Dr. Johnstone, we observe, doubts whether Mr. Fox would have raised Dr. Parr to the mitre. And, as to everybody else, they shuddered at his very name. The Chancellor, Lord Thurlow, gave him a hearty curse, *more suo*, instead of a prebend; and Lord Grenville assigned, as a reason against making him a bishop, his extreme unpopularity [13] with his own order. As one proof of that, even the slight distinction of preaching a visitation sermon had never once been offered to Dr. Parr, as he himself tells us, in 1816, when he had completed his seventieth year, notwithstanding he had held preferment in five different counties. Nor was it, in fact, offered for six years more; and then, being a hopeful young gentleman of seventy-six, he thought proper to decline the invitation.

Next, for the emoluments of his profession, — Was he better off, as regards *them*? Else, whence came the coach-and-four? We answer, that, by mere accidents of good luck, and the falling-in of some extraordinary canal profits, Dr. Parr's prebend in the cathedral of St. Paul's, given to him by Bishop Lowth upon the interest of Lord Dartmouth, in his last year or two,

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produced him an unusually large sum; so that he had about three thousand a-year; and we are glad of it. He had also an annuity of three hundred a-year, granted by the Dukes of Norfolk and Bedford in consideration of a subscription made for Dr. Parr by his political friends. But this was a kind of charity which would not have been offered, had it not been felt that, in the regular path of his profession, he had not drawn, nor was likely to draw, any conspicuous prizes. In fact, but for the two accidents we have mentioned, his whole regular income from the church, up to a period of advanced age, when Sir Francis Burdett presented him to a living of about £200 per annum, was £93 on account of his living — and £17 on account of his prebend.

Such were the ecclesiastical honors, and such the regular ecclesiastical emoluments of Samuel Parr. We do not grudge him the addition, as regards the latter, which, in his closing years, he drew from the liberality of his friends and the accidents of luck. On the contrary, we rejoice that his last days passed in luxury and pomp; that he sent up daily clouds of undulating incense to the skies; and that he celebrated his birthday with ducal game and venison from the parks of princes; finally, we rejoice that he galloped about in his coach-and-four, and are not angry that, on one occasion, he nearly galloped over ourselves.

Still, we rejoice that all these luxuries came to him irregularly, and not at all, or indirectly, and by accident, through the church. As regards *that*, and looking not to the individual, but entirely to the example, we rejoice that, both for her honors and emoluments, Dr. Parr missed them altogether. Such be the fate,

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we pray heartily, of all unfaithful servants, in whatsoever profession, calling, or office of trust! So may *those* be still baffled and confounded, who pass their lives in disparaging and traducing their own honorable brethren; and who labor (whether consciously and from treachery, or half-consciously and from malice and vanity) for the subversion of institutions which they are sworn and paid to defend!

Our conclusion, therefore, the *epimuthion* of our review, is this — that, considered as a man of the world, keenly engaged in the chase after rank and riches, Dr. Parr must be pronounced to have failed; that his rare and late successes were casual and indirect; whilst his capital failures were due exclusively to himself. His two early bosom friends and schoolfellows, Dr. Bennet and Sir W. Jones, he saw raised to the rank of a bishop and a judge — whilst he was himself still plodding as a schoolmaster. And this mortifying distinction in their lots was too obviously imputable, not to any more scrupulous integrity in *him*, flattering and soothing as that hypothesis was to his irritated vanity, but solely to his own hot-headed defect of self-control — baffling the efforts of his friends, and neutralizing the finest opportunities. Both of those eminent persons, the bishop, as well as the judge, deeply disapproved of his conduct; though they agreed in candor, and in the most favorable construction of his meaning; and though they allowed him the largest latitude for his politics — one of them being a liberal Tory, and the other an ardent Whig. And yet, with the full benefit of this large privilege, he could not win their toleration to his indiscretions. So that, purely by his

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own folly, and in headstrong opposition to the concurring tendencies of his opportunities and his aids, Samuel Parr failed utterly as a man of the world. It remains to inquire — how much better he succeeded in establishing his character as a politician, a scholar, and a divine.

PART II.

READER! perhaps you have heard of churls, who, being embarked in the same ship for an East India voyage, or engaged as associates in the same literary undertakings, have manifested no interest at all in the partners of their hopes and hazards. We, for our parts, have heard of a monster — and otherwise not a bad monster — among the contributors to this very Journal, who sent his 'article' most punctually — punctually received his *honorarium* — punctually acknowledged its receipt by return of post, but in no one instance, through a period of several years, thought proper to express satisfaction in any one 'article' of his *collaborateurs*, or interest in their characters, or curiosity about their names; who seemed, in fact, wilfully and doggedly unaware of their existence; and, in one word, by a single act of profound selfishness, annihilated, to his own consciousness, all contemporary authors, however closely brought into connection with himself.

Far be such apathy from Christopher North and his friends! The merest *poco-curante*, or misanthrope,

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whom long experience of the world has brought to the temper of fixed and contemptuous disregard for man as a species, not seldom makes an exception in favor of the particular John, William, or James, whom accident has embarked in the same little boat with himself. Dan Dancer, the miser, fought the battles of the paupers in his own neighborhood, and headed them in their campaigns for rights of common and turbary with the most disinterested heroism. Elwes, the prince of misers, sometimes laid aside his narrow cares for the duties of a patriot. No man so memorably selfish, who has not, on some occasion of his life, felt the social instinct which connects his else contemptible race, and acknowledged the duties which grow out of it. As to the good and generous, they cannot travel so much as a Jewish Sabbath-day's journey in company with another, participating in common purposes for the time, and liable to common inconveniences of weather or accident, and even to common possibilities of danger, without recognizing something beyond a stranger's claim to offices of kindness or courtesy in the transient relations of a fellow-traveller.

Yet these are, in their nature, felt to be perishable connections; neighborhood is a relation either purely of accident, or of choice not determined by consideration of neighbors. And the brief associations of public carriages or inns are as evanescent as the sandy columns of the Great Desert, which the caprices of the wind build up and scatter, shape and unshape in a moment. Seldom, indeed, does a second sun shine upon fellow-travellers in modern England. And neighborhood, if a more durable tie, is often one even less consciously made known to the parties concerned.

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If, then, connections casual as these, where the *vinculum* of the relation is so finely spun as to furnish rather a verbal classification to the logician than a practical subject of duties to the moralist, are yet acknowledged by the benevolent as imposing some slight obligations of consideration and service, much more ought an author to find, in the important circumstances which connect the ministers of the press, in their extensive fellowship of duties, rights, powers, interests, and necessities, a bond of fraternal alliance, and more than fraternal sympathy. Too true it is, that authors are sometimes blockheads, very probably coxcombs, and by possibility even knaves. Too commonly it happens that, in the occasions and the motives which originally drew them into authorship, there is little or nothing to command respect. *Venter largitor ingeni* is the great feeder of the Metropolitan press; and, amongst the few who commence authors upon arguments less gross and instant, there are not many who do so from impulses entirely honorable.

Considerations such as these are at war with all sentiments of regard for the mere hacks of the press, who, having no *natural* summons to so fine a vocation, pervert literature — the noblest of professions — into the vilest of trades. But wherever *that* is not *primâ facie* presumable, wherever circumstances allow us to suppose that a man has taken up the office of author with adequate pretensions, and a proper sense of his responsibilities — every other author of generous nature will allow him the benefit of that privilege which all over the world attaches to co-membership in any craft, calling, or guild whatsoever — even those which are illiberal or mechanical; *à fortiori* in those which

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are intellectual. Surgeons bleed surgeons for love, physicians assassinate physicians gratis. Superannuated actors are everywhere free, or ought to be, of the theatre. And an author who has exercised his craft in a liberal and gentlemanly spirit, is entitled in that character to the courtesies of all professional authors, and to entire amnesty as respects his politics. These claims we cheerfully allow; and we come to the consideration of Dr. Parr as a scholar and as an author with perfect freedom from all prejudice, anxious to give him the fullest benefit of his real merits, and dismissing all unpleasant recollections of that factious and intemperate character which he put forward in politics and divinity.

Dr. Parr as an author! That very word in our ear sounds ridiculous, apart from every question upon the quality or value of what he wrote. As a literary man, as a scholar, prepared by reading and research for appreciating a considerable proportion of the past or the current literature — we are willing to concede that Dr. Parr stood upon somewhat higher ground than the great body of his clerical brethren. But even this we say with hesitation. For it is scarcely to be believed, except by those who have gone with an observing eye into English society, how many rural clergymen go down to their graves unheard of by the world, and unacquainted with the press, unless perhaps by some anonymous communication to a religious magazine, or by an occasional sermon; who have beguiled the pains of life by researches unusually deep into some neglected or unpopular branches of professional learning. Such persons, it is true, are in general unequally learned; so indeed are most men;

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so, beyond all men, was Dr. Parr. We do not believe that he possessed any one part of knowledge accurately, unless it were that section of classical learning which fell within his province as a schoolmaster. The practice of a long life naturally made him perfect in that; perfect at least in relation to the standard of that profession. But how small a part of classical researches lie within the prescriptive range of a practising schoolmaster! The duties of a professor in the universities or final schools have a wider compass. But it must be a pure labor of supererogation in a teacher of any school for boys, if he should make his cycle of study very comprehensive. Even within that cycle, as at this time professed by some first-rate teachers, was Dr. Parr master of everything? In some of its divisions was he even master of anything? For example, how much did he know — has he left it upon record, in any one note, exegetical or illustrative, upon any one obscure or disputed passage of any one classic, that he knew anything at all in the vast and interminable field of classical antiquities? The formulæ of the Roman calendar were known to him as a writer of Latin epitaphs. True, but those are mastered easily in ten minutes: did he know, even on that subject, anything farther? To take one case amongst a thousand, when the year 1800 brought up a question in its train — was it to be considered the last year of the eighteenth century, or the first of the nineteenth? Did Dr. Parr come forward with an oracular determination of our scruples, or did he silently resign that pleading to the humble hands of the laureate — Pye? Or again, shifting from questions of time to those of space, has Dr. Parr

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contributed so much as his mite to the very interesting, important, and difficult subject of classical geography? Yet these were topics which lay within his beat as a schoolmaster. If we should come upon the still higher ground of divinity, and Christian antiquities, perhaps upon those it might appear that Dr. Parr had absolutely no pretensions at all. But not to press such questions too closely or invidiously, whatever might be the amount of his attainments under these heads, were it little or were it much, scanty as the measure of our faith in them, or co-extensive with the vaunts of his friends, — still all this has reference only to his general capacity as a man of letters: whereas we are called upon to consider Dr. Parr also as an author; indeed we have now no other means for estimating his *posse* as a scholar, than through his *esse* as a writer for the press.

This is our task; and this it is which moves our mirth, whilst it taxes the worthy doctor and his friends with a spirit of outrageous self-delusion. Dr. Parr as an author! and what now might happen to be the doctor's works? For we protest, upon our honor, that we never heard their names. Was ever case like this? Here is a learned doctor, whose learned friend has brought him forward as a first-rate author of his times; and yet nothing is extant of his writing, beyond an occasional preface, or a pamphlet on private squabbles. But are not his *Opera Omnia* collected and published by this friendly biographer, and expanded into eight enormous tomes? True, and the eight tomes contain, severally, the following hyperbolical amount of pages: —

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	Pages.
Vol. I.	850
" II.	701
" III.	715
" IV.	718
" V.	715
" VI.	699
" VII.	680
" VIII.	656
Total,	5734

Yes! Five thousand seven hundred and thirty-four octavo pages, many of them printed in a small type, are the apparent amount of Samuel Parr's works in the edition of Dr. Johnstone; and it is true, besides, that the very *élite* of his papers are omitted — such as his critical notices of books in the Monthly and Critical Reviews, or the British Critic, and his essay on the word *Sublime*, addressed to Mr. Dugald Stewart. Add what is omitted, and the whole would be little short of seven thousand pages. And yet, spite of that, not one work of Dr. Parr's is extant, which can, without laughter, assume that important name. The preface to Bellenden is, after all, by much the weightiest and most regular composition, and the least of a fugitive tract. Yet this is but a *jeu d'esprit*, or classical prolusion. And we believe the case to be unexampled, that, upon so slender a basis, a man of the world, and reputed a man of sense, should set up for an author. Well might the author of the *Pursuits of Literature* (1797) demand — 'What has Dr. Parr written? A sermon or two, rather long; a Latin

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preface to Bellendenus, (rather long too,) consisting of a cento of Latin and Greek expressions, applied to political subjects; another Preface to some English Tracts; and two or three English Pamphlets about his own private quarrels — and this man is to be compared with Dr. Samuel Johnson!!' [7th Edit. p. 219.]

Certainly the world had never before seen so great a pomp of pretension rising from so slight a ground. The delusion was absolutely unrivalled, and prevailed throughout Dr. Parr's long life. He and his friends seemed constantly to appeal to some acknowledged literary reputation, established upon foundations that could not be shaken, and notorious to all the world. Such a mistake, and in that extent, was never heard of before. Dr. Parr talked, and his friends listened, not only as giving and receiving oracles of moral wisdom, but of wisdom owned as such by all the world; whereas, this *auctoritas* (to borrow a Roman word for its Roman sense) whether secretly due to the doctor or not, evidently could not exist as a fact, unless according to the weight and popularity of published works, by which the world had been taught to know him and respect him. Starting, originally, from the erroneous assumption insinuated by his preposterous self-conceit, that he was Johnson redivivus, he adopted Johnson's colloquial pretensions; and that was vainglorious folly; but he also conceived that these pretensions were familiarly recognized; and that was frenzy. To Johnson, as a known master in a particular style of conversation, everybody gave way; and upon all questions with *moral* bearings, he was supposed to have the rights and precedency of a judicial chair. But this prerogative he had held in right of his works;

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works — not which he *ought* to have written, (see Dr. Johnstone's Memoirs of Parr, p. 464,) but which he *had* written, printed, and published. Strange that Dr. Parr should overlook so obvious a distinction! Yet he *did* so for fifty years. Dining, for instance, at Norfolk house, the Duke having done him the honor to invite him to the same table with the Prince of Wales, such was his presumption in the presence of the heir apparent, of the Premier Peer of England, and all the illustrious leaders from the Opposition side of the two houses, that he fully believed it to be his vocation to stand forward as the spokesman of the company. It gave him no check, it suggested no faltering scruple, that Mr. Fox was on one side the table, and Sheridan on the other. His right he conceived it to be to play the foremost part, and to support the burden of conversation between his Royal Highness and the splendid party assembled to meet him. Accordingly, on some casual question arising as to the comparative merits of Bishop Hurd and Archbishop Markham, as Greek scholars, in which the Prince delivered a plain and sensible evidence in favor of the latter, from facts of his own youthful experience; — Parr strutted forward with the mingled license of jacobinism and paradox, to maintain a thesis against him. 'I,' said the Prince of Wales, 'esteem Markham a much greater, wiser, and more learned man than Hurd, and a better teacher; and you will allow me to be a judge, for they were both my preceptors.' Here was a direct opinion; and the Prince afterwards gave reasons for it equally direct. A simple answer, as brief as the original position, was all that good breeding or etiquette allowed. But Dr.

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Parr found an occasion for a *concio*, and prepared to use it. 'Sir,' said he, 'is it your royal highness's pleasure that I should enter upon the topic of their comparative merits as a subject of discussion?' — '*Yes*,' said the Prince, 'Then, sir,' said Dr. Parr, 'I differ entirely from your Royal Highness in opinion.' — One would suppose by his formal preparation, that Parr was some serjeant at law rising to argue a case before the judges in Westminster Hall. The Prince, however, had permitted him to proceed: what else could a gentleman do? And, by way of acknowledging this courteous allowance, with the true soul of a low-bred democrat, Parr starts with a point blank contradiction of his Royal Highness, put as broadly and coarsely as he knew how: this was to show his 'independence,' for Jacobins always think it needful to be brutal, lest for one moment they might pass for gentlemen.[14]

Perhaps there are not ten men in Europe, occupying at the time no higher station than that of *country* schoolmaster, who would have had the front — in the presence of the Prince of Wales, or the Dauphin of France — to step before the assembled wits of Paris or London, and the great leaders of parties, as the rightful claimant of the royal ear, and natural representative of the illustrious party assembled at Norfolk House — all distinguished by high birth, talents, or station. Brass, triply bronzed, was requisite for this. 'Thou art the great toe of this society; because that thou, being lowest, basest, meanest, still goest foremost.' But arrogance towards his fellow-claimants was not enough for Dr. Parr, unless he might also be arrogant towards the prince. In high-bred society, all disputation whatsoever — nay, all continued discussion

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— is outrageously at war with the established tone of conversation; a dispute must be managed with much more brilliancy, much more command of temper, a much more determinate theme, and a much more obvious progress in the question at issue, than are commonly found — not to prove grievously annoying to all persons present, except the two disputants. High-breeding and low-breeding differ not more in the degrees of refinement, which characterize their usages, than in the good sense upon which these usages have arisen. Certainly mere good sense is sufficient, without any experience at all of high life, to point out the intolerable absurdity of allowing two angry champions to lock up and sequestrate, as it were, the whole social enjoyment of a large party, and compel them to sit 'in sad civility' witnesses of a contest, which can interest the majority neither by its final object nor its management. *Social* pleasure is the end and purpose of society; and whatsoever interferes with that should be scourged out of all companies. But, if disputing be intolerable, what shall we say of blank contradiction offered to a Prince of Wales — not in prosecution of some point of public service, but as an elegant condiment to the luxuries of colloquial intercourse? To turn your back upon the king, to put a question to him, to pull out your watch in his presence — all these are notorious trespasses against the etiquette of courts, and reasonably so; because they are all habits which presuppose a carelessness of demeanor, incompatible with that reverence and decorous homage which should never slumber in the presence of a king, considered not as an individual, but as a state creature, embodying the majesty of a great nation. A Prince of Wales, or

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whosoever occupies that near relation to the throne, has the same sanctity of public character; and a man of sense, though a red-hot republican from the banks of the Potomac, would as little allow himself to forget *that*, as to insult a judge upon the bench.

Had the matter in dispute been some great question of constitutional policy, or in any way applicable to the Prince's future behavior in life, or in many other circumstances that might be imagined, we can suppose a sort of propriety in the very breach of propriety. But the question was, in this case, too trivial to justify the least eccentricity of manner. He who courts the character of an *abnormissapiens*, should be careful that his indecorums and singularity cover some singular strength of character or some weight of fine sense. As it was, Dr. Parr was paradoxical and apparently in the wrong; the Prince, direct and rational. With what disadvantage to Dr. Parr, on this occasion, and afterwards in his relation to Queen Caroline, do we recall the simple dignity of Dr. Johnson,[15] when presented to George III.! Dr. Parr's introduction was at a dinner-table; Dr. Johnson's in a library; and in their separate styles of behavior, one might fancy each to have been governed by the presiding genius of the place. Johnson behaved with the dignity of a scholar and a loyal son of the Muses, under the inspiration of 'strong book-mindedness;' Parr with the violence of a pedagogue, under the irritations of wine and indigestion. In reality, Dr. Parr's effrontery was chiefly to be traced to that one fact in his life — that, for forty years, he swayed the sceptre of a pedagogue. Native arrogance was the root; but the 'bright consummate flower' was unfolded and matured by his long reign

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as a tyrant over schoolboys. To borrow his own words with one slight omission, in speaking of a Cambridge head, his 'manners and temper were spoiled by the pedantries, and pomposities, and fooleries which accompany the long exercise of petty archididaschalian authority.'

'*Petty archididaschalian authority!*' Thanks to Dr. Parr for one, at least, of his sesquipedalian words; for *that* one contains the key to his whole life, and to the else mysterious fact —that a pamphleteer, a party pamphleteer, a pamphleteer in the service of private brawls, trod the stage, on all occasions, with the air of some great patriarch of letters or polemic champion of the church. Who could believe that Dr. Parr's friend and biographer, in the very act of publishing eight volumes, entitled, '*Works* of Dr. Parr,' should yet have no better answer to the contemptuous demand of the *Pursuits of Literature* — 'What has Dr. Parr written?' than simply an expression of regret, (vol. i. p. 464,) 'that with such powers, and such means of gathering information from every quarter, Dr. Parr did *not* produce some great work on some great subject.' He goes on to lament that he did not, 'like Clarendon, give the history of that awful period of which he saw the spring-tide, and in part the issue; or, like Burnet, that he did not relate, in a familiar manner, the transactions of the period in which he lived; or, like Tacitus, paint in caustic and living colors the atrocities, of some of which he was a witness, and deliver, as an everlasting memorial to posterity, the characters of those who bore a part in them.' But, with submission, Posterity are a sort of people whom it is very difficult to get at; whatever

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other good qualities they may have, accessibility is not one of them. A man may write eight quartos to them, *à fortiori* then eight octavos, and get no more hearing from the wretches, than had he been a stock and they been stones. As to those 'everlasting memorials,' which Dr. Johnstone and Thucydides talk of, it is certainly advisable to 'deliver' them — but troublesome and injurious to the digestive organs.

Another biographer, who unites with Dr. Johnstone in lamenting, 'that he did not undertake some work of a superior kind calculated for permanent utility and more durable fame,' goes on in the following terms: 'It is hinted, however, by a periodical writer, that he *could not* produce more creditable works; and for this reason — that he was, as it were, overlaid with acquired knowledge; the flood of his memory burst in on his own original powers and drowned them.' But, in that case, we shall venture to hope that some *Humane Society*, like that on the banks of the Serpentine, will arise to save hopeful young men from such sad catastrophes; so that 'acquired knowledge' may cease to prove so fatal a possession, and native ignorance be no longer a *conditio sine quâ non* for writing 'creditable works.' Meantime, whatever were the cause, the fact, we see, is admitted by Dr. Parr's best friends — that he did not write any great, durable, or creditable work; and the best excuse for him which Dr. Johnstone's ingenuity can devise is — that neither Archbishop Markham, nor Dean Cyril Jackson wrote anything better. True: but the reason which makes such an excuse not entirely avaliable to the case is this — that neither the Archbishop nor the Dean arrogated that place and authority in letters which they had not

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won: they had both been employed in the same sort of labor as Dr. Parr; they had severally assisted in the education of a great prince, and they were content with the kind of honor which that procured them. And for Cyril Jackson in particular, he was content with less: for he persisted to the last in declining the mitre which he had earned. No: the simple truth is, as we have stated, that Dr. Parr assumed his tone of swagger and self-sufficiency in part, perhaps, from original arrogance of nature and a confidence which he had in his own powers, but chiefly from a long life of absolute monarchy within the walls of a school-room. The nature of his empire was absolute and unlimited despotism, in the worst form described by Aristotle in his politics. There is no autocrat so complete, not the Czar of all the Russias, as the captain of a king's ship, and the head master of a grammar school. Both of them are irresponsible, ἀνυπεύθυνοι, in the utmost degree. And for Parr in particular, not only was he an autocrat, but, if he is not greatly belied, he was a capricious tyrant, an Algerine tyrant, who went the whole length of his opportunities for showing partial favor, or inflicting savage punishment. And he had this peculiarity, that, whilst other tyrants find a present gratification in their severities, but shrink from their contemplation, Parr treated *his* as Plato's suppers — they were luxuries for the moment, and subjects of continued exultation in the retrospect. Long after a man had entered the world as an active citizen, Dr. Parr used to recall, as the most interesting tie which could connect him with himself, that at some distant period he had flogged him: and from one biographer it appears that, in proportion to his ap-

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probation of a boy, and the hopes with which he regarded him, were the frequency and the severity of his flagellations. To a man who reigned in blood, and fed (like Moloch) with din of children's cries, we may suppose that resistance was unheard of: and hence, we repeat, the arrogance with which he came abroad before the world. But what, it will be asked, on the side of the public, gave success to this arrogance? How was it that in his lifetime this insolence of assumption *fit fortune*? Partly, we answer, through the insolence itself: in all cases that does wonders. The great majority of men are ready to swear by any man's words if he does but speak with audacity.

In process of time, however, this resource will fail a man, unless reinforced by auxiliary means; and these we conceive to have lain in two circumstances, without which Parr never would have gained a height so disproportioned to his performances. The circumstances were, first, that Parr was a Whig; and the Whigs, as the party militant, make much of all who stick by them. Hence the excessive compliments which flowed in upon Dr. Parr from Edinburgh, and from persons such as Dugald Stewart, who had otherwise no particular value for Dr. Parr's pretensions. The Whigs are wise in their generation; and, like the Dissenters from the Church of England, they make men sensible that it is good to be of their faction; for they never forsake those who stick closely to them. Dr. Parr, indeed, was rather a slippery partisan; but this was not generally known. His passions carried him back to Whiggism; and his general attachment was notorious, whilst his little special perfidies or acts of trimming were secrets to all but a very few. The other circum-

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stance in his favor was this — that, as a schoolmaster, he was throwing into public life a continual stream of pupils, who naturally became partisans and obstinate *proneurs*. In some instances, he educated both father and son; and, though it is true that here and there an eccentric person retains too lively a remembrance of past flagellations, and is with some difficulty restrained from cudgelling or assassinating the flagellator — still, as a general case, it may be held that such recollections of the boy do not weigh much in the feelings of the man. Most certain it is, that, had Dr. Parr been other than an active Whig in politics — or had he not been a schoolmaster of ancient and extensive practice, he never could as a literary man have risen so abruptly above the natural level of his performances as in fact he did. And now that he is dead, and the activity of such adventitious aids is rapidly beginning to fail him, he will sink doubtless quite as abruptly to his just standard; or, perhaps, by the violence of the natural reaction, will be carried below it.

There is another scale, in which it is probable that some persons may have taken their literary estimate of the Doctor, viz. the scale avoirdupois. For, it is very possible that, upon putting the eight volumes of *works* (as edited by Dr. Johnstone) *on* a butcher's steelyard, they may have ascertained that they draw against a weight of three stone six pounds. Infinite levity in particular cases amounts to gravity; and a vast host of fluttering pamphlets, and stray leaves, make up one considerable mass. It becomes necessary, therefore, to state the substance of the whole eight volumes. Briefly, then, the account stands thus: Volume the First contains Memoirs, (with some Extracts from

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Letters.) The last two contain Correspondence. Three other volumes contain Sermons: of which two volumes are mere parish discourses, having no more right to a place in a body of literary works than the weekly addresses to his congregation of any other rural clergyman. Thus, out of six volumes, one only is really privileged to take its rank under the general title of the Collection. The two remaining volumes, (the Third and Fourth,) contain Dr. Parr's miscellaneous pamphlets, with some considerable omissions not accounted for by the Editor. These two volumes are, in fact, all that can properly be described as of a literary nature; and to these we shall resort for matter in the close of our review.

Meantime, we are satisfied that the correspondence of Dr. Parr and his friends, for the very reason that it was written with no view (or no uniform view) to the press, is that part of the whole collection which will be read by most readers, and with most interest by all readers. We shall throw a glance on such parts of this correspondence as have a value in reference to the development of Dr. Parr's character, or any singular interest on their own account.

Among the earliest of the literary acquaintances which Dr. Parr had the opportunity of forming was that of Dr. Johnson. Writing in 1821 (Jan. 6th), to Mr. Joseph Cradock, who had said a few days before, that perhaps, upon the death of Dr. Strahan, he himself 'must be the oldest of Dr. Johnson's friends, who knew him intimately during the last five or six years of his life,' Dr. Parr takes occasion to retrace the nature of his own connection with that eminent person: 'Well, dear sir, I sympathize with you in your pleas-

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ure and in your pride, when you represent yourself as the oldest remaining scholar who lived upon terms of intimacy with Samuel Johnson. You saw him often, and you met him often, in the presence of Goldsmith, Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other literary heroes. I acknowledge the great superiority of your claims. Lord Stowell, I should suppose, will stand in the next place; and I challenge for myself the third. For many years, I spent a month's holidays in London, and never failed to call upon Johnson. I was not only admitted, but welcomed. I conversed with him upon numberless subjects of learning, politics, and common life. *I traversed the whole compass of his understanding;* and, by the acknowledgment of Burke and Reynolds, I distinctly understood the peculiar and transcendental properties of his mighty and virtuous mind. I intended to write his life. I laid by sixty or seventy books for the purpose of writing in such a manner as would do no discredit to myself. I intended to spread my thoughts over two volumes quarto; and if I had filled three pages, the rest would have followed. Often have I lamented my *ill fortune* in not building this monument to the fame of Johnson, and (let me not be accused of arrogance when I add) my own.'

William Wordsworth, when he dedicated, in a few lines at once modest and dignified, his Excursion to the present Lord Lonsdale, with that accurate valuation of words which is one of his greatest poetical accomplishments, offers it as

> 'A token — *may it prove* a monument —
> Of honor,' &c.

A token, or pledge of his attachment, the poem was, at

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any rate, by the act of dedication; whether it should also be a monument, a monumental token, that was for posterity to determine; and if others were at liberty to anticipate that result, the author at least was not. And, at all events, the mere logic of the case made it inevitable, that whatever proved a monument to the fame of Dr. Johnson, should be so to the fame of him who raised it; for of a structure which should happen to be durable as a record of Dr. Johnson, it is mere tautology to say that it must also be durable as the workmanship of Dr. Parr. One and the same work could not have a divided character, or a separate destiny, in its different relations.

But we cannot imagine that Dr. Parr's clumsy masonry could raise a monument to anybody. For Dr. Johnson, in particular, all that he could have done with effect would have been a short *excursus* or appendix to Boswell, on the pretensions of Johnson as a classical scholar. These were greater than it is the custom to suppose. Dr. John Johnstone, indeed, somewhere has thought fit to speak of him in that character as immeasurably inferior to Parr. This is not true. Certainly, we are satisfied that Dr. Johnson was no very brilliant Grecian; the haste and trepidation which he showed in declining Dr. Burney's application for assistance on the Greek tragedians, sufficiently establish *that*. But there is no reason to suppose, that, in this part of scholarship, Dr. Parr had the least advantage of him: if he had, why are the evidences of his superiority so singularly wanting? or in what corner of forgotten literature are we to seek them? As Latin scholars, both were excellent: Parr, from practice, had the greater command over the deli-

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cacies and varieties of prose diction: Johnson, from natural talent, had by much the greater facility in verse. Elaborate ingenuity is far more in request for metrical purposes in Latin — knowledge of the idiom for prose. It might be shown, indeed, that exquisite facility in the management of thoughts, artifices of condensation, or of substitution, of variation or inversion, are for the writer of Latin verse, transcendent to any acquaintance with the Latin idiom: the peculiar treatment of an idea, which metre justifies and vindicates from what would else seem affectation, creates its own style. Johnson, in those relics of his Latin verses which have been preserved, benefited by that advantage; Parr, writing in Latin prose, and writing purely as a rhetorician, was taxed in the severest degree for a command over the idiomatic wealth of the language, and, for what is still less to be obtained from dictionaries, for a command over a Latin structure of sentence, and over the subsidiary forms of connection and transition. In the preface to Bellenden, he answered the demand upon him, and displayed very unusual skill in the accomplishments of a Latin scholar. Latin composition, in fact, if we except bell-ringing, was the one sole thing, in the nature of accomplishments, which Dr. Parr seems to have possessed. Among the fine arts, certainly, we admit, that he understood bell-ringing thoroughly; and we were on the point of forgetting to add, that in the art of slaughtering oxen, which he cultivated early as an amateur, his merit was conspicuous. Envy itself was driven to confess it; and none but the blackest-hearted Tory would go about at this time of day to deny it.[16] Still, of these three accomplishments, one only seems available to a

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biography of Dr. Johnson; and that would barely have sufficed for the least important chapter of the work.

After all, was Parr really intimate with Johnson? We doubt it: for he must in that case have submitted to a kind of dissimulation bitter to a proud spirit. He was a Jacobite by inheritance: that would have pleased Dr. Johnson well; but then by profession he was a Whig — a sort of monster which the Doctor could not abide; and (worse than that!) he was a Whig renegado — such a combination of monstrous elements in a man's character as none of us can abide. To be a Whig is bad — to be a traitor is bad — but to be a Whig *and* a traitor is too much for humanity. Such features of his character Parr must have dissembled; and this would at once pique his self-love, and limit his power. One anecdote, rich in folly and absurdity, is current about an interview between Johnson and Parr, in which the latter should have stamped whenever the other stamped; and being called upon to explain this sonorous antiphony, replied, that he could not think of allowing his antagonist to be so much as a stamp ahead of him. Miss Seward, we think, was in the habit of telling this story: for she was one of the dealers in marvels, who are forever telling of 'gigantic powers' and 'magnificent displays,' in conversation, beyond anything that her heroes were ever able to effect in their writings. We remember well that she used to talk of a particular dispute between Johnson and Parr, which in her childish conceit (for she had not herself been present) was equal to some conflict between Jupiter and one of the Titans. Possibly it was the stamping dispute, which we may be assured

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was a fiction. No man falling into any gesticulation or expression of fervor from a natural and uncontrollable impulse, would bear to see his own involuntary acts parodied and reverberated as it were in a cool spirit of mimicry; that would be an insult; and Johnson would have resented it by flooring his man *instanter* — a matter very easy indeed to him — for in every sense he was qualified to 'take the conceit' out of Dr. Parr. Or, perhaps, though we rather incline to think that Miss Seward's dispute turned upon some political question, the following as recorded by Parr himself, (*Parriana*, p. 321,) might be the particular case alluded to: — 'Once, sir, Sam and I' [*i. e.* Sam Johnson] 'had a vehement dispute upon that most difficult of all subjects — the origin of evil. It called forth all the powers of our minds. No two tigers ever grappled with more fury. But we never lost sight of good manners. There was no Boswell present to detail our conversation. Sir, he would not have understood it. And then, sir, who do you think was the umpire between us? That fiend Horsley.'

Miserable fudge! 'Grappling like tigers' upon the origin of evil! How, but by total confusion of mind, was that possible upon such a question? One octavo page would state the outline of all that has ever been accomplished on this subject; — and the German philosopher, Kant, whom Dr. Parr professed to have studied, and from whom he borrowed one polysyllable, and, apparently, one solitary idea, has in a short memoir sketched the outline of all past attempts, (especially that of Leibnitz,) and the causes of failure. Libraries may be written upon any question; but the whole nodus of this, as of most questions, lies in a

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single problem of ten words: and, as yet, no real advance has been made in solving it. As to Dr. Johnson, we all happen to know what he could do in this matter; for he has given us the cream of his meditations in a review of Soame Jenyns. Trifling more absolute, on a philosophic subject, does not exist. Could Dr. Parr do better? Had he one new idea on the question? If so, where is it? We remember obscurely some sentence or other of purest commonplace on this point in one of his sermons. Further on we may have an occasion for producing it. At present it is sufficient to say — that, as philosophers only, could Parr and Johnson ever converse upon equal terms; both being equally blind by natural constitution of mind, and equally unprepared by study or reading in that department, there was no room for differences between them, except such as were extra-essential or alien to the subject. On every other topic that could have arisen to divide them, Johnson, with one grasp of his muscular hand, would have throttled the whole family of Parrs. Had Parr presumed to talk that sort of incendiary politics in which he delighted, and which the French revolution ripened into Jacobinism, Johnson would have committed an assault upon him. As that does not appear to have happened, we venture to suppose that their intercourse was but trifling; still, for one who had any at all with Johnson, many of his other acquaintance seem a most incongruous selection. The whole orchestra of rebels, incendiaries, state criminals, all who hated the church and state, all who secretly plotted against them, or openly maligned them, the faction of Jacobinism through its entire gamut, ascending from the first steps of disaffection or anti-

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national feeling, to the full-blown activity of the traitor and conspirator, had a plenary indulgence from the curate of Hatton, and were inscribed upon the roll of his correspondents. We pause with a sense of shame in making this bold transition from the upright Sam Johnson, full of prejudice, but the eternal champion of social order and religion, to the fierce Septembrizers who come at intervals before us as the friends, companions, or correspondents, (in some instances as the favorites,) of Dr. Parr. Learning and good morals are aghast at the association!

It is singular, or at first sight it seems so, that brigaded with so many scowling republicans are to be found as occasional correspondents of Dr. Parr, nearly one-half of our aristocracy — two or three personages of royal blood, eight dukes, five marquesses, six-and-twenty earls, thirteen viscounts, one-and-thirty barons, or courtesy lords; to say nothing of distinguished women — a queen, several duchesses, countesses, and daughters of Earls, besides baronesses and honorables in ample proportion. Many of these, however, may be set down as persons altogether thoughtless, or as systematically negligent of political principles in correspondents of no political power. But what are we to think of ten judges (besides Lord Stowell) addressing, with the most friendly warmth, one who looked upon all their tribe as the natural tools of oppression; and no fewer than forty bishops, and four archbishops, courting the notice of a proud priest, who professed it as an axiom that three out of every five on the Episcopal bench were downright knaves. Oh! for a little homely consistency; and, in a world where pride so largely tyrannizes, oh for a little in the right place!

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Dr. Parr did not in so many words proclaim destruction to their order as a favorite and governing principle: but he gave his countenance to principles that would, in practice, have effected that object, and his friendship to men that pursued no other.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex opens the correspondence, according to the present arrangement of the letters; if that may be called arrangement, where all is anarchy. At first we anticipated, from this precedency granted to a Prince, that the peerage and the Red Book would dictate the principle of classification; this failing, we looked to the subject, and next to the chronology. But at length we found that pretty much the same confusion obtains as in a pack of cards, that has first of all been accurately arranged in suits, and then slightly shuffled: in such a case, symptoms occur of the sorting continually disturbed by symptoms of the shuffling; two or three hearts, crossed by two or three spades; and a specious promise of diamonds, suddenly thrown into the shade by a course of clubs. Letters from the same person are usually thrown together, and sometimes a vein of the same subject prevails through a considerable tract of pages. But, generally speaking, a printer's devil seems to have determined the order of succession.

The Duke of Sussex, who has actually placed the bust of a hack dissenting book-maker, (Dr. Rees, to wit,) rather than that of Aristotle or Lord Bacon, as the presiding and tutelar genius of his fine library in Kensington palace, could not, of course, find any objections to Dr. Parr in his hostility to the Church of England. His Royal Highness is probably indifferent on this point; whilst others, as Mr. Jeremy Bentham,

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can hardly fail to esteem a defect in '*Church of Englandism*' one amongst the Doctor's very positive recommendations to their favor. The Duke's letters are amiable and pleasing in their temper, but otherwise (for want of a specific subject) not very interesting. Mr. Bentham, in more senses than one the Lucifer of the radical politicians, is still less so; and simply because he affects the humorous, in a strain of very elaborate and very infelicitous trifling, upon the names of Parr and Fox, (which he supposes to have been anticipated by Homer, in the address to Paris, Δυσπαρι, &c., and in the description of Thersites, Φοξος ην κεφαλην, &c.) In a second letter, (Feb. 17, 1823,) which abundantly displays the old gentleman's infirmity, who (like Lord Byron) cannot bear a rival in the public interest, no matter whether otherwise for good or for bad, there is one passage, which, amusing on its own account, furnishes also an occasion for bringing forward one of Parr's most extravagant follies in literature. It is this: — 'The 1st of March,' says Mr. Bentham, 'or the 1st of April, comes out a number of the European Magazine, with another portrait of ME by another hand; *considerable expectations are entertained of this likewise.* When you see a copy of a print of the House of Lords, at the time of the Queen's Trial, in the hand of Bowyer, and expected to come out in a month or two, you will (if Bowyer does not deceive me) see the phiz of your old friend' [Jeremy, to wit] 'among the spectators; and these, how small soever elsewhere, will, in this print, forasmuch as their station is in the foreground, be greater than lords. Oddly enough made up the group will be. Before me he had got an old acquaintance of mine of former

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days — Sir Humphry Davy: he and I might have stood arm in arm. *But then came the servile poet and novelist; and then the ultra-servile sack-guzzler.* Next to him, the old radical. What an assortment!' Certainly a strange lot of clean and unclean beasts were in that ark at that time; what with Mr. Bentham's 'assortment' — what with the *non mi ricordo* Italians — the lawyers, *pro* and *con* — and some others that we could name. But with regard to Mr. Jeremy's companions in Bowyer's print, does the reader take his meaning? We shall be 'as good as a chorus' to him, and interpret: — The 'servile poet and novelist' is Sir Walter Scott; the 'ultra-servile sack-guzzler,' Mr. Southey, a pure and highminded man; the 'old radical,' Mr. Corporal Cobbett. Now, with regard to the last of these, Dr. Parr considered him a very creditable acquaintance: he visited the Corporal at Botley; and the Corporal wrote him a letter, in which he talked of visiting Hatton. (What a glorious blunder, by the way, if the old ruffian had chanced to come whilst Dr. Bridges was on duty!) Cobbett would do: but for Sir Walter, in Dr. Parr's estimation, he was stark naught. One reason may be guessed at — the Queen;[17] there may have been others; but this was the main reason, and the reason of that particular year. Well; so far we can all allow for the Doctor's spite. Queen Caroline was gracious and confiding towards the Doctor, until, by some mysterious offence, he had incurred her heavy displeasure. It was natural that a person in Parr's rank should be grateful for her notice; and that a person of Parr's politics should befriend her cause. In that same degree, it was natural, perhaps, that he should dislike Sir Walter Scott, and

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look with jealousy upon his public influence, as pledged to the service of her enemies. Both were in this case party men, with the single difference in Sir Walter's favor, that he was of the right party; a fact that Dr. Parr could not be expected to perceive. But was any extremity of party violence to be received as an apology for the Doctor's meanness and extravagant folly in treating so great a man (which uniformly he did) as a miserable pretender in literature? Not satisfied with simply lowering or depreciating his merits, Dr. Parr spoke of him as an arrant *charlatan* and impostor. Discussing Sir Walter's merits as a poet, there is room for wide difference of estimates. But he that can affect blindness to the brilliancy of his claims as a novelist, and generally to the extraordinary grace of his prose, must be incapacitated for the meanest functions of a critic, by original dulness of sensibility. Hear the monstrous verdict delivered by this ponderous mechanist of style, when adjudicating the *quantum meruit* of a writer who certainly has no rival among ancient or modern classics in the rare art of narrating with brilliancy and effect: — 'Dr. Parr's taste,' says a certain Irish poet, a Rev. Mr. Stewart, of whom or his works the reader probably now hears for the first time — 'Dr. Parr's taste was exquisite, his judgment infallible. One morning he sent for me to attend him in his library. I found him seated at one side of the fire, Mrs. Parr leaning against the mantel on the opposite side, and a chair placed for me between them. "Mrs. Parr," he began, "you have seen Moore in this spot some time ago, *you now see Mr. Stewart!* — The race of true poets is now nearly extinct. There is you, (turning to me) and Moore, and

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Byron, and Crabbe, and Campbell — I hardly know of another." ' [All these, observe, were Whigs!] ' "You, Stewart, are a man of genius, of real genius, and of science, too, as well as genius. I tell you so. It is here, it is here," shaking his head, and sagaciously touching his forehead with his finger. "I tell you again, it is here. As to Walter Scott, his jingle will not outlive the next century. It is namby-pamby."' Dr. Parr is here made to speak of Sir Walter merely as a poet; but for the same person, in any other character, he had no higher praise in reserve. In the heroic and chivalrous spirit of the poetry of Sir Walter, we pardon the Doctor for taking little interest. But what must be the condition of sense and feeling in that writer, who, without participating probably in the Doctor's delusions, could yet so complacently report to the world a body of extravagances, which terminated in placing himself, an author unknown to the public, conspicuously above one of the most illustrious writers of any age! Dr. Parr might perhaps plead the privilege of his fireside, kindness for a young friend, and a sudden call upon him for some audacity to give effect and powerful expression to his praise, as the apology for *his* share in such absurdities; but Mr. Stewart, by recording them in print, makes himself a deliberate party, under no apology or temptation whatsoever, to the whole injustice and puerility of the scene.

Mr. Bentham, Dr. Parr, and Mr. Douglas of Glasgow, are probably the three men in Europe, who have found Sir Walter Scott a trifler. Literature, in fact, and the fine arts, hold but a low rank in the estimate of the modern Utilitarian republicans. All that is not tangible, measurable, ponderable, falls with them into

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the account of mere levities, and is classed with the most frivolous decorations of life: to be an exquisite narrator is tantamount to dressing well; a fine prose style is about equal to a splendid equipage; and a finished work of art is a showy piece of upholstery. In this vulgarity of sentiment, Dr. Parr could not entirely accompany his coarsest friends; for he drew largely on their indulgence himself as a trespasser in the very worst form — he was guilty of writing Latin with fluency and striking effect. It is certain, however, that the modern school of reformers had an injurious effect upon Dr. Parr's literary character, by drawing out and strengthening its hardest features. His politics became harsher, and his intellectual sensibilities coarser, as he advanced in years. How closely he connected himself with these people, we shall show in the sketch we propose to give of his political history. For the present we turn with pleasure to his more elegant, though sometimes not less violent, friends, amongst the old established Whig leaders. These, in their very intemperances, maintained the tone, breeding, and cultivation of gentlemen. They cherished and esteemed all parts of elegant letters; and, however much they have been in the habit of shocking our patriotism or constitutional principles, seldom offered annoyance to our tastes, as scholars and men of letters.

Foremost amongst these, as foremost in politics, stood Charles Fox. His letters in this collection are uniformly in the unpretending manner which he courted: what we have too generally to regret — is the absence of Dr. Parr's answers, especially to those letters of Mr. Fox or his friends, which communicated his *jeux d'esprit* in Greek verse. One of these we shall

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notice. Meantime, as perhaps the most interesting passage in the whole collection of Dr. Parr's correspondence, we shall make the following extract from a letter, in which Mr. Fox states the final state of his feelings with regard to Edmund Burke: the immediate occasion was a plan, at that moment agitated, for raising a monument to his memory. The date of this memorable letter is Feb. 24, 1802: —

'Mackintosh wrote to me upon the subject you mention; and I think he took my answer rather more favorably than he was strictly warranted to do. When he said I would second the proposition, I told him *support* was my word.

'The truth is, though I do not feel any malice against Burke, nor would I have in any degree thwarted any plan for his advantage or honor: though I feel the greatest gratitude for his continued kindness to me during so great a part of our lives, and a strong conviction that I owe to his friendship and conversation, a very great portion of whatever either of political or oratorical merit my friends suppose me to have displayed; notwithstanding all this, I must own, that there are some parts of his conduct that I cannot forgive so entirely as perhaps I ought, and as I wish to do.

'His public conduct may have arisen from mistaken motives of right, carried to a length to which none but persons of his ardent imagination would have pursued them. But the letter to the Duke of Portland and Lord Fitzwilliam, with the worst possible opinion of me, is what I never can think of without sensations which are as little habitual to me as to most men. To attempt to destroy me in the opinion of those whom I

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so much value, and in particular that of Fitzwilliam, with whom I had lived in the strictest friendship from our infancy; to attempt it, too, at a time and in a way which made it almost certain that they would not state the accusation to me, and consequently, that I should have no opportunity to defend myself — this was surely not only malice, but baseness in the extreme; and if I were to say that I have quite forgiven it, it would be boasting a magnanimity which I cannot feel.

'In these circumstances, therefore, I think that, even not opposing, much more supporting, any motion made in honor of his memory as an individual amongst the rest, without putting myself forward as a mover or seconder, is all that can be expected or desired of me by those who are not admirers of hypocrisy. I shall have great pleasure, however, in seeing your plan for an epitaph for him, and will tell you freely my opinion of it, both in general and in the detail. He was certainly a great man, and had very many good as well as great qualities; but his motto seems the very reverse of μηδὲν ἄγαν; and, when his mind had got hold of an object, his whole judgment, as to prudent or imprudent, unbecoming or indecent, nay, right or wrong, was perverted when that object was in question. What Quintilian says of Ovid, "Si ingenio temperare quam indulgere maluisset," was eminently applicable to him, even with respect to his passions. "Si animi sui affectibus temperare quam indulgere maluisset quid vir iste præstare non potuerit?" would be my short character of him. By the way, I do not know that *affectibus* is the right word; but I know no other.'

Monstrous as we must consider this view of Mr. Burke's conduct, which, under every provocation from

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the underlings of Mr. Fox's party, continued irreproachably honorable towards those whom he had been compelled (*and whom others had been compelled*) to abandon, — still, under the perverse prejudices which had possession of Mr. Fox, we must allow his temper and his conduct, as here stated by himself, to have been sincere, manly, and liberal. That he did not speak with more fervor of admiration, in summing up the claims of a man so immeasurably beyond his contemporaries in the fineness and compass of his understanding, is not to be imputed to jealousy of his powers, or to the smothered resentments which Mr. Fox acknowledges — but entirely to the extreme plainness, simplicity, and almost homely character of his own mind, which labored under a specific natural inaptitude for appreciating an intellect so complex, subtle, and elaborate, as that of Burke.

We see how readily he clings to the slang notion of Burke's '*imagination*' as explaining the differences between them; and how resolutely he mistakes, for an original tendency to the violence of extremes, what in fact was the mere breadth and determinateness of principle which the extremity of that crisis exacted from a mind of unusual energy. Charles Fox had one sole grandeur, one originality, in his whole composition, and that was the fervor, the intensity, the contagious vehemence of his manner. He could not endure his own speeches when stripped of the advantage they had in a tumultuous and self-kindling delivery. 'I have always hated the thought,' says he to Dr. Parr, 'of any of my speeches being published.' Why was *that*? Simply because in the mere *matter*, he could not but feel himself, that there was nothing to insure at-

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tention, nothing that could give a characteristic or remarkable expression to the whole. The thoughts were everybody's thoughts: Mr. Burke's, on the other hand, were so peculiarly his own, that they might have been sworn to as private property in any court of law.

How was Dr. Parr affected by the great schism in politics, the greatest which ever hinged upon pure difference of abstract principle? A schism which was fatal to the unity of the Whig Club, could not but impress new determinations on the political bias, conduct, and language of every Whig partisan. At the time of the Bellenden Preface, it was a matter of course to praise Burke; he was then the ally of Fox, and the glory of the Whigs. But what tone of sentiment did Dr. Parr maintain towards this great man after he had become an alien to the revolutionary cause which he himself continued to patronize, and the party whom he continued to serve? For previously to that change his homage was equivocal. It might be to the man, or it might be to his position.

There are many ways of arriving at a decision: in letters, in tracts, (Letter on Fox's James II.) and in recorded conversations, Dr. Parr's sincere opinions, on this question (a question as comprehensive as any personal question ever can have been) were repeatedly obtained. He wrote, besides, an inscription for Burke's public monument; and this, which (in common with all his epitaphs) was anxiously weighed and meditated in every syllable, happens to have been the most felicitous in the opinion of himself and his friends of all which he executed. What was its prevailing tone? 'I remember,' says Parr himself, writing to

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Lord Holland, 'one or two of Mr. Burke's admirers said to me that it was cold; and I answered, that I had indeed been successful; for as I really did not feel warmth, I had not attempted to express it.' Perhaps in these words, Dr. Parr, with a courtier's consideration of the person whom he was addressing, has done some injustice to himself. Enough remains on record, both in the epitaph and elsewhere, to show that he had not indeed attained to a steady consciousness of Burke's characteristic merits; but it is manifest that he struggled with a reluctant instinct of submission to the boldest of his views, and fought up against a blind sense of his authority as greater than on many accounts it pleased him or suited him to admit.

Even in this personal accident, as it may seem, taken in connection with the fetters of party, lay a snare to the sobriety of Parr's understanding. The French Revolution, with him as with multitudes beside, unhinged the sanity of his moral judgments. Left to the natural influences of things, he, like many of his political friends, might have recovered a steady equilibrium of mind upon this great event, and 'all which it inherited.' He might have written to others, as Lady Oxford, (once the most violent of democrats,) sickened by sad experience of continental frenzies, had occasion to write to *him* — 'Of Burke's writings and principles I am now a very great admirer; he was a great lover of practical liberty. In my days of darkness, prejudice, and folly, I never read a line of Burke; but I am now, thank heaven, in a state of regeneration.' Obstinacy, and (except by occasional starts) allegiance to his party, made this noble confession of error impossible to Dr. Parr. And the intellectual results to

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one who lived chiefly in the atmosphere of politics, and drew his whole animation from the fluctuations of public questions, were entirely mischievous. To those who abided by the necessities of error, which grew upon a systematic opposition to Mr. Burke, the French Revolution had destroyed all the landmarks of constitutional distinctions, and impressed a character of indeterminate meaning upon ancient political principles. From that time forward, it will be seen, by those who will take the trouble to examine, that Dr. Parr, struggling (as many others did) between the obscure convictions of his conscience, and the demands of his party, or his personal situation, maintained no uniform opinions at all; gave his faith and his hopes by turns to every vagrant adventurer, foreign or domestic, military scourge, or political reformer, whom the disjointed times brought forward; and was consistent in nothing but in those petty speculations of philology, which, growing out of his professional pursuits, served at last no end so useful as that of relieving the asperities of his political life.

PART III.

How peculiarly painful it is to all parties — judges and juries, government, the public in general, the culprit, and his friends in particular — when a literary man falls under the lash of the law! How irritating to himself and others that he should be transported — how disgusting that he should be hanged! Such

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fates, however, befel some of Dr. Parr's dearest connections; he lived to see his most valued pupil expatriated, in company with felons, to 'the Great Botanic Bay;' and he lived to accompany another friend (who also by one biographer is described as a pupil) to the foot of the gallows.

We mention not these things by way of reproach to Dr. Parr's memory. The sufferings of his unhappy friends, *after* they came into trouble, called out none but the good qualities of his nature. Never, indeed, was Samuel Parr seen to greater advantage, than when animating the hopes, supporting the fortitude, or ministering to the comforts, of the poor dejected prisoner in his gloomy cell, at a time when self-reproaches had united with the frowns of the world to make the consolations of friendship somewhat more than usually trying to the giver, and a thousand times more valuable to the receiver. When all others forsook the wretched and fled, Dr. Parr did not; his ear was open to the supplications of all who sate in darkness and sorrow; and wherever the distress was real, remembering that he himself also was a poor frailty-laden human creature, he did not think it became him too severely to examine in what degrees guilt or indiscretion had concurred to that effect. Sam Parr! these things will make the earth lie light upon your last abode; flowers will flourish on its verdant roof; and gleams of such remembrances extort an occasional twinge of compunction even from us — at the very moment when we are borrowing old Sir Christopher's gentler knout [No. 3 — his *scutica*, no this *flagellum*] gently to '*perstringe*' your errors.

Sam Parr! we love you; we said so once before.

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But *perstringing*, which was a favored word of your own, was a no less favored act. You also in your lifetime perstringed many people; some of whom perstringed you, Sam, smartly in return; some kissed the rod; and some disdained it in silence. Complaint, therefore, on your behalf, would be unreasonable; that same *parresia*, which in your lifetime furnished a ground for so many thousand discharges of the same Grecian pun on your own name, (each duly delivered by its elated author as the original explosion,) obliges us to deal frankly with your too frequent errors, even when we are most impressed by the spectacle of your truly Christian benignity. Indeed, the greater your benignity, the better is our title to tax those errors which so often defeated it. For why, let us ask of Dr. Parr's friends, should he choose to testify his friendship to men, in standing by them and giving his countenance to their affliction, rather than in the wiser course — so suitable to his sacred calling — of interposing his gentler counsels between their frantic designs, and the dire extremities which naturally conducted to that affliction? In Gerrald's case, he certainly *had* counselled and warned him of the precipice on which he stood, in due season. But to him, as to the chamois hunter of the Alps, danger was a temptation even for its own sake: he hungered and thirsted after political martyrdom. And it is possible, that in that case, Dr. Parr found no grounds of self-reproach. *Possible*, we say; even here we speak doubtingly, because, if Dr. Parr applied sedatives to his fiery nature in 1794, he had in 1790-92 applied stimulants; if, finally, when Mr. Pitt and the French Reign of Terror showed that no trifling could be

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allowed, he pulled vainly at the curb-rein (as his letters remain to show) — originally, it is beyond all doubt that he used the spur. Violence and intemperance, it is true, in Mr. Gerrald, were constitutional; yet there can be little doubt that, for the republican direction which they took, his indiscreet tutor was nearly altogether answerable.

Joseph Gerrald was a man of great talents: his defence upon his trial shows it; and we have the assurance of an able critic, who was himself present at its delivery, in March, 1794, that no piece of forensic eloquence on record better deserved the profound attention with which it was received: 'you might,' as he assured us, 'during the whole time, have heard a pin drop.' Under happier auspices[18] than Dr. Parr's, how distinguished a citizen might this man have become! As to Mr. Oliver, it is Dr. Parr's own statement of the case, (a statement which, at this day, we presume, few persons will be found to believe,) that he was condemned and executed for drinking Mr. Fox's health, and reading Tom Paine's writings; in short, for being a Jacobin. The little trfling circumstance that he was also a murderer, with Dr. Parr weighs nothing at all. Take then his own representation: who was it that countenanced the reading of Tom Paine, criticizing his infamous books as counterpoises to those of Burke, and as useful in bringing out a neutral product? Who was it that gave to Warwickshire, (Mr. Oliver's part of the country,) nay, to all England, the one sole example of a 'budge doctor,' arrayed in the scarlet robes of the English universities, and a public instructor of the young English aristocracy, speaking cautiously and

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respectfully of this shallow dogmatist, who, according to his power, laid the axe to all civil government throughout the world? Who, but one man, clothed in the character of a Christian minister, could have been blinded by party violence to the extent of praising in a qualified manner, and naming, amongst creditable writers, the most insolent theomachist and ruffian infidel of ancient or modern times? If Dr. Parr's friends acted upon Mr. Paine's principles, propagated Mr. Paine's principles, and suffered in public estimation, even to the extent of martyrdom, as champions of those principles — nobody can suppose that in selecting and professing a faith so full of peril, they could be other than greatly influenced by the knowledge that a learned doctor in the Church of England, guide and tutor to themselves, had publicly spoken of that Mr. Paine as an authority not altogether without his claims to consideration.

But we have insensibly wandered into political considerations at a point of our review, where the proper object before us was — Dr. Parr as a man of letters. For this we have some excuse, considering that politics and literature so naturally blended in Dr. Parr's practice of authorship, that perhaps not one of his most scholarlike performances, but is richly interveined with political allusions and sarcasms, nor one of those most professedly political, which did not often turn aside to gather flowers from the fields of the muses, or herbs of 'medicinable power' from the gardens of philosophy. The truth is, the Doctor wrote as he lived; bending to momentary gusts of passion; recovering himself by glimpses to a higher standard of professional duty; remembering by fits

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that he was officially a teacher, spiritual and intellectual; forgetting himself too often into a partisan and a zealot.

However, as we shall consider Dr. Parr's politics under a separate and peculiar head, we will, for the present, confine ourselves more rigorously to his literary character, difficult as we really find it to observe a line of strict separation which the good doctor himself is forever tempting or provoking us to forget.

As a man of letters, then, what was it — what power, what accomplishment, what art that Dr. Parr could emblazon upon his shield of pretence, as characteristically his own? Latin; Latin *quoad* knowledge; Latin *quoad* practical skill. 'Reading,' said he, 'reflection, the office of a teacher, and much practice in composition, have given me a command over the Latin sufficient for the ordinary purposes of a scholar.' This was his own estimate of himself: and it was a modest one — too modest: and possibly he would not have made it had he been addressing anybody but a Whig lord, taught from his earliest youth to take his valuation of Dr. Parr from a party who regarded him as their champion and martyr. Yet again, it is not impossible that he was sincere: for the insincere will make a general profession of humility in the abstract, and yet revolt from the test of individual comparisons: they confess how much they fall short of their own ideal; but as to John, Thomas, or William, they would spurn a claim of superiority for *them*. Now, Dr. Parr sometimes goes so far in his humility as to 'name names;' Sir William Jones, Sir George Baker — *these* we are sure of, and we think Bishop Lowth were amongst the masters of Latinity, to whom he some-

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where concedes the palm for this accomplishment, on a question of comparison with himself. We must profess our own hearty dissent from such a graduation of the honors. Sir George Baker, from his subjects, is less generally known. He was an Etonian, and wrote at least with facility: but, to speak of the other two, who are within everybody's reach, we contend that, maugre their reputation, they do not write good Latin. The kind of Latin they affect is in bad taste: too florid, too *rotund*, too little idiomatic: its structure is vicious, and evidences an English origin. Of Lowth we say this even more determinately than of Sir W. Jones.[19] Some day or other we shall make a great article on this subject; and we shall then illustrate largely: for without illustration, such a discussion is as empty and aerial as a feast of the Barmecide.

Meantime, whatsoever the mechanic hounds may say who now give the tone to education, the art of writing Latin finely is a noble accomplishment; and one, we will take upon us to say, which none but a man of distinguished talent will succeed in. All the scholarship in the world will not avail to fight up against the tyranny of modern idioms and modern fashions of thought — the whole composition will continue to be redolent of lamps not fed with Attic oil, but with gas — base gas — unless in the hands of a man vigorous and agile enough to throw off the yoke of vernacular custom —

'Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life.'

No custom cramps and masters a man's freedom so effectually as the household diction which he hears

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from all around him. And that man, who succeeds (like Dr. Parr) in throwing his thoughts into ancient moulds, does a greater feat than he that turned the Euphrates into a new channel for the service of his army.

This difficulty is in itself a sufficient justification of modern Latin — coupled, as it is, with so useful an activity of thought. But, apart from that, will any man contend that the establishment of a great commonwealth can be complete without artists in Latinity. Even rogues, swindlers, hangmen, are essential to the proper *mounting* of a great metropolis: a murderer or two perhaps, in the complete subdivision of employments, would not be amiss in casting the parts for a full performance of civil life. Not that we approve of murder for murder's sake: far from it! It is scandalous, and what every good man must decidedly condemn and pointedly discourage. But still, if murders are to be, and murders will be, and murders must be, then of course we might as well have them executed in an artist-like manner, as in the horrid bungling style so offensive in rude countries to the eye of *delicate* taste, and the mind of sensibility. Assuredly, it cannot be denied, that all sorts of villains, knaves, prigs, and so forth, are essential parts in the equipage of social life. Else why do we regard police as so indispensable a function of organized society: for without corresponding objects in the way of scoundrels, sharks, crimps, pimps, ring-droppers, &c., police-officers would be idle superfluities, and liable to general disgust.

But, waiving the question as stretched to this extent, — for artists who work in Latin we may plead more

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reasons than Mr. Blackwood is likely to allow us scope for in one article, — we shall press but one argument, and that applied to our just national pride. Is it not truly shameful that a great nation should have occasion to go abroad for any odd bit of Latin that it may chance to want in the way of inscription for a triumphal monument, for a tomb, for a memorial pillar, for a public or official gift? Conceding (as, under the terrors of Mr. Blackwood's pruning-knife, we do concede for the moment) that Latin is of little other application — is it to be endured that we should be reduced to the necessity of importing our Latin secretary?[20] For instance, we will mention one memorable case. The Czar Alexander, as all the world knows, one fine day, in the summer of that immortal year 1814, went down to Oxford in company with our own Regent, the King of Prussia, the Hetman of the Cossacks, and a long roll of other princely personages, with titles fatiguing to the memory, and names from which orthography recoils aghast. Some were entertained at one college — some at another. The emperor's billet fell upon Merton College; and in acknowledgment of the hospitality there shown, some time afterwards he sent to the warden and fellows, through Count Lieven, his ambassador to the court of London, a magnificent vase of Siberian jasper. This vase wanted an inscription — a Latin inscription of course. This inscription was to be worked in Russia, and the workmen stood resting upon their tools until this should come out from England. Now, under these circumstances, John Bull! conceive the shame and the scandal — if Oxford, the golden seat of classical erudition, under the very eyes of the Czar and his ambassador, had been obliged to

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resort to some coxcomb on the continent for the small quantity of Latin required! What would Mrs. Grundy have said? What would the Hetman have said? And Woronzoff, and Kutusoff, and Doctoroff, and Tchitchzakoff? Indeed we cannot think it altogether becoming to Oxford, that Cambridge should have furnished the artist — for Dr. Parr it was who undertook and executed the inscription, which, after all, exhibited too Spartan a nakedness to have taxed any man very severely, except for the negative quality of forbearance; and the scandal, as between the two universities, is actually on record and in print, of a chancellor of the one (Lord Grenville) corresponding with a doctor of the other, for a purpose which exclusively concerned Oxford. Perhaps the excuse may be, that Oxford was not interested as a body in an affair which belonged personally to the warden and fellows of one society. And at all events, the *national* part of the scandal was averted.[2]

On this subject, which furnishes so many a heart-ache to a loyal-hearted Englishman, we would beg to throw a hasty glance. John Bull, who piques himself so much and so justly on the useful and the respectable, on British industry, British faith, British hardware, British morals, British muskets (which are by no means the best specimens of our morals, judging by the proportion that annually bursts in the hands of poor savages) — and, generally speaking, upon British arts, *provided only they are the useful and the mechanical arts* — this same John Bull has the most sheepish distrust of himself in every accomplishment that professes a purpose of ornament and mere beauty. Here he has a universal superstition in favor of names in *ano* and

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ini. Every foreigner indeed, but more especially every Italian — it is John's private faith — is by privilege of nature a man of taste, and, by necessity, a knave. Were it only of music that he thought this, and only of Italian foreigners, perhaps he might not be so far amiss. Oh! the barbarous leaning of British taste as regards music! oh, the trashy songs which pollute our theatres, and are allowed to steal into the operas of Mozart! Strange that the nation whose poetry and drama discover by degrees so infinitely the most passion, should in their music discover the least! Not merely, however, in arts, technically so called, but in every branch of ornamental knowledge, everything that cannot be worked in a loom, weighed on a steelyard, measured by an ell-wand, valued by an auctioneer, John Bull secretly distrusts himself and his own powers. He may talk big when his patriotism is irritated; but his secret and sincere opinion is that nature has made him a barbarian as regards the beautiful; if not for sensibility, at any rate for performance; and that in compensation of this novercal usage, fortune has given him a long purse to buy his beauty ready made. Hence it is, that, whilst openly disavowing it, John is forever sneaking privately to foreigners, and tempting them with sumptuous bribes, to undertake a kind of works which many times would be better done by domestic talents. Latin, we may be sure, and Greek, fall too much within the description of the ornamental — to be relished of home manufacture. Whenever, therefore, a great scholar was heard of on the continent, him John Bull proceeded to buy or to bargain for. Many were imported at the Reformation. Joseph Scaliger was courted in the succeeding age. A younger

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friend of his, Isaac Casaubon, a capital scholar, but a dull man, and rather knavish, was caught. Exultingly did John hook him, play with him, and land him. James I. determined that he would have his life written by him: and, in fact, all sorts of uses were meditated and laid out for their costly importation. But he died without doing anything that he would not have done upon the continent; the whole profit of the transaction rested with the Protestant cause, which (but for English gold) Casaubon would surely have abandoned for the honors and emoluments of Rome. Cromwell again, perfect John Bull as he was in this feature, also preserved the national faith; he would have his martial glories recorded. Well: why not? Especially for one who had Milton at his right hand. But no: he thought little of *him* — he would buy a foreigner. In fact, he was in treaty for several; and we will venture to say that Salmasius himself was not more confounded upon finding himself suddenly seized, bound, and whirled at Milton's chariot wheels, in a field where he was wont to career up and down as supreme and unquestioned *arbiter*, and at most expecting a few muttered insults, that would not require notice, — than Cromwell was on hearing that his own champion, a Londoner born, and manufactured at Cambridge, had verily taken the conceit out of the vain-glorious but all-learned Frenchman. It was just such another essay as between Orlando and the Duke's wrestler — as well for the merits of the parties, as for the pleasant disappointment to the lookers-on. For even on the continent all men rejoiced at the humiliation of Salmasius. Charles II., again, and his favorite ministers, had heard of Des Cartes as a philosopher and Latinist,

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but apparently not of Lord Bacon, except as a lawyer. King William, though in the age of Bishop Pearson, and Stillingfleet, and Bentley, in the very rare glances which he condescended to bestow on literature, squinted at Grævius, Gronovius, and other Dutch professors of humanity on a ponderous scale. And, omitting scores of other cases we could bring in illustration, even in our own day, the worthy George III. thinking it would be well to gain the *imprimatur* of his own pocket university of Göttingen, before he made up his mind on the elementary books used in the great schools of England, dispatched a huge bale of grammars, lexicons, vocabularies, fables, selections, exercise-books, spelling-books, and Heaven knows what all, to that most concinnous and most rotund of professors — Mr. Heyne. At Cæsar's command, the professor slightly inspected them; and having done so, he groaned at the quality of the superb English paper, so much harder, stiffer, and more unaccommodating to domestic purposes than that soft German article, prepared by men of feeling and consideration in that land of sentiment, and thereupon (we pretend not to say how far in consequence thereof) he drew up an angry and vindictive verdict on their collective merits. And thus it happened that his Majesty came to have but an indifferent opinion of English school literature. Now, in this instance, we see the John Bull mania pushed to extremity. For surely Dr. Parr, on any subject whatever, barring Greek, was as competent a scholar as Master Heyne.[22] And on this particular subject, the jest is apparent, that Parr was, and Heyne was not, a schoolmaster. Parr had cultivated the art of teaching all his life; and it were hard indeed, if labors so tedious and heavy

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might not avail a man to the extent of accrediting his opinion on a capital question of his own profession. Speaking seriously, since the days of Busby — that great man[23] who flogged so many of our avi — abavi — atavi — and tritavi, among the schoolmasters of Europe, none could, in those days, stand forward as competitors in point of scholarship with Parr. Scholars more eminent, doubtless, there had been, but not among those who wielded the ferule; for the learned Dr. Burney, junior, of Greenwich, and the very learned Dr. Butler, of Shrewsbury, had not then commenced their reigns. How pointed, then, was the insult, in thus transferring the appeal from a golden critic at home to a silver one abroad: or rather, how strong the prejudice which could prompt such a course to one who probably meditated no insult at all. And let no man say, on *this* occasion, that Parr, being a Jacobin, could not be decently consulted on the scruples of a king; for Heyne was a Jacobin also, until Jacobinism brought danger to his windows. If the oracle at Hatton *philippized*, the oracle of Göttingen philippized no less, and perhaps with much less temptation, and certainly with less conspicuous neglect of his own interest. Well for him that his Jacobinism lurks in ponderous Latin notes, whilst Dr. Parr's was proclaimed to the world in English!

It is fitting, then, that we people of England should always keep a man or two capable of speaking with our enemies in the gate, when they speak Latin; more especially when our national honor in this particular is to be supported against a prejudice so deep, and of standing so ancient. These, however, are local arguments for cultivating Latin, and kept alive by the sense

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of wounded honor. But there are other considerations more permanent and intrinsic to the question, which press equally upon all cultivated nations. The language of ancient Rome has certain indestructible claims upon our regard: it has a peculiar merit *sui generis* in the first place; and, secondly, circumstances have brought it into a singular and unprecedented relation to the affairs and interests of the human race.

Speaking carelessly of Latin, as one of two ancient languages, both included in the cycle of a perfect education, and which jointly compose the entire conservatory of all ancient literature that now survives, we are apt to forget that either of these languages differs from the other by any peculiar or incommunicable privilege: and for all the general advantages which can characterize a language, we rightly ascribe the preference in degree to the Greek. But there are two circumstances, one in the historical position of the Latin language, and one in its own internal character, which unite to give it an advantage in our esteem, such as no language besides ever did, or, in the nature of things, ever will possess. They are these: — The Latin language has a *planetary* importance; it belongs not to this land or that land, but to all lands where the human intellect has obtained its rights and its development. It is the one sole *Lingua Franca*, that is, in a catholic sense, such for the whole humanized earth, and the total family of man. We call it a dead language. But how? It is not dead, as Greek is dead, as Hebrew is dead, as Sanscrit is dead — which no man uses in its ancient form in his intercourse with other men. It is still the common dialect which binds together that great *imperium in imperio* — the republic of letters.

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And to express in a comprehensive way the relation which this superb language bears to man and his interests, it has the same extensive and indifferent relation to our planet, which the moon has amongst the heavenly bodies. Her light, and the means of intercourse which she propagates by her influence upon the tides, belong to all nations alike. How impressive a fact would it appear to us, if the great Asiatic family of nations from Teharân, or suppose from Constantinople and Cairo (which are virtually Asiatic) to Pekin and the remotest islands on that quarter of Asia, had some one common language through which their philosophers and statesmen could communicate with each other over the whole vast floor of Asia! Yet this sublime masonic tie of brotherhood we ourselves possess, we members of Christendom, in the most absolute sense. Gradually, moreover, it is evident that we shall absorb the whole world into the progress of civilization. Thus the Latin language is, and will be still more perfectly, a bond between the remotest places. Time also is connected as much as space; and periods in the history of man, too widely separated from each other (as we might also have imagined) to admit of any common tie, are, and will continue to be, brought into connection by a vinculum so artificial (and, generally speaking, so fluctuating) as a language. This position of the Latin language with regard to the history of man, would alone suffice to give it an overpowering interest in our regard. As to its intrinsic merits, the peculiarity of its structure, and the singular powers which arise out of that structure, we must leave that topic undiscussed. We shall say only, that, for purposes of elaborate rhetoric, it is altogether unrivalled;

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the exquisitely artificial mould of its structure, gives it that advantage. And, with respect to its supposed penury of words, we shall mention the opinion of Cicero, who, in three separate passages of his works, maintains, that in that point it has the advantage of the Greek.

Many questions arise upon the qualities of Parr's Latin in particular, and upon the general rules of style which he prescribed to himself. The far-famed author of the 'Pursuits of Literature,' has stigmatized the preface to Bellendĕnus[24] (we beseech you, courteous reader, to pronounce the penultimate short, that is, lay the accent on the syllable *lend*) as '*a cento of Latin quotations;*' in which judgment there is a double iniquity; for, beyond all other human performances, the 'Pursuits of Literature' *is* a cento, and, in any fair sense, Parr's preface is *not*. In fact, with all its undeniable ability, all its cloudy amplifications, tortuous energy of language, and organ notes of profounder eloquence pealing at intervals through the 'sound and fury' of his political vaticinations, — merits which sufficed to propel that bulky satire through nearly a score of editions, — yet, at this day, it cannot be denied, that the 'Pursuits of Literature' was disfigured by much extravagance of invective, much license of tongue, much mean and impotent spite, (see his lying attempt to retort the jest of Colman[25] by raising a Greek dust,) but above all, (and in a degree which took all color of propriety from his sneers at Parr,) by a systematic pedantry, without parallel in literature. To Parr it was open, at least, to have retorted, that in no instance had *he* left it a matter of doubt what language it was that he professed to be writing, whether it were Greek

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enamelled upon an English ground, or a substratum of Greek tesselated by English. That boast was something: more by a good deal than the learned satirist could pretend to. Such a *mosaic* as his hyper-Menippean satire, was never seen by man; unless, indeed, it were in one imitation (the *Millennium*) where the author, apparently determined to work in more colors than his master, had strewed his pages with Arabic and Persic, and actually pressed upon the particular and indulgent notice of the Lord Mayor, and aldermen in common council assembled, various interesting considerations in Coptic.

By such an accuser, then, Parr could not justly be placed upon defence. But really at any bar he did not need a defence. Writing professedly as a rhetorician, he caught at the familiar commonplaces of Roman rhetoric, and golden ornaments of Ciceronian mintage, just as in English we point our perorations with the gorgeous tropes of Jeremiah Taylor, relieve the austerity of our didactic speculations with the great harmonies of Milton, or lock up our sentences with massy keystones of Shakspearian sentiment. Thus far the famous Preface was no further arrayed in borrowed plumage than really became it as an avowed *bravura* of rhetorical art, deliberately unfolding its 'dazzling fence' in passages of effect, and openly challenging admiration as a solemn agonistic effort of display and execution. What probably misled the unfriendly critic were the continued references in the margin to Cicero, or other masters of Latinity. But these were often no acknowledgments for obligations, but simply sanctions for particular uses of words, or for questionable forms of phraseology. In this Dr. Parr was even generous;

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for though he *did* sometimes leave traps for the unwary — and this he acknowledged with a chuckling laugh — still in many more instances he saved them from the snares which were offered by these suspicious cases in Latinity.

Dismissing, however, in his own contemptuous words, this false and malicious exception to Dr. Parr's preface, 'Quare suo, per me licet, sale nigro ii delectentur, suæque superbiæ morem gerant, qui me dictitant, veluti quendam ludimagistrum, ex alienis orationibus librum meum composuisse,' it is very possible that there may be others with better foundation. Amongst these there is one, which we have heard most frequently pressed in conversation, and it is connected with a *quæstio vexatissima* on the general principles of modern Latin diction; was not the style hybrid, that is, a composite style, owned by no one age in particular, but made up by inharmonious contributions from many? We answer firmly — No. Words there are, undoubtedly — single words, and solitary phrases, and still oftener senses and acceptations[26] of words, which can plead no Ciceronian authority. But the mould — the structure — the τυπος of the sentence, *that* is always Roman, always such as Cicero would have understood and countenanced. Nay, many passages there are which Cicero could not have beat for his ears. Every sentence or period moves upon two principal determinations: its external connection in the first place — how does it arise, upon what movement of logic or the feeling from the preceding period? And, secondly, its own internal evolution. These *moments* (to speak dynamically) in the construction of sentences according to their treatment, (but, above all, in a lan-

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guage the most exquisitely artificial that human necessities have created,) become the very finest tests of their idiomatic propriety. In the management of these primary elements in the art of composition, Parr is a master. As to words, or saparable parts, which a stroke of the pen can remove and supply, the effect, upon the whole, is little, and to modern ears, untrained by colloquial use to apprehend spontaneously the discordant association of archaisms, neologisms, scarcely any at all. Yet it is observable, that, to words only, and single phrases, the purists in Latin composition have most unwisely directed their attention.

Above all, the Ciceronian purists were famous in their day; a volume might be written on their history. Fierce sectarianism bred fierce latitudinarianism. Was a writer Ciceronian in his words and phrases? *That*, for some critics was the one demand. On the other hand, many piqued themselves on throwing off a restriction so severe, and for many subjects so disadvantageous. Some valued themselves on writing like Tacitus; some with larger and more natural taste, like Livy. Some even were content with a model as modern as Lipsius or Strada.

In such disputes all turns upon the particular purpose which a writer has in using the Latin idiom. Why, on what considerations, honoring what old prescriptive usage, or looking to what benefit, has an author used Latin at all? For evidently, in foregoing his own mother tongue, he has wilfully forfeited much ease and some power. His motives, therefore, must be very determinate in a choice so little for his own immediate interest. If, which is the commonest case, he writes Latin merely as a *lingua franca* — as the general

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language of the literary commonwealth of Christendom and, therefore, purely to create an extended circulation for his thoughts, — it is probable that his subject in these days will be derived from some branch of science, or at all events, some theme treated didactically; for, as an orator, an essayist, or generally, as a fine writer, he can find no particular temptations in a language, which, whilst it multiplies his difficulties, must naturally limit his audience. On a mere calculation of good sense, we may predict that his subject will, in nine cases out of ten, be one which is paramount, by its matter, to all considerations of style and manner. Physics, for example in some one of its numerous branches, mathematics, or some great standing problem of metaphysics. Now in such a case, if there be one rule of good taste more pressing than another, it is this — to reject all ornaments of style whatever, — in fact all style; for unless on a question which admits some action of the feelings, in a business of the pure understanding, style — properly defined — is impossible. Consequently, classical Latin, whether of gold, of silver, or of brass, is, in such a case, equally to be rejected. The reason upon which this rule stands is apparent.

Why is it that in law Latin we say *murdravit*, for he *murdered*, — *warrantizo*, — *homagium*, and so forth? Simply because the transcendent *matter* in all legal discussions, the great interests of life and property which law concerns, the overruling importance of the necessities to which law ministers, making intelligibility and distinction of cases to be the absorbing consideration, cannot but throw into the shade every quality of writing which does not co-operate to that end; and for

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those qualities, which have a tendency even to clash with it, cannot but reduce them to the rank of puerile levities. The idea of *felony*, under its severe and exclusive limitation, according to our jurisprudence, could not be adequately reached by any Ciceronian term whatsoever; and this once admitted, it is evident that the filigree frost-work of classical fastidiousness must be allowed to melt at once before the great domineering influences of life in its elementary interests. Religion again, how much has *that* been found to suffer in the hands of classical precisions, to whom the whole vocabulary of Christianity, — all the technical terms of its divine economy, all its idioms [27] — such as *grace*, *sanctification*, *sacrament*, *regeneration*, &c., were so many stones of offence and scandal for the terms, even where they did not reject the conceptions. Now, one law of good sense is paramount for all composition whatsoever, viz. that the subject, the very ideas, for the development of which only any composition at all became necessary, must not suffer prejudice, or diminution, from any scruples affecting the mere accessories of style or manner. Where both cannot co-exist, perish the style — let the subject-matter (to use a scholastic term) prosper!

This law governs every theme of pure science, or which is capable of a didactic treatment. For instance, in Natural Philosophy, where the mere ideas under discussion, the bodies, the processes, the experiments, the instruments, are all alike almost in a region unknown and unsubjected to any jurisdiction of the classical languages, how vain, how puerile the attempt to fight up against these natural, and for us insurmountable difficulties, by any system of clever equivo-

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cations, or ingenious compromises between the absolute barbarisms of the thing, and their nearest classical analogies. By such misdirected slight-of-hand, what is effected? We sacrifice one principle without propitiating the other. Science, defrauded of her exactness, frowns; and the genius of classical elegance does not smile. Precision is wilfully forfeited; and no real ornament is gained. Wheresoever a man writes not for a didactic purpose, but for effect, wheresoever the composition is not a mere means for conveying truths, but its own end and final object, there, and there only, it may be allowable to attempt a happy evasion of some modern barbarism by means of its nearest Roman equivalent. For example, in a sepulchral inscription, one of the finest modes of the serious epigram, where distinction for the understanding is nothing, and effect for the natural sensibilities is all in all, Dr. Parr might be justified in saying that a man died by a *ballista*, as the nearest classical weapon of offence to that which was really concerned in the fatal accident. But the same writer, treating any question of Natural Philosophy, could never have allowed himself in so vague a term. To know that a man perished under a blow from some engine of war acted on by a mechanical force, without distinguishing whether gun or pistol, bomb, mortar, howitzer, or hand-grenade — might be all that was required to engage the reader's sympathy. Some little circumstantiality, some slight specification of details, is useful in giving direction and liveliness to a general tone of commiseration; whilst too minute an individualization of objects, not elevated enough to sustain any weight of attention, would both degrade the subject and

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disturb the natural current of the feelings by the disproportionate notice it would arrogate under the unwieldy periphrasis that might be necessary to express it. But, on the other hand, in pure physics, the primary necessity of rigorous distinction would demand an exact designation of the particular implement; size, weight, bore, mode of action, and quantity of resistance, might here all happen to be of foremost importance. Something, in fact, analogous to all this, for the case itself, and for the law which it suggests, may be found in the art of gardening, under its two great divisions of the useful and the ornamental. Taste was first applied to the latter. From the art of gardening, as cultivated for picturesque effects, laws and principles of harmonious grouping, of happy contrast, and of hidden co-operation in parts remote from each other, were soon derived. It was natural that some transfer should be attempted of these rules to the humbler province of kitchen gardens. Something was tried here, also, of the former devices for producing the picturesque; and the effects were uniformly bad. Upon which two classes of critics arose, one who supposed kitchen gardens to be placed altogether out of the jurisdiction of taste, and another, who persisted in bringing them within it, but unfortunately by means of the very same rules as those which governed the larger and more irregular province of pleasure gardens. The truth lay between the two parties; the last were right in supposing that every mode of exhibiting objects to the eye had its own susceptibilities (however limited) of beauty, and its own rules of good taste. The first, on the other hand, were equally right in rejecting the rules of the pictur-

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esque, as applicable to arrangements in which utility and convenience presided. Beauty, 'wild without rule or art, *enormous* bliss,' (that is, bliss which transcends all *norma*, or artificial measurements,) which is Milton's emphatic summing up of the luxuries of Eden, obey a much wider law, and in that proportion more difficult to be abstracted than the elegance of trim arrangement. But even this has its own appropriate law of ornament. And the mistake is, to seek it by translation from some province, differing essentially, and by its central principle, from itself. Where it is possible (as in ornamental gardening on the English plan it is) to appear as an assistant, and in subordination to nature, making her the principal artist, and rather directing her efforts than positively interfering with them — there, it is certain, that the wild, the irregular, the illimitable, and the luxuriant, have their appropriate force of beauty; and the tendency of art is no more than simply to assist their development, and to sustain their effect, by removing whatever is inharmonious. But in a system of which utility is the object, utility must also be the law and source of the beauty. That same convenience, which dictates arrangement and limitation as its own subsidiary instruments, ought to dictate these same principles as the presiding agents for the creation of appropriate ornaments. Instead of seeking a wild picturesque, which delights in concealing, or in revealing only by fits, the subtle and half evanescent laws under which it grows, good taste suggests imperatively, as the object we should court, a beauty of the architectural kind, courting order and symmetry, avowing, not hiding its own artifices, and absolutely existing by correspondence of parts.

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Latin composition falls into the same or analogous divisions; and these divisions obey the same or corresponding rules. The highest form of Latin composition, ornamented Latin, which belongs to a difficult department of the higher *belles lettres*, clothes itself, by natural right, in the whole pomp and luxury of the native Roman idiom. Didactic Latin, of any class, in which the subject makes it impossible to sustain that idiom for two consecutive sentences, abandons it professedly, and creates a new law for itself. Even the art of annotation, a very extensive branch of purely didactic Latin, and cultivated by immense numbers of very able men, has its own peculiar laws and proprieties, which must be sought in the works of those who have practised it with success.[28]

For an example, in support of what we have been saying, and illustrating the ludicrous effect, which arises from a fastidiously classical phraseology employed upon a subject of science, we might refer our readers to the collection of letters between Leibnitz and various correspondents in different parts of Europe, published at Hanover by Feder, among which are some extra superfine letters by a certain Italian Abbé.

It is really as good as a comedy, to see the rope-dancing tricks of agility by which this finical Italian *petit-maitre* contrives to talk of electricity, retorts, crucibles, and gas, in terms that might have delighted the most delicate ears of Augustan Rome. Leibnitz pays him some compliments, as he could do no less, upon his superfine apparel; but evidently he is laughing in his sleeve at the hyperbolical pains and perspiration that each paragraph of his letters must have

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cost him. This Italian simply carried a pretty common mistake to a ridiculous excess. The notion is universal, that even in writing upon scientific subjects, it is right to strive after classical grace, in that extent to which it shall be found attainable. But this is false taste. Far juster, better, and more self-consistent, is the plain, unpretending Latin of the great heroes of philosophy — Lord Bacon, Des Cartes, and Leibnitz.[29] They court no classical ornaments, nor rhetorical phrases; yet the Latin idiom, though not studiously courted, is never harshly violated. Philosophic ideas, philosophic dogmas, of modern birth, are not antedated by giving them pagan names. Terms of modern science, objects of modern discovery, are not disguised in a ridiculous masquerade of classical approximations, presenting a conjectural travesty, rather than a just and responsible translation by fair equivalents. The interests of the sense, and the demands of the primary purpose, are everywhere made the governing considerations; and whilst the barbarisms of some amongst the schoolmen are never imitated, and no idioms positively modern are adopted, the pure Roman idiom is only so far courted as it favors the ends of expedition and precision. In short, we shall not much err in making this general assertion, that a philosophic Latin style, suited to the wants of modern speculation and modern research, has gradually matured itself in the hands of the great philosophic reformers: an ancient language has bent to the pressure of new circumstances, and of modern revolutions in thinking; and it might be shown, that it has, in fact, thrown off a new and secondary idiom, neither modern nor antique, and better fitted for dispatch,

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though less showy, than that of ancient Rome; and this secondary idiom has been created in the same way, and by the same legitimate agency, as any language whatsoever, viz. by the instincts of feeling, and the necessities of the human mind. Voluntarily and consciously, man never did nor could create a language.[30]

The great men we speak of, as all men engaged in that function, were controlled by circumstances existing out of themselves, viz. the demands of human thinking, as they have gradually been unfolded, and the needs of experimental philosophy. In maturing their product, that neutral diction of philosophy which is neither modern nor ancient, they were themselves controlled by the circumstances we state: yet, again, as they started with a scholarlike knowledge of the ancient Roman idiom, they have reciprocally so far reacted upon these circumstances, and controlled their natural tendency, as not to suffer their own vernacular idioms to impress themselves upon their new diction, or at all to mould its shape and character.

Into these discursive notices we have allowed ourselves to wander, from the interest which attaches to every phasis of so imperishable a monument of Roman power as survives for all cultivated nations in the Roman language; and also from its near connection with our immediate subject. Recalling ourselves, however, into that branch of our theme which more particularly concerns Dr. Parr, who wrote little (if anything) in the neutral or didactic form of the Latin idiom, but came forward boldly as a performer on the great classical lyre of that majestic language, — we have said, that in our judgment he was a skilful performer: we

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will add, that, in spite of his own modest appreciation of his own claims, he was much more skilful than those who have been most accredited for this accomplishment in modern England: particularly, he was superior, as a master of Latinity, to Sir William Jones and Bishop Lowth, the two most celebrated English composers in Latin through the course of the eighteenth century.

Whilst thus limiting our comparison of Parr to English competitors for the same sort of fame, we are reminded that Reiske, the well-known editor of the Greek Orators, a hasty and careless, but a copious scholar, and himself possessing a masterly command over the Latin language, has pronounced a general censure (Preface to Demosthenes) of English Latinity. In this censure, after making the requisite limitations, we confess that reluctantly we concur. Not that the continent does not keep us in countenance by its own breed of bald composers: but our English deficiences are the more remarkable when placed in opposition to the unquestionable fact, that in no country upon earth have the gentry, both professional and non-professional, and the majority even of the higher aristocracy, so large a tincture of classical knowledge. What is still more remarkable, some of our first-rate scholars have been our poorest masters of Latinity. In particular, Taylor, the eminent civilian, and the able editor of Demosthenes, whose style it was, to the best of our remembrance, in connection with some ill-natured sneer at Wolff, that furnished the immediate provocation to Reiske's remark, was a poor composer in Latin; and Porson, a much greater scholar than any of these men, as a Latinist was below the meanest of them. In fact, he wrote Latin of any kind — such Latin even as

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was framed on his own poor ideal, with singular want of freedom and facility: so much we read in the very movement of his bald disjointed style. But (more than all *that*) his standard and conception of Latin style was originally bad, and directed to the least valuable of its characteristics. Such an adventurous flight, and a compass so wide as that of Parr, was far beyond Porson's strength of pinion. He has not ventured, in any instance that we are aware of, to trust himself through the length of three sentences to his own impulses; but, in his uniform character of annotator, timidly creeps along shore, attached to the towline of his text, and ready to drop his anchor on the least summons to stretch out to sea. In this, however, there is something equivocal: timidity of thinking may perhaps be as much concerned in his extreme reserve, as penury of diction. But one most unequivocal indication of incompetence as a Latin composer, is to be found in the structure of his sentences, which are redolent of English idiom. In reality, the one grave and mortal taint of English Latinity is — that it is a translation, a rendering back, from an English archetype. In that way, and upon any such principle, good Latin never can arise. It grows up by another process. Good Latin *begins*, as well as terminates, in itself. To write like an ancient Roman, a man must *think* in Latin. Every translation out of an English original must necessarily fail of becoming good Latin by any mode of transmutation that an ordinary activity can ever hope to accomplish: from its English shape, the thoughts, the connections, the transitions, have *already received a determination* this way or that, fitting them for the yoke of an English construction. Even the

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most absolute fixtures (to use that term) in an English structure, must often be unsettled, and the whole framework of the period be taken to pieces and recast in a thoroughly Latin composition. The interrogative form must often be changed to the absolute affirmative, and *vice versa ;* parenthetical intercalations must often be melted into the body of the sentence ; qualifications and restraints added or omitted; and the whole thought, its succession, and connection altered, before it will be fitted to receive a direct Latin version.

This part of our subject, and, in connection with it, Dr. Parr's singular command of the Latin idiom, we might easily illustrate by a few references to the Bellenden Preface ; and there is the more propriety in a studious use of this preface, because Parr himself declared to one of his friends, [Dr. Johnstone's Memoirs, p. 263,] 'there are in the preface almost all the phraseological beauties I know in Latin.'

But this task we must reserve for a separate paper, which we meditate on modern Latinity. For the present, we hasten to a class of the Doctor's Latin compositions, in which his merits are even more conspicuous — because more characteristically his own.

In the epitaphs of Dr. Parr, as amongst the epitaphs of this country, where a false model has prevailed — the lapidary style and arrangement, and an unseasonable glitter of rhetoric — there is a rare, almost a unique body of excellence. Indeed, from these inscriptions, we believe it possible to abstract all the *negative* laws which should preside in this species of composition. The sole defect is in the *positive* qualities. Whatsoever an epitaph ought *not* to be, that too frequently it is ; and by examining Dr. Parr's in detail, we shall

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find, by the uniformity of his abstinence in those circumstances which most usually offer the matter of offence, that his abstinence was not accidental; and that *implicitly*, as the scholastic phrase is, that is, by involution and silent implication, all the canons of a just theory on this branch of art are there brought together and accumulated. This is no light merit; indeed, when we reflect upon it, and consider how many and how able men have failed, we begin to think that Sam was perhaps a greater man by the intention of nature, than our villanous prejudices have allowed us to suppose. But with this concession to the *negative* merits of the Doctor, let it not be thought illiberal in us to connect a repetition of our complaint as to the defects of the τὸ *affirmative* in this collection. Every art is there illustrated which can minister to the gratification of the judgment: the grand defect is in all that should affect the sensibility. It is not enough in an epitaph, that it does not shock or revolt my taste or sense of propriety — of decorum — and the *convenances* arising out of place, purpose, occasion, or personal circumstances. The absence of all this leaves me in the condition requisite for being suitably affected: and I now look for the τὸ *positive* which is to affect me. Everything has been removed by the skilful hand of the composer, which could interfere with, or disturb, the sanctity or tenderness of my emotions: 'And now then,' as Lady Rodolpha Lumbercourt demands, the ground being cleared, 'why don't you proceed to ravish me?' Why don't you launch you *spicula* and arrows, and stings of pathos? The Grecian *epigrammata* — that matchless bead-roll of tender expressions for all household feelings that could blossom amongst

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those for whom no steady dawn of celestial hopes had risen — that treasury of fine sentiment, where the natural pieties of the human heart have ascended as high as a religion so unimaginative, and so little suited to the necessities of the heart, could avail to carry them — do not rely for their effect merely upon the chastities of their composition. Those graces act simply in the way of resistance to all adverse forces; but their *absolute* powers lie in the frank language of natural grief, trusting to its own least elaborate expression, or in the delicacies of covert and circumstantial allusion. Of this latter kind, we have a frequent example in Dr. Parr himself: — when he numbers the hours even of a young man's life, he throws the attention indirectly on the affecting brevity of his career, and on the avaricious love in the survivors clinging tenaciously to the record of his too fugitive hours, even in their minutest fractions. Applied to elder persons, this becomes too much of a mechanical artifice. But, at all events, the pointed expression by any means, or artifice whatever, of the passions suited to the occasion, is far too rare in the Parrian inscriptions. One might suppose even that pious grief and tender *desiderium*, the final cause, and the efficient cause, at one and the same moment, of epitaphs, was, in Dr. Parr's estimate, no more than a *lucro ponamus*, something indifferent to its essence, and thrown in casually, and to boot, as a *bonus* beyond what we are entitled to.

Allowing, however, for this one capital defect, all the laws of good composition, and of Latin composition, in particular, are generally observed by Dr. Parr; the spirit of them always: — and other important rules might be collected from his letters, or abstracted (as

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we said above) from the epitaphs themselves. In particular he objected, and we think most judiciously, to the employment of direct *quotations* in an epitaph. He did not give his reasons: perhaps he only felt them. On a proper occasion, we fancy that we could develope these reasons at some length. At present it is sufficient to say, that quotations always express a mind not fully possessed by its subject, and abate the tone of earnestness which ought to preside either in very passionate or in very severe composition. A great poet of our own days, in writing an ode, felt that a phrase which he had borrowed ought not to be marked as a quotation; for that this reference to a book had the effect of breaking the current of the passion. In the choice of his Latinity also, Dr. Parr prescribed to himself, for this department of composition, very peculiar and very refined maxims. The guide whom he chiefly followed, was one not easily obtained for love or money — *Morcellus de Stylo Inscriptionum.* Yet sometimes he seems to have forgotten his own principles. An epitaph was sent for his approbation, written by no less a person than Louis XVIII. All the world is aware that this prince was a man of cultivated taste, and a good classical scholar. He was, however, for such a task, something too much of a Catholic bigot; and he disfigured his epitaph by introducing the most unclassical Latinity of the Vulgate. Nevertheless, Dr. Parr thought proper to approve of this. Now we admit, and the spirit of our remarks already made on the Latinity suitable for scientific subjects will have shown that we admit, cases in which classical Latin ought professedly to bend to modifications. We admit also that the Vulgate translation, from the sanctity of its

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authority in the Romish church, comes within the privileged class of cases which we have created for a secondary order of Latinity, deserving to be held classical in its own proper jurisdiction. Sepulchral inscriptions for Christian countries being usually in churches, or their consecrated purlieus, may be thought by some to fall peculiarly within that line. But we say — No. It would be so, were the custom of monumental inscription wholly, or in its first origin, a religious one; whereas epitaphs are primarily a matter of feeling and sentiment, not at all prescribed by religion, but simply checked and modified by the consecrated place in which they are usually erected, and by the religious considerations associated with the contemplation of death. This is our opinion, and ought to be Dr. Parr's; for, in writing to Sir Joshua Reynolds on the subject of an epitaph for Dr. Johnson, amongst other judicious reflections on the general subject of Latin inscriptions, he says, 'If Latin is to be the language, the whole spirit and the whole phraseology ought to be *such as a Latin writer would use.*' Now the Vulgate translation of the Scriptures would have been nearly unintelligible in the ages of classic Rome, and nowhere more so than in that particular passage which fell under Dr. Parr's examination.

Still, after criticism has done its worst, and even with some instances of 'vulnerable' Latinity before us, which we shall produce in our next and closing article, justice demands at our hands, in a general estimate of the doctor's pretensions, a very frank admission, that, as a master of Latinity, and pretty generally as a Latin scholar, Samuel Parr was the first man of his century. *O! si sic omnia!*

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The laws of the Epitaph, a peculiar and most interesting branch of monumental inscription, and the modification of these laws as applied to *Christian* cemeteries, present a most attractive subject to the philosopher, and the man of taste in conjunction. Some time or other, *permissu Superiorum*, (*i. e. Christophero annuente*,) we purpose to investigate them in both characters. Meantime, we shall relegate the inquirer to an essay on this subject by Mr. Wordsworth, the sole even tentative approximation which we know towards a philosophic valuation of epitaphs, upon fixed principles. His essay is beautifully written, and finely conceived. The central principle of an epitaph he states thus (we do not pretend to quote, speaking from a recollection of sixteen years back): It expresses, or ought to express, the most absolute synthesis of the generic with the individual, — that is to say, starting from what a man has *in common* with all his species, the most general affections of frail humanity — its sufferings and its pleasures, its trials and triumphs, its fears and awful hopes — starting from this as the indispensable ground of a *universal* sympathy, it goes forward to what a man has most peculiar and personal to himself; — his talents and their special application — his fortunes, and all the other incommunicable circumstances of his life, as the ground for challenging a separate and peculiar attention. The first element of an epitaph claims the benefit of participation in a catholic interest: the second claims it in that peculiar degree which justifies a separate and peculiar record. This most general idea of an epitaph, or sepulchral inscription, which is valid for all forms of religion, falls in especially with the characteristic humility

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of the Christian character. However distinguished amongst his earthly peers, yet in the presence of that Being whose infinity confounds all earthly distinctions, every man is bound to remember, in the first place, those great bonds of a common mortality — a common frailty — and a common hope, which connect him with the populous 'nations of the grave.' His greatest humiliation, but also his most absolute glory, lies in that mysterious incarnation of an infinite spirit in a fleshly robe, which makes him heir to the calamities of the one, but also co-heir to the imperishable dowery of the other. As the basis, therefore, of all the interest which he can claim from the passing reader, as an introductory propitiation also to the Christian *genius loci*, and as the basis on which all his honors as an individual must rest, he begins by avowing his humanity — his absolute identity with what is highest and lowest, wisest and simplest, proudest and meanest, in all around him.

This principle must preside in every epitaph alike. There is another equally important, which should govern the conclusion; and, like that which we have just been urging, as, on the one hand, it is prompted by universal good taste, and therefore claimed its rights even under a Pagan mythology, so, on the other, it lends itself, with a peculiar emphasis, to the characteristic tone of a Christian epitaph. It is this: — we may observe that all poets of the highest class, whether otherwise delighting or not in the storm and tumultuous agitation of passion, whether otherwise tragic or epic, in the constitution of their minds, yet by a natural instinct, have all agreed in tending to peace and absolute repose, as the state in which only a sane con-

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stitution of feelings can finally acquiesce. And hence, even in those cases where the very circumstances forbade the absolute tranquillity of happiness and triumphant enjoyment, they have combined to substitute a secondary one of resignation. This may be one reason that Homer has closed, with the funeral rites of Hector, a part of the Iliad, which otherwise has been thought an excrescence. Perhaps he was unwilling to leave us with the painful spectacle of the noble and patriotic martyr dragged with ruffian violence about the walls which he had defended, — the coming desolation of Troy in prospect — the frenzy of grief in its first tempestuous career amongst the Trojan women and spectators, and the agitations of sympathy in the reader, as yet mourning and untranquillized. A final book, therefore, removes all these stormy objects, and leaves the stage in possession of calmer scenes, and of emotions more elevating, tranquillizing, and soothing: —

Ὣς οἵγ' ἀμφίεπον Ἕκτορος ἱπποδαμοιο.

'So tended they the grave [ministered to the obsequies] of Hector, the tamer of horses.'

Or, to give it the effect of Pope's rhythmus,

'Such honors Ilion to her hero paid;
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.'

In one sense, indeed, and for the peculiar auditory whom Homer might contemplate — an audience likely to merge the universal sense of humanity in the local sense of Grecian patriotism — the very calamities of Troy and her great champion, were the triumphs of Greece; and, so far, it might be contended that the

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true point of repose is the final and absolute victory of Achilles; and, in that sense, that the last book is an excrescence, or only ceremonial train to the voluminous draperies of the Iliad, in compliance with the religious usages of ancient Greece. But it is probable that our own view of the case is more correct; for there is other and independent evidence that Homer himself was catholic enough in his sensibilities to sympathize powerfully with Hector and Priam, and means his hearers to do so. Placing himself, therefore, at least for the occasion, in the neutral position of a modern reader, whose sympathies are equally engaged for Greece and for Troy, he felt the death of Hector as an afflicting event; and the attending circumstances more as agitating than as triumphant; and added the last book as necessary to regain the key of a durable equanimity. In Paradise Lost, again, this principle is still more distinctly recognized, and is practically applied to the case by an artifice even more elaborate. There the misery — the anguish, at one point of the action — the despair — are absolute; nor does it appear at first sight how, or by what possibility, the reader was to repossess himself of the peace and fortitude which even the sullen midnight of tragedy requires, much more the large sunlight of the Epopee. Paradise was lost; that idea ruled and domineered in the title; how was it to be forgotten, how palliated even, in the conclusion? Thus: — if Paradise was Lost, Paradise was also Regained; and though that event could not actually enter into the poem, without breaking its unity in the most flagrant manner, yet, proleptically, and in the way of vision, it might. Such a vision is placed by the arch-angelic comforter before Adam —

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purged with euphrasy and rue, his eye beholds it — and, in part, the angel tells it. And the consolations which in this way reach Adam, reach the reader no less; and the reader is able to unite with our general father in his thankful acknowledgment: —

> 'Greatly instructed shall I hence depart;
> Greatly *in peace of mind.*'

Accordingly, spite of the triumphs of Satan — spite of Sin and all-conquering Death, who had left the gates of Hell for their long abode on earth — spite of the pollution, wretchedness, and remorse that had now gained possession of man — spite of the far-stretching taint of the contagion, which (in the impressive instances of the eagle and the lion)[31] too evidently showed itself by 'mute signs,' as having already seasoned for corruption earth and its inheritance — yet, by means of this one sublime artifice, which brings together the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and end of time, the last day of man's innocence and the first of his restoration, it is contrived that a two-fold peace — the peace of resignation and the peace of hope — should harmonize the key in which the departing strains of this celestial poem roll off; and its last cadences leave behind an echo, which, with the solemnity of the grave, has also the halcyon peace of the grave, and its austere repose. A third instance we have — even more direct and unequivocal, of the same principle, from this same poet, both involved in his practice, and also consciously contemplated: — in the Samson Agonistes, though a tragedy of most tumultuous catastrophe, it is so contrived, by the interposition of the chorus, who, fixing their hopes in the heavens,

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are unshaken by sublunary griefs, not only that all should terminate

'In peace of spirit and sublime repose,'

but also that this conclusion should be expressly drawn out in words as the great moral ἐπιμυθίον of the drama; in which, as in other features, it recalls, in its most exquisite form, the Grecian model which it proposed, together with that fine transfiguration of moral purpose that belonged to a higher, purer, and far holier religion.

Peace then, severe tranquillity, the brooding calm, or γαλήνη, of the Greeks, is the final key into which all the storms of passion modulate themselves in the hands of great poets.

'In war itself — war is no ultimate end.' [32]

All tumult is for the sake of rest — action, with a view to durable possession — tempest, but the harbinger of calm — suffering, the condition of permanent enjoyment. Peace, in a double sense, may be supposed inscribed on the portals of all cemeteries: the peace, in the first place, of the visible scene, as the final haven after the storms of life, — and in this sense the sentiment belongs equally to the Pagan, the Mahometan and the Christian; secondly, the peace of resignation to the will of God, in the meek surrender at his call of those on whom our profoundest affections had settled. This sentiment is κατ' ἐξοχήν, if not exclusively, a sentiment of Christianity. And this it is in which all Christian epitaphs should terminate. Hence (as, we think, Mr. Wordsworth has remarked) it is peculiarly offensive to a just taste, were no higher principle

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offended, that despair — or obstinate refusal of consolation — should influence the expression of an epitaph. The example which we believe that he alleges of this capital fault, is from the famous monument erected by Sir Brooke Boothby to his only daughter. The closing words of the inscription are to this effect — 'The wretched parents ventured their all upon this frail bark, *and the wreck was total.*' Here there are three gross faults: 1st, It is a rebellious expression of despair, and that within the very walls of a Christian church: 2d, As a movement of *violent* passion, it is transient: despair cannot long sustain itself: hence it is pointedly out of harmony with the *durability* of a marble record. How puerile to sculpture laboriously with the chisel, and thus invest with a monumental eternity, a sentiment which must already have become obsolete before the sculptor has finished his task! 3dly, This vicious sentiment is expressed figuratively; that is, fancifully. Now, all action of the fancy is out of place in a sepulchral record. No sentiment is *there* appropriate except the weightiest, massiest, and most elementary; no expression of it, except the simplest and severest.

'Calm passions *there* abide, majestic pains.'

These great laws of feeling, in this difficult and delicate department of composition, are obeyed with more rigor in the epitaphs of Dr. Parr, than perhaps anywhere else. He was himself too deeply sensible of human frailty, and he looked up to a moral governor of the world with a reverence too habitual, to have allowed himself in rash or intemperate thoughts, when brought upon any ground so nearly allied to his sacred

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functions. And, with regard to the *expressions* of his thoughts, except to the extent of a single word — as for instance, *velificari*, in which the metaphorical application has almost obliterated the original meaning — we remember nothing figurative, nothing too gay, nothing luxuriant; — all is chaste, all classical — all suited to the solemnity of the case. Had Dr. Parr, therefore, written under the additional restraints of verse, and had he oftener achieved a distinguished success in the pathetic, as an artist in Monumental Inscriptions, we must have been compelled to place him in the very highest class.[33]

PART IV.

About the year 1789, Dr. Parr was involved in two literary broils — the one purely offensive, the other nearly so — though, as usual, the doctor colored them to his own mind, as measures of just retaliation. The first was his republication of a forgotten pamphlet, written by Bishop Warburton, and afterwards anxiously suppressed by his orders; and to this he united another, 'by a Warburtonian,' viz. Bishop Hurd; prefixing to the whole a preface, and a most rhetorical dedication, from his own pen, in which he labors to characterize both the bishops, but especially the living one, in terms that, whilst wearing some show of justice, should also be as sarcastic and as injurious as possible. The mere act of reviving what

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the authors themselves had been zealous to suppress, is already sufficiently offensive, and expressive of a spiteful mind, had the preface even been spared. What are we to consider the provocation to a piece of mischief so puerile, and apparently so wanton? Listen to the doctor, and you will suppose that no motive but the purest and most philanthropic had governed him: Leland had been 'most petulantly insulted, and Jortin most inhumanly vilified.' Well — and what then? Better men than ever stood upon *their* pins have been insulted and vilified, nay, hustled, floored, smashed, and robbed of gold watches and seals. Besides, hard words break no bones. And why could not the two dissenters have settled their own quarrels with the two bishops? In effect, they *had* done so. Why must Dr. Parr intrude his person into the row, long after it was extinct, and when three out of four parties interested were in their graves? Oh, but, says Dr. Parr, the example was the thing; neither of the offenders had been punished; and their impunity, if tolerated, would encourage future bishops to the same species of offence. He was resolved to deter others from supposing 'that what has been repeatedly and deliberately done in secret, will not, sooner or later, be punished openly.' Finally, coming nearer to the true purpose of the whole, he avows that 'it was intended to *lessen the number of those who speak too well of Bishop Hurd.*'

Vain and tortuous disguises of malice self-betrayed! Now, let us hear the true lurking motives to this almost unprincipled attack, which Dr. Parr so studiously masked under pretexts of public purposes. One writer tells us that Parr, on a visit to Hartlebury,

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(the Bishop of Worcester's residence,) had been dismissed with little ceremony, and with hospitable attentions either none at all, or so chilling as to pique his pride. This anecdote, however, we have reason to think, refers to a period subsequent to the original offence. Perhaps this might first arise, as a *mutual* offence, in a case where the bishop drew upon himself the ferocious resentment of Parr, by his hesitation in passing one of Parr's friends, then a candidate for holy orders. Even this resentment, however, was possibly no more than the first expression of Parr's secret mortification at the bishop's private opinion of his sermon on education. Nothing travels faster in this world than the ill-natured critiques of literary men upon each other; and Parr probably heard from a thousand quarters that Hurd had expressed his dislike to the style, or the preposterous length of this 'vernacular sermon.' That this anecdote is true, nobody doubts who remembers the pointed manner in which Parr himself alludes, in his dedication to Bishop Hurd's 'rooted antipathy to *long vernacular sermons from Dr. Parr.*'

Such are often the true motives even of good men, when their personal felings are roused. The whole pretence of Parr was a fiction. Jortin and Leland were already avenged: both had retaliated upon Hurd, and, as Parr fancied, with success: the one, he said, had 'chastised' Hurd with 'wit'—the other had 'baffled' him with 'argument.' So many cudgellings for one crime were out of all rule. 'These two excellent men,' says Parr, 'were not to be annoyed again and again by the poisonous arrows of slander.' Neither was this excellent bishop to be

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'again and again' pulled up to the public bar, and annoyed for having annoyed them. 'Tit for tat' all the world over: and if a man, 'being fap,' as Pistol observes, and also too lively with young blood, will 'try conclusions,' and perhaps 'assault and batter' a leash of worthy men, he must pay. But *having* paid — (as, suppose, five pounds) — then, at Bow street or anywhere else, he is held entitled to his five pounds' worth of battery. He has bought it, settled the bill, and got a stamped receipt. For *them* to claim further payment — entitles *him* to further battery.

But one argument shall put down Dr. Parr's pretences. Were Jortin and Leland the only parties to whom Hurd or Warburton had furnished actionable matter? Not by a hundred. They had run a-muck at all the men who lay in their path. To go no farther than one of Parr's friends: Bishop Lowth and Hume had been assailed with more injustice than either of those for whom Parr stood forward. Hurd had called Hume 'a puny dialectician.' Now this was insolence. Hume, even as a *litterator*, was every way superior to the bishop; but, as a dialectician, Hume to Hurd was a Titan to a pigmy. *The Essay on Necessary Connection*, which was the seed that has since germinated into the mighty forest of German philosophy, was hardly in one sentence within Hurd's comprehension. As to Lowth, we would not quarrel with those who should fasten a quarrel upon him.

But, if that is our way of thinking, it was not Parr's. He was incensed at Hurd for his depreciation of Lowth. He was incensed with him, and justly, for his affected contempt of Hume. He was incensed with another worthy bishop for insidiously calling Lardner 'indus-

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trious,' as though, in raising such a pile as the Credibility of Gospel History, (a work which, to our knowledge, once broke a man's spinal bone, so many and so stout are its volumes!) he had no other merit than that of supporting his 'wife and family.' Why then, my Sam, did you not visit for these offences? This question, so far as it regards Hume, Sam answers himself. 'Leland and Jortin,' says he, 'had a right to expect from their clerical opponent a milder and more respectful treatment than that given to a sceptic who scoffed at all the principles of religion.'[34] By no means, doctor; we beg your pardon. Leland and Jortan had a right to fair play; and to so much every man, *Tros Tyriusve*, has the same right. But, once for all, let us hear an answer to this: If Leland and Jortan had a privileged case by comparison with Hume, and a claim upon Hurd's forbearance, much more had Lowth a privileged case as regarded Parr, and a claim, if any man could have, upon his vindictive friendship. For Lowth had been Parr's earliest patron. How comes it, then, that he left Lowth to the protection of Providence? Lowth, it will be said, redressed his own wrongs. True. He did so; but so did all of them — Hume, Jortin, Leland, and the 'tottle of the whole.' Supposing, therefore, Dr. Parr sought a case for his Quixotism, in which he might avenge a man that was past avenging himself, why did he not swinge his patron, Lowth, for taking liberties with Richard Bentley? This case was a very bad one; the 'petulance' of Hurd could not be worse than the petulance of Lowth; and what a difference in the objects of their attack! Finally, let us remember this: Milner, the papist of Winchester, had the

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audacity publicly to denounce Porteus, Bishop of London, as a bigot and falsifier of facts; Bishop Hoadly and Bishop Shipley, as Socinians; Hallifax, Bishop of Durham, as a papist, (thus literally applying to Dr. Hallifax the very identical aspersion which he had himself wiped off from Bishop Butler, in his edition of that prelate's works); Dr. Rennell as a knave; and the Bishops Barrington, Watson, Benson, and Sparke, as insincere believers in the Protestant faith. This ruffian, for such he really was, Dr. Parr addressed in a long letter meant for the press. But he never printed his letter; and, now that it *is* printed, what do we find? An expostulation running over with courtesy, forbearance and unreasonable concessions; no sneering, no threats. So mild was Dr. Parr in defending outraged truth — so furious in avenging his wounded self-love!

Such was the famous attack on Hurd, in its moving impulse. As to its literary merit, doubtless that is very considerable. Perhaps the author of the 'Pursuits of Literature,' went too far in styling it 'astonishing and splendid.' Assuredly it is in bad taste — not so much for its excess of antithesis, simply considered; *that* is rightly defended by Mr. Field as a legitimate engine of rhetorical effects; but for the effort and visible straining which are often too palpably put forth, in finding matter suitable for loading the opposite scales of the antithetic balance. However, it is a *jeu d'esprit* of great ability, and may give to an English reader some notion of the Bellenden Preface.[35]

The other feud of this period forms a singular chapter in the secret history of books. Dr. White, the

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Oxford Professor of Arabic, had preached and published the Bampton lectures. They were much admired.[36] All at once a discovery was made, that a part of these lectures had been written by a Mr. Badcock, a dissenting minister, recently dead, who latterly conformed to the Church of England. This discovery was made through a bond for £500 given by Dr. White to Mr. Badcock, which his sister endeavored to recover, and which the Professor was weak enough to resist. The ground which he took was plausible — that the bond had been given, not for work done, but for work to be done. At the very time when this affair broke out, Dr. Parr happened to arrive at Oxford. White was his intimate friend. But it is difficult to imagine a sort of conduct less reconcilable with the obligations of friendship, than that which he adopted. Without delay, or consultation with Professor White, he avowed his peremptory disbelief in Badcock's claim, on the ground that he was himself the contributor of a very considerable share to these lectures. Never did man do a more critical injury to a friend; and were it not that the irritations of jealous vanity, with constitutional incontinency of secrets, seem to have overpowered and surprised his better resolutions, we should be compelled to pronounce it perfidy. Whatsoever help of this nature one literary man gives to another, carries with it an implied obligation to secrecy; otherwise, what else results than that, under the mask of giving a partial assistance to a friend's literary fame, the writer has, in fact, been furnishing himself with the means of crushing it entirely. He has given a trifle that he might take away the whole; for, after such an exposure, a man has credit for nothing as his own. And

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this injury was, as we have said, *critical:* coming at the moment of Mr. Badcock's claim, about which much doubt prevailed, and was likely to prevail, from the death of the only person who could effectually meet the denial of White, Dr. Parr's claim at one and the same time authenticated itself and Badcock's.

Meantime Parr's claim was a true one. Mr. Kett (so well known in Oxford by the name of Horse Kett, from his *equine* physiognomy) thus states the amount of Parr's contributions and their value: 'Whether I consider the solidity of the argument, the comprehension of thought, or the splendor of style, I think them, upon the whole, the most able and elegant parts of the lectures. In point of quantity they are considerable, as they are more than a *fifth* of the whole, without reckoning the corrected passages. But their intrinsic excellence is such, that any person, with such materials, might not only have obtained a great deal of present applause, but lasting fame. They are in the highest style of composition, as they are of a philosophical and refined cast, and make many of the other parts of the lecture with which they are connected appear nothing more than loose and florid declamation.'

Laborious investigations, conferences, and explanations followed; in which, it appears to us, that Dr. Parr behaved with little generosity, and White with much duplicity. One incident is remarkable: Dr. Parsons, of Baliol College, one of the arbitrators or referees, at length withdrew himself from the service he had undertaken, in so pointed a manner as to convince us that he also had very considerable right of property in these lectures, which his honor or his kindness had obliged him to dissemble; and that, in some

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one of Parr's reclamations, in making which he relied confessedly on a very vague recollection, or a still vaguer discrimination of styles, he had unintentionally been trespassing on ground which Parsons knew to be his own. This is our private opinion. To the parties interested never was any literary broil so full of vexation.[37] Cabals were fermenting in Oxford in the interest of White on the one hand, or of Dr. Gabriel of Bath on the other: the public journals took up the affair, with their usual imperfect information: private characters suffered: old friendships were dissolved forever: and, finally, no party reaped either profit or honor from this contest for the proportions of property in a book, which has long since been consigned to oblivion by the world.

But, after all, the worst scandal of this transaction settled not upon any individual so much as upon the professional body of divines in general. That part of the correspondence which got abroad, admitted the public painfully behind the curtain, and exhibited the writers concerting their parts, and arranging their *coups-de-théatre*, in a manner but little creditable to their sincerity. They had the air at one time of attorneys, scheming to obtain a verdict for Christianity; at another, of martinets, arranging the draperies of their costume, or of *figurantes*, attitudinizing for effect. We must be particularly brilliant, says White, in that part where we attack Gibbon. Alas! for the ancient faith — the primitive devotion — that burned in the evangelists, martyrs, and reformers, in Hilarion or Paul, in Wycliffe or Luther! How little room did *that* allow for any thoughts about themselves? Dr. Parr, however, was no party to this huckstering traffic of devo-

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tional feeling, or this manufacture of spiritual thunder. Hypocrisy was not *his* failing: whatever were his religious opinions, his feelings of devotion were thoroughly sincere. But he suffered from the connection in which his name appeared; and, as regarded the duties of a friend, his character has suffered in this transaction permanently, from his own indiscretions, and the infirmity of his too ungenerous vanity.

To sum up Dr. Parr's pretensions as a man of letters, we have already sufficiently acknowledged that his talents were splendid, and fitted, under suitable guidance, to have produced a more brilliant impression on his own age than they really did, and a more lasting one on the next age than they ever will. In his lifetime, it is true, that the applauses of his many pupils, and his great political friends, to a certain extent, made up for all deficiencies on his own part; but now, when these vicarious props are withdrawn, the disproportion is enormous, and hereafter will appear to be more so, between the talents that he possessed and the effects that he accomplished. This result is imputable, in part, to his own want of exertion, and the indolence with which he shrank from undertaking any labor of great compass or research, the very best of his performances being mere *velitations*, skirmishes, or academic exercises; and in part, also, it is imputable to a cause less open to moral reproach, viz. the comparative poverty of his philosophic understanding, between which and his talents there was no equilibrium. He gave a bright and gaudy coloring to truths which were too often trite, mean, or self-evident. And the impression was ineradicable in a keen observer's mind, of a perpetual swell, glitter, and false inflation, beyond the

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occasion, and without a corresponding activity or power of thought. His architecture was barbaresque — rich in decoration, colossal in proportions, but unsymmetrical, and reposing on no massy foundations. It is very possible, and not uncommon, to have a poor understanding combined with fine talents. We do not say that Dr. Parr's understanding was a poor one; but it was not emphatically a fine one, not habitually profound, not philosophically subtle. Unquestionably it was mismatched, in point of natural vigor, with his talents — that is, his powers of giving effect to his thoughts, and realizing his conceptions. The splendors of Burke, yoked as they were, with the very finest — subtlest — and most combining intellect, that ever yet has been applied to political philosophy, awoke no sense of disparity or false balance in his powers. But in the case of Parr, we feel that, having once tasted the luxury of his periodic sentences, with their ample volume of sound and self-revolving rhythmus — having enjoyed his artful antithesis, and solemn antilibration of cadences — we have had the cream of his peculiar excellencies, and may exclaim with Juvenal, *Venimus ad summum fortunæ*, or with Romeo, that it is time to be gone, because 'the sport is at the best.'

As to that other cause, which co-operated to the effect we have been stating, Parr's indolence, or unpersevering industry — his excuse was the less, that his stomach was as strong as the shield of Telamonian Ajax, and his spirits, even under attacks of illness, were indomitable, and (as he himself styles them) '*lion* spirits.' Heavens! what an advantage in that temperament above the general condition of literary men! Coleridge, for example, struggling with the

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ravages of opium for the last thirty years, and with the *res angusta domi*, in a degree never known to Parr, has contrived to print a dozen octavo volumes. And were all his contributions to the Morning Post and Courier collected, and his letters many and long, together with his innumerable notes on the fly-leaves and margins of books, he would appear to have been a most voluminous author, instead of meriting the reproach which too often we have been fated to hear, of shameful indolence and waste of stupendous powers. Of Dr. Parr's very criminal indolence, there was but one palliation: Much of his life had passed in the labors of the school-room; and his leisure from those was excusably turned to purposes of relaxation. Still he had latterly a long period of immunity from toils of every kind; he had a library of above ten thousand volumes; he had increasing wealth; and, for years, he toiled not, neither did he spin. As to his execrable handwriting, that is rather an explanation than a justification of his sterility. Pretty often he had the aid of volunteer amanuenses; and was he at any time too poor to have paid a secretary? Beginning with some advantages for literary research so much beyond those of Gibbon, in his far greater familiarity with the languages of ancient books, why should Dr. Parr, the apologist of universities against Gibbon, not have left behind him a monument of learned industry as elaborate and as useful as his? On the whole, we fear that Dr. Parr, as an author, must always be classed with those who have spent their vigor upon *ludicra*, *certamina*, and *sciomachiæ*, mock fights, mimic rehearsals, and combats, with the momentary exhalations of party madness, rather than upon the 'good fight' of a scholar

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and a Christian, in that eternal war which exists between ignorance and truth, between the world and pure religion; that his knowledge and the sweat of his brow have been laid out upon palaces of ice, incapable of surviving the immediate atmosphere under which they arose, and dissolving with the first revolution of the seasons, rather than upon the massy Roman masonry that might have sustained his influence to a distant posterity. This may seem his misfortune, but then it was a misfortune to have been foreseen. And, for the more intrinsic qualities of his works, it will be recorded in their very fate that, if their execution was sometimes such as to challenge a permanent interest, their matter was unable to support so great a distinction; and that perhaps, of all known works, they are best fitted to illustrate the critical objection of *materiem superabat opus*; and finally with regard to their author, that hardly any writer of age so mature, of education so regular, and of pursuits so solemn and professional, had derived his subjects from occasions so ephemeral, or his excitement from motives so personal.

It remains that we should speak of Dr. Parr as a politician and as a divine: and fortunately the transcendent character of the facts will bring those inquests within the range of a short trial and a self-evident verdict.

First, as a politician. The French Revolution found Dr. Parr a Jacobin; *found*, we say, not made. Of this there is abundant presumption. To give his vote for Wilkes, he faced a situation of considerable risk; he was unwigged, and probably saved his life by escaping through a back window to his horse. Considering that he was then the *Reverend* Samuel Parr,

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this argued no trivial sympathy with the seditious agitator. It is true that a constitutional question was at issue in the case of Wilkes's expulsion; but it does not appear that Parr gave his countenance to Wilkes the purist of the constitution, so much as Wilkes the demagogue; and loved him upon the principle laid down by Junius, viz. 'so long as he was a thorn in the king's side.' Besides right or wrong in politics, ought an impure scoffer like Wilkes, notoriously the author of a most scandalous and obscene parody, to have commanded the volunteer and ardent support of a clergyman? Was this decent? Such, however, were Parr's earliest attachments, and such the leonine ardor with which he displayed them. In a better cause we should have admired his courage; for he seems to have been resolved to go to Brentford, though there had been 'as many devils there as tiles upon the roof.'

Well, in the fulness of time came the French Revolution. The first persons to sing public pæans of congratulation in this country were the dissenters of Birmingham — moving under the domineering influence of Dr. Priestley. What followed is known to all whose recollections stretch back to those tumultuous days. Dr. Priestley's house was stormed and sacked by the Birmingham mob; his philosophical apparatus (as a private one, matchless) destroyed; his papers, letters, philosophical MSS. scattered to the four winds; and the angry philosopher himself, by a fierce levanter of indignation driven westwards to America. These scenes passed in too close neighborhood to Dr. Parr, for a temper so combustible as his to escape kindling at the flame of party fury. We may be sure also, that he took the side of Priestley: to the extent of

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pity for his misfortunes, all good men did so; but as an approver of the conduct which provoked these misfortunes, we may almost venture to say that, amongst the fifteen thousand clergymen of the Church of England, Dr. Parr stood altogether alone. Every man of sober mind, whilst he commiserated Dr. Priestley as an unfortunate man, and esteemed him as a very ingenious one, could view him in no other light than as the victim of his own folly and misguided passions. Political frenzy had prompted him to acts of defiance against a mob as fanatical in one direction as himself in another; with this difference, however, that *their* fanaticism pointed to a very much more seasonable policy than the fanaticism of the celebrated experimentalist. The mob had retorted as an insulted and irritated mob are likely to retort. They, who play at bowls, must expect rubbers. And Dr. Parr, by mixing in the game, wantonly drew upon himself a participation in the danger — or at least a participation in the terror; for, after all, he seems to have been more frightened than seriously hurt. Great was his panic; schooled by Dr. Priestley's losses, he sent off his books hastily to Oxford. They suffered from the hasty removal; and at Oxford, where they were indifferently sheltered, they suffered still more. This lesson might have done him good service, had his temper allowed him to profit by it. But neither fear nor interest could ever check *his* fanaticism. With such a temper we may suppose that he was blinded to all sense of his own errors by the dazzling light with which his anger invested the errors of the opposite party. At an after period, the Doctor's cries ascended to heaven in print against the mob and their criminal

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politics. Yet such is the temper of this world — that, if a grave philosopher, by shaking his fist, and other acts of bravado, should happen to provoke a company of unlucky boys to reply with a shower of stones, people in general suffer their resentment to settle upon the philosopher for his wanton provocation, rather than on the boys for that lapidary style of retort in which their skill naturally expresses itself.

This affair, taken singly, being mixed up with considerations of person and neighborhood, might, after all, but indifferently represent the condition of Dr. Parr's politics. Other ebullitions of his feelings about the same period were less equivocal. On Mr. Burke, for the crime of writing his memorable book on the French Revolution, he inflicted the whimsical punishment of inverting his portrait — that is, suspending it with the head downwards. The insolent tyranny of this act is remarkable. Mr. Burke had held up his 'protesting hand' against the Revolution; and he, if ever any man, upon any question, had explained the philosophic grounds of his protest. It seemed, therefore, that, with or without reasons, no dissent was tolerated from Dr. Parr's views. For, as to Mr. Burke's vehemence, it was no more than the natural warmth of sincerity. Precisely the same sentence of degradation, we believe, was executed upon Mr. Windham, and for the same offence. This was intelligible, and equity, if not justice. Equal acts merited equal treatment. But in a third case the same degradation, by greatly extending the construction of guilt, warranted much larger inferences against Dr. Parr's motives. This third criminal was Paley; on *his* portrait, also, sentence of inversion was passed and executed,

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and for years it hung at Hatton in that position. What then had been Paley's crime? *Audi facinus majoris abollæ;* he had literally been guilty of writing *Reasons for Contentment.* The title explains its object. At a crisis of universal political irritation, when Paine's works and the French Revolution had diffused a spirit of change, and the indefeasible evils of poverty were made handles of disaffection — being charged upon the institutions of the land, Dr. Paley had exerted himself to dissipate all delusions, to rouse the ignorant to a sense of the awful blessings which they enjoyed under equal laws administered by a popular government, and thus to save them as well from secret discontents as from publicly lending themselves to the purposes of designing incendiaries. This was the service which he did, or attempted; and for this only, neither more nor less, he incurred the wrath of Parr; we may add that he was never forgiven. The following record of his feelings, in regard to Paley, he left behind him for publication: — 'I never thought Paley an honest man; he had great sagacity, wit, and science; some good humor; but he was *vain, inconsistent,*' [odd objections to come from Samuel Parr:] 'he was also, it appears . . . . ' [*i. e.* something too bad for Parr's executors to print,] 'and selfish.'

No one fact can better illustrate the furious disaffection of Dr. Parr. Simply because a man applied his great talents to a purpose of the highest charity, which could no otherwise serve the existing ministers even remotely and mediately, than by first of all serving many thousands of his humble countrymen directly and essentially, he became with Dr. Parr a marked man. After this it will not be surprising that even

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the Whiggish correspondents of Parr found occasion to remind him that England was not the country in sober sadness which it suited their party tactics to represent; that he was interpreting too literally the violences of their public polemics; and that England did in fact continue to be, what she had so long been esteemed by all the world, except her eternal enemies, the ark to which were confided the dearest interests of man.

In 1794, war had begun to rage; the revolutionary frenzy had produced its bloodiest excesses; the gloom had terrifically deepened; and the French reign of terror, by a very natural re-action on all the rest of Europe, produced a corresponding system of vigilance and coercion in all regular governments, which must now be admitted to have been too harsh and despotic, if viewed apart from the extremities of the occasion. Upon questions, which depend for their adjudication upon the particular estimate which is taken of the impending dangers, there is room for great latitude of opinion amongst honest men. Constitutionally, and from mere differences of bodily temperament, men of the sanest judgments take radically different views of the very broadest cases that can arise; and starting as he did from Whiggish principles, Dr. Parr is entitled to a large indulgence in his construction and valuation of Mr. Pitt's policy. We can allow, therefore, most readily for the fervor of interest which he took, not merely as a private friend to some of the parties concerned, but also as a politician, in the state trials which occurred at that period. For poor Gerrald, as a splendid pupil of his own, as an unfortunate man betrayed into calamity by generous enthusiasm, and as

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a martyr of most disinterested indiscretions, he was entitled to feel the very warmest concern. We ourselves, of principles so adverse to Dr. Parr's, are of opinion that Gerrald was most harshly, nay, unconstitutionally, treated. He was tried under a superannuated law of Scotland, which had arisen out of another condition of things, and was never meant for our times; it was a mere accident that such a law should be unrepealed; and a verdict was obtained against him that the rest of the empire could not have countenanced. This was a case beyond any other to merit a pardon, even to the view of those who thought Mr. Gerrald a turbulent democrat, since undoubtedly the verdict was in some measure obtained surreptitiously. Conduct that, on one side the Border, was punishable with transportation; on the other, was confessedly, at the very utmost, a misdemeanor. Under these circumstances, to have enforced the sentence, and to have thrown a man of genius and a scholar into the society of ruffians, and the very refuse of jails — was doubtless a harsh course. Warmth, therefore, and earnestness might be expected from Dr. Parr, in behalf of his unhappy friend. But nothing short of childish defect of self-government, could have allowed Dr. Parr to insult the very person to whom he looked for a mitigation of the sentence. Yet this he did. Writing to Mr. Windham, as Secretary of State, for the exertion of his influence with Mr. Pitt, he told him with a bullying air that Mr. Gerrald was as able a man as Mr. Pitt, and a great deal more learned. What followed? Mr. Windham had been acquainted with the Doctor, and was the very man to have felt for the peculiar hardship of Mr. Gerrald's case. But of

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an application in this spirit he could not allow himself to take any favorable notice; a formal official answer was returned; and Mr. Gerrald's sentence was permitted to take its course. From this we infer, that Dr. Parr's political enthusiasm had then risen to the height of fanaticism, which set at nought all ordinary discretion.

However, the truth must be told: the first anti-Gallican war, though supported (as we shall always maintain) by the *élite* of British society, by the property and education of the land, did not unite all hearts in its cause. There was still room left for honest recusants; though it is undoubtedly true, that most of those who did actually stand forward conspicuously in that character, were so upon any but laudable motives. Unless where they happened to be betrayed by natural defects of discretion, and original incapacity for calculating consequences — a case which we believe to be that of Dr. Parr — nearly all the sturdy recusants to Mr. Pitt's policy moved upon the very worst impulses of anti-national feeling. Pitiably blind they were in some rare instances; but in more, desperately unpatriotic. Still we repeat that room was left for honest dissent up to a certain point; and there are not a few, even now, amongst those whose patriotism was never tainted, and who gave to Mr. Pitt the fullest benefit of their accession as regarded principles, that yet question the policy of a military league against the infant republic of France — as that which in effect, by furnishing the occasion for resistance, finally developed her yet unconscious strength.

But a few short years sufficed to place all this upon new foundations. If ever, in this world, a nation had

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one heart and one soul, it was the British nation in the spring of 1803. A poet, who had deeply protested against the first French war, at this crisis, exclaimed, addressing the men of Kent—

'We *all* are with you now from shore to shore!'

No need of sagacity at this time: blind instinct was sufficient to develope the views of the Consular government, and to appreciate the one sole policy which circumstances commanded. And here it was the Whigs (we mean the Whigs in Parliament) lost themselves, and riveted that national distrust which had first commenced with the schism in the Whig Club. They would not change their tone; they would not open their eyes to the new state of things; but continued to palliate the worst atrocities of the enemy, and to prophesy a long heritage of shame and defeat for ourselves. At that period it was many times remarked, that the long habit of expressing sympathy with the national foes, insensibly moulded the feelings of the Opposition to a tone of bitterness against a nation that spurned their abject counsels, and of too evident mortification at the spectacle of our military triumphs. To prophecy evil is an unwise course for any man; it gives his vanity, and perhaps his personal enmities, an interest in the national disasters, and at all events disturbs the strength of his patriotic sympathies. Strange as it may sound, there have been Englishmen to whom it was thought necessary by their families cautiously to break the shock of the great news of Waterloo, so violent was the grief anticipated at the final prostration of their idol. We could mention one man, well-known in his day as a miscellaneous author, and not an unamiable man (though a coxcomb) in his character of

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literary patron, who, being accidentally at a dinner party on the day when that mighty catastrophe reached Norfolk, was kept in ignorance of the news by an arrangement concerted separately with each of the guests as he arrived; it was understood that this precaution was requisite to insure his attendance at dinner.

No such case ever has occurred in France. The martial successes of France in the days of Louis XIV., when the unhappy Palatinate was given up to desolation, obtained the cordial sympathy of the whole people, no less than the still more atrocious acts of Napoleon. No excess of profligacy and injustice has ever damped the unity of patriotic joy amongst the French: no sanctity of defensive warfare has ever availed to insure it amongst the English. And, generally, this may express no more than that freedom of thought amongst ourselves, which presents all public topics under every variety of phasis. But as there are cases in morals upon which good feeling precludes all variety of judgment, so in politics there are rare crises upon which the good and evil of posterity so essentially depend, and, above all, which touch national honor in so capital a point, that any diversity of feeling is irreconcilable with just moral feeling. Absolute conformity is required to the national policy, and no toleration exists for dissenters of any class.

Such a case existed from 1803 to 1815, and more eminently than ever before in the history of mankind. What was Dr. Parr's behavior? We shall not go into it at length: to see a good man wandering so grievously from the path of his clear duty, is afflicting; and a few instances will tell in what channel his feelings ran. In the spring of 1814, when all Christendom

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was exulting in the approaching destruction of the destroyer, Dr. Parr writes thus to Mr. Coke: — 'My indignation at the English government, as the real and implacable disturbers of the peace of Europe, increases daily and hourly; and from that malignant spirit which began to act in 1793, and is now reinforced by the accession of such an auxiliary as the Prince Regent, I forbode the most disastrous consequences. My fear is, that the allies will be overruled by the earnestness, or cajoled by the bribes, of the Prince Regent and his minions.' So then, upon this view of things, Jena, Austerlitz, Borodino — the outrages upon Spain, Portugal, Germany, Russia, were not French, but British acts. But patience!

In what way it was that Dr. Parr received the Waterloo news, we learn from no express record; but indirectly, we can easily collect it. About two months before that battle, he anticipated such an event as what was most to be abominated. The horizon already reddened with the dawn of that coming retribution — already it was believed that to England, in reward of her matchless perseverance, would be assigned the exterminating sword, and Dr. Parr — sharing the belief, but abjuring the moral hopes of the time — sickens at the prospect. Worse than this we cannot say of any man. We may add, however, that his condition of feeling on these subjects continued pretty uniform. He wrote violently against assassination, and the exception often urged in favor of tyrannicide. But how exclusively the benefit of even this doctrine was applied to our enemy, may be judged by this: — Mr. Percival was murdered by a man whom he did not know by sight; Dr. Parr's attention is attracted by no one con-

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sideration but the excuses which might be offered for the assassin. The Duc de Berri is murdered without even the shadow of a provocation; Dr. Parr assures his correspondent that he [not the murderer, as one would naturally wish to understand the passage, but the murdered prince] was a 'vulgar ruffian.' Again, as another illustration of his fanatic violence, Mr. Hone publishes parodies on the Scriptures; as a politician after his own heart, though in a conscious opposition to the decorums of his sacred profession, and to his own sincere reverence for religion, Dr. Parr encourages and sanctions him by a money subscription. And we find the Duke of Bedford, who forfeited the distinction of representing his sovereign in his own county, solely by a participation in the same expression of approbation, directly justifying his conduct (upon which in some views he felt a doubt), by Dr. Parr's example. We might accumulate many more examples, but enough is here cited to show, that, as a politician, Dr. Parr stood aloof from his country in the hour of her most memorable trials, and dishonored his gray hairs by absolute fanaticism, that lost sight finally even of his religious principles.

This leads us to the view of Dr. Parr as a divine, in which it had been our intention to show that in every part of his life he allowed the principles of his theology to be biassed by his political prejudices. Dissenters of all classes were welcome to him, whether their dissent began originally upon religious or political views, because in any case it terminated in hostility to the State. Upon examining Dr. Parr's sermons, we find too little of a regular chain or system of religious principles to sustain the review which

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we meditated: and of the correspondence yet published, too small a part turns upon religious questions to do much in supplying this defect. We shall content ourselves for the present, therefore, with observing that, whilst he dwelt with ludicrous self-congratulation upon the support he gave to orthodoxy in the purest trifles, he really betrayed the interests of his church in its two capital interests, as against the Roman Catholics on the one hand, and the Socinians on the other. Long and labored were his pleadings for the Roman Catholics, and for the relaxation of the penal laws against them, in his notes upon Mr. Fox's History; and on the other hand he attacked the Archbishop of Dublin, otherwise a friend and admirer, in a rancorous tone, for denying the title of Christianity (in which denial he is countenanced by many a score of learned and pious men) to Socinianism. Finally, he left for posthumous publication, a printed record of his dissatisfaction with Anti-Socinian and Anti-Arian arguments; and he has left repeated evidence, apart from his known leaning to Socinian views, that he had not in any stage of his life adopted any system at all which could properly class him with the believers in the Trinity.

Dr. Parr in one point showed himself superior to a popular error: even Archbishop Laud, but more memorably another Primate (Wake) of the following century, had fallen into the weakness of supposing that the English church and the Gallican could terminate their differences as if by a compact of mutual concession. But no treaty of politics could restore the real 'Catholic unity;' no remedy could in that way be applied to the evils of schism in the Christian church.

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Towns and territory may be the subject of cession, but not truth. And of this Dr. Parr was fully sensible. Yet in other aspects of the same weak passion for a hollow name of peace, Dr. Parr was often as blind as others. Pity that he had not more uniformly remembered the spirit of a maxim which he sometimes quoted from Grotius — that he so loved peace as not to sacrifice the truth. He persuaded himself often that the differences of men in religious matters were in a large proportion verbal; a common, a very common, but a very shallow maxim. On the contrary, from our earliest days we have remarked, that for one verbal dispute which passes for a real one, there are ten disputes turning upon things which are generally dismissed as verbal. '*Tu fis*,' says Boileau,

> 'Tu fis dans une guerre si triste et si longue,
> Périr tant de Chrétiens — *martyrs d'une diphthongue.*

Martyrs of a diphthong! Yes. But Boileau, as much as anybody, maintained that this single diphthong was the occasion that the church 'sentit — trembler *la verite Chretienne :*' the whole peculiar truth of Christianity reposed upon that one diphthong — for it made the whole difference between the Catholic ὁμοούσιος and the Arian ὁμοιούσιος : so mighty are the differences which may be caused, not by a word only, but even by a syllable; and so truly did Boileau, therefore, characterize even *that* as 'une sillabe *impii.*' (Sat. xii.)

We have questioned the systematic perfection — the orbicularity (so to speak) of Dr. Parr's classical knowledge. Much more certainly might we question the coherency, as a whole, of his divinity. What he adopted in this department was taken up casually and

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independently: his theology was not the fruit of laborious investigation at the fountain-heads. They were gleaned here and there, separately, by fragments, from chance authors, and not finally fused or harmonized.

Finally, and as the sum of our appreciation, we should say, that, speaking of him as a moral being, Dr. Parr was a good and conscientious man, but (in a degree, which sometimes made him *not* a good man) the mere football of passion. As an amiable man, we must add that, by the testimony of his best friend, he was a domestic nuisance; he also, as well as his father, says Dr. Johnstone, was 'the tyrant of the fireside.' As a scholar, he was brilliant; but he consumed his power in agonistic displays, and has left no adequate monument of his powers. As a politician, he sank his patriotism in the spirit of a partisan; and forgot to be an Englishman, in his fanaticism for the ultra Whigs. And, last of all, as a divine, for the sake of those sectaries whom charity enjoined him to tolerate, he betrayed that church which it was his holiest duty to defend.

NOTE.

THE errors of the press, and the errors of the *redacteur* himself, are very serious in Dr. Johnstone's large and costly work. Let us take the liberty of counselling him, if from Tories he will accept counsel, to change the whole form of his labors — in German phrase to reproduce them in an *umbearbeitung*, or thorough recast on the following plan, as soon as ever the sale of the present arrangement shall have been sufficient to warrant him in doing so. Complying with this or some similar proposal, he will at once consult Dr. Parr's interests as a man of letters, and

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will do that service to scholars which they have almost a right to demand of him. First of all, let the sermons be dismissed; they load the edition, and hang heavily upon its circulation, with no apparent benefit of any kind; none of them have ever been popular, or in the eye of the public, except the Spital Sermons; and those of course have a special privilege of reprieve. The sermons are liable to the continual suspicion of being in part only of Dr. Parr's composition, from his known practice (which he even avowed) of interweaving auxiliary passages from divines who happened to meet his own views, or, in some instances, of deriving his whole groundwork from others, and simply running variations of his own, many or few, upon his adopted theme. It is possible (but the public are not aware in what degree) that the sermons selected for publication may be free from this particular objection; but at all events, as a body, the readers of sermons are too devout a class to find their own peculiar taste gratified in a collection breathing the Parrian spirit of religion: — *par exemple*, one sermon undertakes the defence of hunting, and might very properly have come from one of the brilliant brothers of the Melton Mowbray establishment. This having been preached in the morning, we see no reason why the evening service should not have brought us an apology for steeple-chases — which seem even to have the advantage in this point — that such matches *never lose sight of the church*. Certain it is, that the sermons, whether otherwise of merit or not, are in this respect faulty, that they do not contemplate any determinate audience; professedly, indeed, they are parish discourses; and yet they deal with topics foreign to the needs and sympathies of a plain rural congregation, sometimes even inaccessible to their understandings. Doubtless all farmers would understand the hunting sermon; but how many would enter in any sense into the question of Christ's descent into Hades? However, we need not discuss the value of the sermons more particularly; good or bad, they are now printed for those who want them; and they are certainly *not* wanted by the vast majority of scholars — none of whom, in any country, but would put some value on the philological speculations of Dr. Parr — and, according to their feeling and taste, all connoisseurs in Latin composition would be glad to possess so brilliant an ἀγωνισμα in rhetoric as the Bellenden Preface. Thus,

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therefore, let the new edition stand ; reprint all Dr. Parr's critical tracts, essays, or fragments, and of course, not omitting (as Dr. Johnstone has done, with no intelligible explanation, vol. i. p. 543), the long investigation of the word *sublime* (already much abridged by Dugald Stewart), nor the various reviews of classical works contributed to literary journals by Dr. P. when they happen to be of any value.* Even the letters, when they discuss critical questions, should be detached from the main body of miscellaneous correspondence, and united by way of appendix to the rest of the critical matter. Points of criticism, it is true, in the letters, are rarely insulated from other matter, which would become irrelevant in its new situation ; but this objection might be met by confining the extracts strictly to those passages which *are* critical, and printing them as so many separate notices or memoranda — under the title of *Adversaria*. This would be accumulated in one large volume, which, by means of a separate title-page, might be sold as a distinct work ; and, by means of a general one, might also take its place as one section of Dr. Parr's general works. These would perhaps compose two more volumes, each offering the same recommendation to separate purchasers — one being made up of the very *élite* of his essays on political or moral subjects, the other of his rhetorical *bravuras*.

* We say this, because the review of Combe's Horace, which Dr. Johnstone *has* published, is chiefly occupied with trifling typographical minutiæ ; the *obscura diligentia* of the corrections is quite unworthy of a scholar's pen, and unprofitable to *any* class of readers.

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NOTES.

Note 1. Page 146.

One of Dr. Parr's biographers argues that this *sobriquet* had no foundation in fact, the Doctor not being either by birth or residence a denizen of this great *officina* for the arts of imitative and counterfeit manufacture. But the truth is, that he had sufficiently connected himself with Birmingham in the public mind, by his pointed intercourse with the Dissenters of that town, and by the known proximity to Birmingham of his common and favorite residence, to furnish a very plausible basis to a cognomen that was otherwise specially fitted to express the relations of his style and quality of thinking to those of Johnson.

Note 2. Page 151.

Boswell has recorded the remarkably distinct and elegant articulation and intonation of Johnson's English.

Note 3. Page 155.

Lord Wellesley has been charged with a foible of the same kind ; how truly, we know not. More than one person of credit assured us, some six-and-twenty years ago, that at his levees, when Governor-General of India, he was gratified, as by a delicate stroke of homage, upon occasionally seeing people throw their eyes to the ground — dazzled, as it were, by the effulgent lustre of *his*. This is possible ; at the same time we cannot but acknowledge that our faith in the story was in some slight degree shaken by finding the same foppery attributed (on tradition, however,) to Augustus Cæsar, in the Memoirs of Suetonius.

Note 4. Page 160.

Those who carry a spirit of distinguishing refinement into their classifications of the various qualities of conversation, may remark one peculiar feature in Edmund Burke's style of talking, which contra-distinguished it from Dr. Johnson's : it grew — one sen-

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tence was the rebound of another — one thought rose upon the suggestion of something which went before. Burke's motion, therefore, was all a going forward. Johnson's, on the other hand, was purely regressive and analytic. That thought which he began with, contained, by involution, the whole of what he brought forth. The two styles of conversation corresponded to the two theories of generation, — one (Johnson's) to the theory of *Preformation* (or Evolution), — the other (Burke's) to the theory of *Epigenesis.*

NOTE 5. Page 166.

Dr. Parr's casuistry for regulating his practice in the case of his being called upon to read occasional forms of prayer, proclamations, &c., which he did not approve as a politician (and observe, he never *did* approve them) was this : read he must, was his doctrine ; thus far he was bound to dutiful submission. *Passive* obedience was an unconditional duty, but not *active.* Now it *would* be an active obedience to read with proper emphasis and decorum. Therefore everybody sees the logical necessity of reading it into a farce, making grimaces, 'inflicting one's eye,' and in all ways keeping up the jest with the congregation. Was not this the boy for Ignatius Loyola ?

NOTE 6. Page 169.

Had Mr. Fox lived a little longer, the current belief is, that he would have raised Dr. Parr to the mitre ; and had the Doctor himself survived to November of this present year, Lord Grey would perhaps have tried his earliest functions in that line upon him.

NOTE 7. Page 171.

We shall have an opportunity farther on of showing what was Parr's conduct to the church of which he professed himself a member, and in what sense he could be said to have betrayed it. At present we shall protect ourselves from misconstruction, by saying that his want of fidelity to the rights and interests of the church was not deliberate or systematic ; in this, as in other things, he acted from passion — often from caprice. He would

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allow only this or that doctrine of the church to be defended ; he would ruinously limit the grounds of defence ; and on these great questions, he gave way to the same rank personal partialities, which, in the management of a school, had attracted the notice, and challenged the disrespect, of boys.

NOTE 8. Page 178.

Page 307, vol. i. — The Doctor adds — 'As in the lives of us all.' But, besides that this addition defeats the whole meaning of his own emphasis on the word *his*, it is not true that men generally yield to passion in their political or public lives. Having adopted a party, they adhere to it ; generally for good and forever. And the passions, which occasionally govern them, are the passions of their party — not their own separate impulses as individuals.

NOTE 9. Page 181.

Even *that* was possibly barbed in some of its consequences to Parr, by his own imprudence. The widow (his stepmother) is said to have injured Parr by her rapacity. But, if so, Parr had certainly himself laid the foundation of an early hatred between them, by refusing to lay aside his mourning for his own mother, on the marriage day of this second Mrs. Parr with his father. We do not much quarrel with his conduct on that occasion, considering his age (sixteen) and the relation of her for whom he mourned. But still the act was characteristic of the man, and led to its natural results.

NOTE 10. Page 184.

Laying together all the incidents of that time, it is scarcely possible to doubt that Parr conducted himself with great impropriety. Benjamin Heath neither answered the letter in which Parr attempted to clear himself from the charge of exciting the boys of Harrow to insurrection against Heath's authority, nor did he so much as leave his card at Stanmore, in acknowledgment of Parr's call upon him. As to Mr. Smith, the rector, celebrated for his wit and ability, the early associate of Johnson and Garrick, from being 'the warmest of Parr's friends,' (such

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is Mr. Roderick's language,) he soon become cool, and finally ceased to speak. Mr. Roderick does not acquit his friend of the chief blame in this rupture.

NOTE 11. Page 184.

Dr. Johnstone, however, speaking of the pamphlet as a composition, discovers in it 'all the peculiarities of Parr's style — its vigor, its vehemence, its clearness,' its *et cetera, et cetera;* and lastly, its 'splendid imagery:' and obviously, by way of a specimen of this last quality, he quotes the following most puerile rhetoric; 'I had arrayed myself in a panoply of the trustiest armor — in the breast-plate of innocence, the shield of the law, the sword of indignation, and the helmet of intrepidity. When I first entered the lists against these hardy combatants, I determined to throw away the scabbard,' and so forth. The *sword* of indignation! Birch-rod he surely means. However, we must think, that the bombs of contempt, and the mortars of criticism, ought to open upon any person above the age of eight years who could write such stilted fustian.

NOTE 12. Page 185.

By *meridian*, we here mean the month which exactly bisected his life. Dr. Parr lived about eleven months less than eighty years; and he was about two months more than forty when he came to live at Hatton.

NOTE 13. Page 189.

Parr's extreme and well-merited unpopularity with an order whom he had, through life, sneered at and misrepresented, is a little disguised to common readers by the fact, that he corresponds with more than one bishop on terms of friendship and confidence. But this arose, generally speaking, in later life, when early school-fellows and pupils of his own, in several instances were raised to the mitre.

NOTE 14. Page 201.

As disputing with a Prince of Wales is something rarer even than waltzing with a Lord Chancellor, or smoking a cigar with

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the Pope, — things which have been done, however, — we suppose it may entertain our readers to see the rest of the discussion; especially as it concerns two persons eminent in their day, and one of them still interesting to our literature : —

'As I knew them both so intimately, (replied the Prince,) you will not deny, that I had the power of more accurately appreciating their respective merits than you can have had. In their manner of teaching, you may judge of my estimation of Markham's superiority — his natural dignity and authority, compared with the Bishop of Worcester's smoothness and softness, and I now add, (with proper submission to your authority on such a subject,) his experience as a schoolmaster, and his better scholarship.' — 'Sir, (said Parr,) your Royal Highness began this conversation ; and, if you permit it to go on, must tolerate a very different inference.' — 'Go on, (said the Prince ;) I declare that Markham understood Greek better than Hurd ; for, when I read Homer, and hesitated about a word, Markham immediately explained it, and then we went on ; but, when I hesitated with Hurd, he always referred me to the dictionary ; I therefore conclude he wanted to be informed himself.' — 'Sir, (replied Parr,) I venture to differ from your Royal Highness's conclusion. I am myself a schoolmaster ; and I think that Dr. Hurd pursued the right method, and that Dr. Markham failed in his duty. Hurd desired your Royal Highness to find the word in the lexicon, not because he did not know it, but because he wished you to find by search, and learn it thoroughly. Dr. Hurd was not eminent as a scholar ; but it is not likely that he would have presumed to teach your Royal Highness, without knowing the lesson himself.' — 'Have you not changed your opinion of Dr. Hurd ?' exclaimed the Prince. 'I have read a work in which you attack him fiercely.' — 'Yes, sir, I attacked him on one point which I thought important to letters ; and I summoned the whole force of my mind, and took every possible pains to do it well ; for I consider Hurd to be a great man. He is celebrated as such by foreign critics, who appreciate justly his wonderful acuteness, sagacity, and dexterity, in doing what he has done with his small stock of learning. There is no comparison, in my opinion, between Markham and Hurd as men of talents. Markham was a pompous schoolmaster — Hurd was a stiff and cold, but a correct

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gentleman. Markham was at the head of a great school, then of a great college, and finally became an archbishop. In all these stations he had trumpeters of his fame, who called him great, though he published one *concio* only, which has already sunk into oblivion. From a farm-house and village school, Hurd emerged, the friend of Gray, and a circle of distinguished men. While fellow of a small college, he sent out works praised by foreign critics, and not despised by our own scholars. He enriched his understanding by study, and sent from the obscurity of a country village, a book, sir, which your royal father is said to have declared made him a bishop. He made himself unpopular in his own profession by the defence of a fantastical system. He had decriers; he had no trumpeters; he was great in and by himself; and perhaps, sir, a portion of that power and adroitness, you have manifested in this debate, might have been owing to him.' — Fox, when the prince was gone, exclaimed in his high tone of voice, 'He thought he had caught you! but he caught a Tartar.'

In the last words only, Parr seems to have remembered that he was addressing a prince; in what he said of Hurd's Greek scholarship, and motive of referring the prince to the lexicon, though probably wrong as to the matter of fact, he might be right as to the principle; and at least he was there talking on a point of his own profession, which he might be presumed to understand better than the rest of the company. But who can forbear smiling, and thinking of the professor who lectured Hannibal on the art of war at that passage, where Parr, addressing the Prince of Wales, undertakes to characterize Hurd's pretensions as a gentleman?

Note 15. Page 203.

Johnson had many of the elements to the composition of a gentleman in a very high degree, though it is true that these were all neutralized, at times, by some one overmastering prejudice or disgust. His silent acquiescence in the royal praise, and the reason on which he justified his acquiescence — *that it did not become him to bandy compliments with his Sovereign*, is in the finest spirit of high breeding, and reminds us of a similar test of

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gentlemanly feeling, applied to the English Ambassador by the Regent Duke of Orleans.

NOTE 16. Page 212.

'The Doctor begged me one morning to take him into S. P.'s belfry. Secure from interruption, he proceeded with his intended object, which was, to raise and full (pull?) scientifically the tenth or largest bell. He set to work in silent, solemn formality. It took some time, I suppose a full quarter of an hour; for there was the raising, the full funereal toll, and the regular toll. When it was over, he stalked about the belfry in much pomposity. On recomposing himself, he looked at me with a smile, and said, "There, what think you of that?" He was evidently very proud of the effort.' In a Greek character of Dr. Parr by Sir William Jones, among the κειμηλια of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, neither the bell-ringing nor the ox-massacreing is overlooked; 'καὶ τὸ ὅλον κωδωνίζειν δυνατὸς, καὶ παρορομάζειν, αἰ δισκεί'ειν, καὶ ταυροκοπεῖν.

NOTE 17. Page 219.

We are the last persons to apologize for that most profligate woman. That men of sense and honor could be found who seriously doubted of her guilt, is the strongest exemplification, to our minds, of the all-levelling strength of party rage that history records. As little are we likely to join the rare and weak assailants of Sir Walter Scott, whose conduct, politically, and as a public man, has been as upright and as generous as his conduct in private life. Yet in one single instance, Sir Walter departed from his usual chivalry of feeling, and most unseasonably joined in insulting a woman — dissolute, it is true, beyond example, but at that time fallen, and on that very morning reaping the bitter first fruits of her enormous guilt. Describing the morning of the Coronation, and the memorable repulse of the poor misguided Queen, Sir Walter allowed himself to speak of her as *the great Lady, with her body-guard of blackguards.* These words we doubt not that Sir Walter soon, and often, and earnestly deplored; for the anguish of her mortification, by the testimony of all who witnessed the tumultuous succession of passions that

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shook her, and convulsed her features, as she argued the point with the officer at the entrance of Westminster Hall, was intense; and those pitied her then who never pitied her before. There were also other reasons that must have drawn a generous regret from Sir Walter, upon remembering these words afterwards. But we all know that it was not in his nature to insult over the fallen, or to sympathize with triumphant power. In fact, he could not foresee her near approaching death; and he was reasonably disgusted with her violence at the moment; and finally, the words escaped him under circumstances of hurry, which allowed no time for revision. Few indeed are the writers who have so little to blot as this wonderful man.

NOTE 18. Page 231.

And perhaps in candor it should be added, under happier fortunes and more prudence in his *liaisons* with the other sex. He was in some degree a dissolute man; but perhaps he might have been otherwise under more noble treatment from the woman of his heart. His unhappiness, on this point, latterly, was great; and there is reason to think that he secretly wished to lay down his life, and resorted to politics as the best means of doing so with reputation. He had a passionate love for an unworthy woman, whom he had strong reasons for thinking unfaithful to him. And at all events, like too many of her sex, she had the baseness to trifle with his apparent misery.

NOTE 19. Page 234.

It is remarkable, however, that Sir William's Greek is far better than Parr's. Jones's has all the air of the genuine antique: Parr's is villanous.

NOTE 20. Page 236.

We say Latin secretary, as indicating an office so far as regards its duties, which really *does* exist, though the emoluments do not. There is a great deal of public work to be executed in Latin, and it is done *gratis*, and by various hands. But, were this an age for increasing the public burdens, we should suggest the pro-

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priety of creating anew the formal appointment of Latin secretary, which ought for many reasons never to have been abolished. The Fox Ministry would have done rightly to have restored the office, and to have rewarded Dr. Parr by the first appointment.

NOTE 21. Page 237.

But surely the brother of Sir Henry Halford (as the warden of Merton, Dr. Peter Vaughan, we believe was) needed not to have gone out of his own family connections for such an assistance. For Sir Henry himself writes Latin with ease and effect.

NOTE 22. Page 240.

We cannot fancy Heyne as a Latin *exegetes*. The last time we opened a book of his, (perhaps it was his Virgil,) some sixteen years ago, he was laboring at this well-known phrase — '*regione* viarum.' As usual, a rhapsody of resemblances, more or less remote, was accumulated ; but if we may be believed, that sole meaning of the word *regio* which throws light upon the expression, that meaning which connects it with the word *rego* in the mathematical sense, [*i. e.* to drive a straight line,] was unnoticed. All the rest meant nothing. We closed the book in disgust.

NOTE 23. Page 241.

'Dr. Busby! a great man, sir, a very great man! he flogged my grandfather.' — Sir Roger de Coverley.

NOTE 24. Page 244.

William Bellenden, a Scotch writer, flourished at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and is said to have been a Professor in the University of Paris. At Paris he published, in 1608, his *Cicero Princeps*, a singular work, in which he extracted from Cicero's writings detached remarks, and compressed them into one regular body, containing the rules of monarchical government, with the line of conduct to be adopted, and the virtues proper to be encouraged by the Prince himself ; and the treatise, when finished, he dedicated, from a principle of patriotism and

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gratitude, to the son of his master, Henry, then Prince of Wales. Four years afterwards (namely, in 1612) he proceeded to publish another work of a similar nature, which he called *Cicero Consul, Senator, Senatus Romanus*, and in which he treated the nature of the consular office, and the constitution of the Roman Senate. Finding the works received, as they deserved, with the unanimous approbation of the learned, he conceived the plan of a third work, *De Statu Prisci Orbis*, which was to contain a history of the progress of government and philosophy, from the times before the flood, to their various degrees of improvement, under the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans. He had proceeded so far as to print a few copies of this work in 1615, when it seems to have been suggested, that his three treatises, *De Statu Principis, De Statu Republicæ, De Statu Orbis*, being on subjects so nearly resembling each other, there might be a propriety in uniting them into one work, by re-publishing the two former, and entitling the whole, *Bellendenus de Statu*. With this view, he recalled the few copies of his last work that were abroad, and after a delay of some months, he published the three treatises together, under their new title, in the year 1615.

In the British Museum, one copy of the book *De Statu Prisci Orbis*, dated in 1615, still exists, which the author had probably sent into England as a present, and could not recall ; and in all the others the date appears, on a nice inspection, to have been originally MDCXV., and to have had an *I* afterwards added, on the alteration of the author's plan. The editor has shown great ingenuity in clearing up this typographical difficulty. The great work being now completed, Bellenden looked forward with a pretty well-grounded expectation for that applause which his labor and his ingenuity deserved ; but his views were disappointed by one of those events that no art of man can foresee or remedy. The vessel in which the whole impression was embarked, was overtaken by a storm before she could reach the English coasts, and foundered with all her cargo.

A very few copies only, which the learned author either kept for his own use, or had sent as presents by private hands, seem to have been preserved from the destruction which awaited the others ; and this work of Bellendenus has, therefore, from its scarcity, often escaped the notice of the most diligent collectors.

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It is not to be found in the library of the Duke of Argyle, nor in that of the late Dr. Hunter; neither Morhoffius nor Fabricius had ever seen it; the *Observationes Literariæ* at Frankfort in 1728, which treat learnedly and copiously on scarce books, makes no mention of it. In a word, the single treatises are so rare, that not above ten of them are to be found in all the libraries of England. And of the larger work, it does not appear that more than six copies are known to exist; one in the public library at Cambridge, a second in that of Emanuel College in the same university, long admired as a well-chosen collection of excellent books; a third in All-Souls' Library at Oxford, and two in the possession of the editors.*

Note 25. Page 244.

Colman had said, that the verse in the *Pursuits of Literature* was only 'a peg to hang the notes upon.' Too obvious, perhaps, but also too true, for the irritable author, who had the meanness, amongst some impotent attempts at affecting a grin of *nonchalance*, to tell his readers that the jest was stolen — and stolen from Pindar! Great was our curiosity on hearing this. A Pindaric jest! What could it be, and where? Was it an Olympic, or a Pythic jest? Why, Pindar, it seems, 'said long before Mr. Colman, *απο πασσαλω φορμιγγα λαβε*.' And what then? *He took down his harp from a peg;* that is to say, a literal harp from a literal peg. What earthly connection could *that* have with Mr. Colman's jest? Now this, though *in re levissima*, we regard as a downright villany.

For the 'absolute silliness,' amongst many hundred passages of pure trifling, or exquisite nonsense, let the reader look to his long note upon Mr. Goodwin, and his '*gun of generation;*' where,' under an impression that he was lashing some peculiar conceit, or caprice of that gentleman, the satirist had unconsciously engaged himself with Hume, and his Doctrine of Causation.

We say so much upon this author, because, (though almost forgotten at present,) in our younger days, he had a splendor of

* There is another in the library of Shrewsbury School, left by Dr. Taylor, editor of Demosthenes, to that foundation.

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success, not much surpassed even by the most popular writers of this present more literary generation ; and because, spite of his bad taste, his pedantry, and his mystical affectations, he had a demon of originality about him, which makes him, after all, worthy of preservation.

A strange fact it is, in Dr. Parr's literary history, that this same malicious satirist, from whom he received insults so flagrant and so public, at an after period became his all but idolized friend. In saying this, we assume it as a thing admitted universally, and now scarcely needing a proof, that Mr. Mathias, and the satirist in question, were one and the same person. Letters from this Mr. Mathias are spoken of by Dr. Parr in another period of his life, with a fervor of devotion, such as a Roman Catholic limits to the very holiest class of reliques.

Note 26. Page 246.

Dr. Parr, but on what particular sense of necessity, we pretend not to conjecture, has used the words *textus* for *text*, and *margo* for *margin ;* and he apologizes for them in the following words : —

' Quod textum et marginem, et alia istiusmodi verba sine ulla præfatione, et quasi παραμυθίᾳ usurpavi, id ne bilem moveat inter eos,' [for *inter eos* we should have substituted *istis*,] ' qui limatulum præ cœteris et politulum habere judicium sibi videantur.' And he goes on to say, that spiteful critics of shallow discernment make these cavils, which possibly they would not make if aware of the answer made to them by Henry Stephens : ' Rem vir ille doctus et ingeniosus huc deduxit,' ' nimium sane fuerint delicatæ aures, quæ talia vocabula ferre non poterunt, quum præsertim alia desint.' Well, let the question then be rested on that footing, and so decided. Nobody in the world, as the reader will collect from another part of this paper, has less sympathy than ourselves with idle cavillers, or less indulgence towards the scruples which grow out of excessive *puritanism* in style. Yet in these instances we do not perceive that the scruples are of that character. For we cannot perceive that the questionable words are protected by the reservation of Stephens — *quum alia desint.* Surely *ora libri* express *margin*, and *orationis perpetuitas*, or

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continuitas sermonis, might serve to express the idea of text, (for the body of the composition, as contra-distinguished from its notes.)

NOTE 27. Page 249.

Upon this subject, in its relation not to Latin, but to classical English, we have an Essay in our own times from a writer of great talent, Mr. Foster, the Baptist clergyman. It is strange to say, that the tendency of that essay is in direct hostility to his own peculiar views ; doctrinally, he contends earnestly for the *peculiar* tenets and mysteries of the Christian economy. Yet, on the other hand, as a man of taste, he would banish all the consecrated terms which express them. Now, this is contradictory. With the peculiar and characteristic language would vanish the peculiar and characteristic doctrines. But, apart from this consequence, it is strange that Mr. Foster should overlook the analogical justification of a separate terminology, derived from so many similar cases of far less importance. For example, who complains of the Platonic theology for its peculiar vocabulary ? Or, what reproach has it ever been to Jamblichus, to Proclus, to Plotinus, to Synesius, &c., that they wrote almost a sealed dialect to the profane ?

NOTE 28. Page 253.

Amongst whom, by the way, Bentley stands foremost ; whilst Porson is the least felicitous in giving a scholarlike expression to his notes.

NOTE 29. Page 254.

We may add, as equal with the very foremost of them, Immanuel Kant, whose Latin is of the best philosophic character. He had studied as a fellow-pupil with the celebrated Latinist, Ruhnkenius, and had a true sense of elegance in this particular accomplishment. By the way, on this occasion we may observe, that Hobbes was a villanous writer of Latin ; and the common story of Lord Bacon's value for him in that character is undoubtedly false. Not a line of the Latin *De Augmentis* could have been written by Hobbes.

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Note 30. Page 255.

Lord Bacon's style is so much moulded by his own peculiar plastic intellect, that it is difficult to separate the elements of the total compound, that part which represented individually himself, and that which belonged to his era and position, which he occupied as a revolutionary philosopher under a domineering influence of circumstances. But from the plainer and less splendid, though perhaps more sublime, mind of Des Cartes, we receive a diction which better reflects the general standard of his era. Of this diction we venture to pronounce, that though far removed from classical Latinity, it is equally far from the other extreme of barbarism, and has an *indoles*, or genius *sui generis*, and its own peculiar laws.

Note 31. Page 267.

See the fine incidents (*Paradise Lost*, b. ix.) of the earliest hostility amongst animals, which first announce to Adam the immeasurable extent of the wreck.

Note 32. Page 268.

Coleridge's Wallenstein.

Note 33. Page 270.

The criticisms which Dr. Parr received upon his epitaphs he bore impatiently. He had lofty notions, with which few people had much sympathy, on the dignity of his art: *magnificabo apostolatum meum*, was his motto. And in reality, having cultivated it a good deal, and meditated on it still more, he had naturally come to perceive truths and relations of truth (for everything intellectual yields upon investigation a world of new views) to which men in general were blind from mere defect of attention. This fretted him: and in some instances it must be acknowledged that the criticisms were both frivolous and vexatious. Could it be credited that Charles Fox, who wrote very passable Greek verses, and other scholars as good, were actually unacquainted with the true Roman sense of the word *Probabilis*? Dr. Parr had described Johnson as *probabilis poeta*, meaning, of course,

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a respectable poet — one that wrote creditably, one upon whom approbation might justly settle. This is the true and sole use of the word in classical Latinity. *Ratio probabilis* is an argument, &c., such as the understanding can submit to, in contradistinction to one that commands instant and universal assent. So, again, the elegant Gravina, in a passage now open before us, says *Probabilis orator*, or *a pretty good speaker*. But Dr. Parr's critics clearly understood the word as synonymous with *virisimilis*, or as answering to the English word *probable*, in the sense of having an overbalance of chances in its favor. *Horresco referens!* such a use of the word *probabilis* would be the merest dog-Latin.

NOTE 34. Page 274.

Dr. Parr adds — 'and who had endeavored to loosen the strongest obligations of morality.' These words are likely to be overlooked, as though they were thrown in merely to round the rhythmus of the sentence, or (if really significant) importing no more than that relaxation of morals which naturally accompanies the shaking of religious sanctions. But more is meant than this; and there is a mystery in the matter which we cannot fathom. For elsewhere (vol. iii. p. 378), he speaks of the destructive consequences of Hume's Essays 'to the sacred interests of morality:' — and still more pointedly in another place (on Politics, Jurisprudence, &c, vol. iii. p. 283), he speaks of Hume as having 'taught the inconsiderate and the innocent to think with diminished horror not of adultery only, but of other impurities too flagitious to be named.' What does he mean?

NOTE 35. Page 275.

It is usually taken for granted, that Hurd had nothing to say for himself in this case, and was on that account discreetly silent. But this is a mistake. He had enough to allege against Jortin and Leland, to have turned the tables on their champion; but his motive for silence was perhaps this: Parr threatened that, if answered, he would come back 'again and again' upon the same ground; and, if treated with sneers, he protested that he would give 'no quarter.' Now, in such a war, Hurd would have had his hands tied by the restraints of his episcopal dignity.

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NOTE 36. Page 276.

Gibbon, in his fifty-second chapter, had spoken of White in high terms: 'He sustains,' says he, 'the part of a lively and eloquent advocate; and sometimes rises to the merit of an historian and philosopher.'

NOTE 37. Page 278.

Mr. Kett, whose position in Oxford enabled him to overlook the whole game, came to the same conclusion; for in dissuading Dr. Parr from coming forward as an active participator in the dispute, he says, 'I cannot help considering the whole affair as containing something necessarily injurious to the reputation of all who engage in it.' He also admonished the Doctor, 'that the unconditional manner in which he gave his assistance, ought to induce him to be silent.' What Mr. Kett meant by silence, was abstinence from the press; but the same reasons applied to oral communications; and in that sense it was no longer possible for Dr. Parr to be silent.

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